THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning a New Series—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

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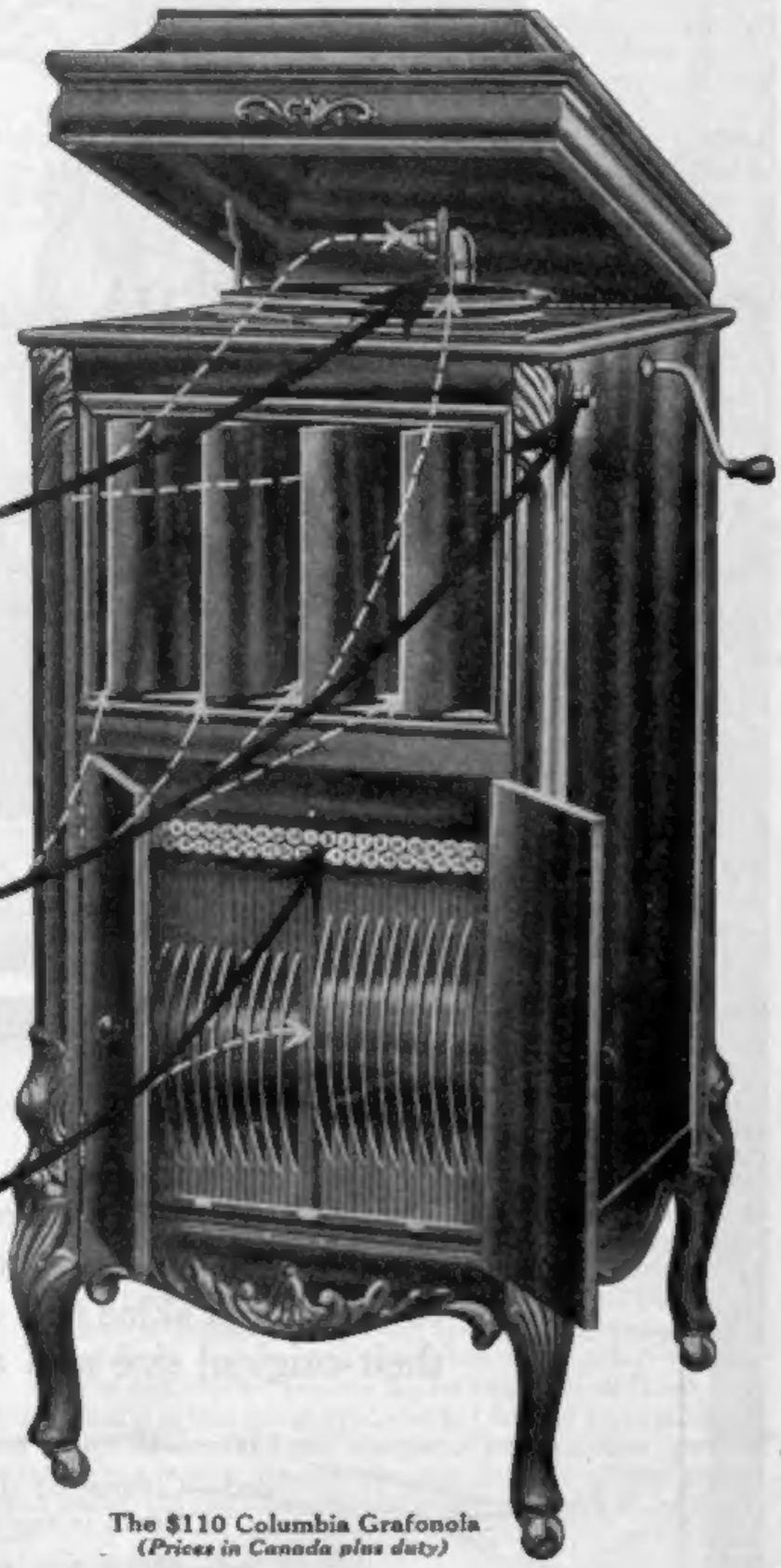

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Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1915,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 188 *PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 11, 1915* *Number 24*

THE FAMILY FRIEND

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

I'VE thought the thing over and over, and honestly I don't know where it went wrong. It began so well. I planned it out, and it went exactly as I'd expected up to a certain point. Then it blew up.

There's no argument about it, a girl has to look out for herself. The minute the family begin mixing in there's trouble.

The day after I came out mother and I had a real heart-to-heart talk. I'd been away for years at school, and in the summers we hadn't seen much of each other. She played golf all day and I had my tennis or rode. And in the evenings there were always kid dances. So we really got acquainted that day.

She rustled into my room and gazed at what was left of my ball gown, spread out on the bed.

"It really went rather well last night," she said.

"Yes, mother," I replied.

"I've sent the best of the flowers to the hospital."

"Yes, mother."

"You had more flowers than Bessie Willing."

I shrugged my shoulders, and for some reason or other that irritated her.

"For heaven's sake, Kit," she said sharply, "I wish you'd show a little appreciation. Your father has spent a fortune on you, one way and another. The supper alone last night —— But that's not what I came to talk about."

"No, mother?"

"No. Are you going to continue to waste your time on Henry Baring?"

"I rather enjoy playing round with him. That's all it amounts to."

"Not at all," said mother in her best manner. "It keeps the others away."

"As, for instance?" I asked politely.

She was getting on my nerves. I didn't mean to marry Henry, but I did mean to carry on my own campaign.

"You know very well that there are only three marriageable men in town. There are eleven débutantes. And—I don't care to be unkind, but at least four of them are—are ——"

"I know," I said wearily—"better looking than I am. Go ahead."

"You're not at all ugly," mother put in hastily. "A great many people said nice things about you last night. The only thing I want to impress on you is that Madge will have to come out next year—and that you've been reared with expensive tastes."

"I've got brains. Most of the other eleven haven't."

"Brains are a liability, not an asset."

"That's an exploded idea, mother. The only times they are a liability is when they are ruined by too much family interest."

"That sounds impertinent," she said coldly.

"Not at all, it's good business. If I'm to put over anything worth while, I shall have to work along my own lines. I can't afford to have my style cramped."

She raised her eyebrows at that, for she hates slang. But she looked relieved too. When I think of how sure of myself I was that day I could rave!

"Then you're not going to waste any more time on Henry?"

"I think," I said reflectively, "that I'm going to use Henry quite a lot. But I don't intend to marry him."

Yes, that's what I said. I remember it perfectly well. I was putting a dab of scent behind my ears at the time. I feel that I shall never use the stuff again.

Well, mother went out quite cheered. It was the first real mother-and-daughter talk we'd had for a long time. When she had gone I went into my bathroom and locked the door and opened the windows and smoked two cigarettes, thinking things out.

The family is opposed to my smoking, and no one knows except mother's maid, who fixes my hair, and the gardener. When for the third time he had seen smoke coming out of my bathroom window, and had rushed upstairs with a fire grenade with all the servants at his heels, I was compelled to take him into my confidence.

Well, I smoked and thought things out. I am not beautiful, but I'm extremely *chic*, and at night, with a touch of rouge, I do very well. I've always worn sophisticated clothes. I thought they suited my style. But so did all the others. If I was to do anything distinguished it would have to be on new lines.

"Early Victorian?" I said to myself.

But the idea of me Lydia-languishing, prunes-and-prisming round the place was too much.

Athletics? Well, they were not bad. There's a lot of chance in golf, although tennis is blowzy. I look well in sport clothes too. But if a girl is a dub at a game a man is apt to tell her so, and I know my own disposition. If he criticized me, before I knew it I'd be swatting my prey with a mashie or a niblick, and everything over. Three men, mother had said. I knew who they were. They had all sent me flowers and danced with me, without saying a word, and then taken me back to mother and rushed for the particular married woman they were interested in.

I Was Compelled to Take the Gardener Into My Confidence

Oh, I'm not blind! All the men I knew, old enough to amount to anything, were crazy about some married woman. I drive my own car, and I used to meet them on lonely back roads, Lilian Marshall and Tom Connor, Toots Warrington and Russell Hill, and the rest of them.

I ask you, what chance had a débutante among them? There were two things to decide that afternoon, the man and the method. I was out now. The family had agreed to let me alone. I had a year before me, until Madge came out. And I knew I could count on Henry Baring to help me all he could. He was a sort of family friend. When he couldn't get me he would take Madge to kid picnics, and mother used to call on him to make a fourth at bridge or fill in at a dinner. You know the sort.

He worked at something or other, and made enough to keep him and pay his club bills, and to let him send flowers to débutantes, and to set up an occasional little supper to pay his way socially. But nobody ever thought of marrying him. He was tall and red-headed and not very handsome. Have I said that?

So I counted on Henry. It makes me bitter even to write it. His very looks were solid and dependable, although I underestimated his hair. I've said I had brains. Well, I had too many brains. Mother was right—the world doesn't come to the clever folks, it comes to the stubborn, obstinate, one-idea-at-a-time people.

I'm going to tell this thing, because a lot of people are saying I threw away a good thing, and mother——

I've got a certain amount of superstition in me. I remember, when I was about to be confirmed at school, I was told to open the Bible at random and take the first verse my eye fell on for a sort of motto through life. Mine was to the effect that as a partridge sits on eggs and fails to hatch them, so too the person who gets riches without deserving them. It rather bothered me at the time. Well, it never will again.

So I took three cigarettes and marked each one with the initials of an eligible. Then I shook them up in a box and drew Russell Hill. I knew then that I had my work cut out for me. Even with Henry's help it was going to be a hard pull. Russell Hill was spoiled. Probably out of the other eleven at least nine had Russell in the backs of their heads. And he knew every move of the game. They'd all been tried on him—golf and moonlight and 1830 methods and pro and anti suffrage and amateur theatricals and ingénue technic and the come-hither glance. So far they had all failed.

The girls were coming in for tea and to talk things over, and as I dressed I was thinking hard. Mother had gone out for a golf lesson, so I sent the rest of my cigarettes down to the drawing room and picked up a book. I remember only one line of that book. Believe me, as a matrimonial text it had the partridge one going. The girl in the story had been crazy about a man.

"I always had my hand in his coat pocket!" she said.

Don't misunderstand, she was not robbing him. She slipped her hand into his coat pocket to let him know how fond she was of him. And after a moment, she said, he always put his hand in, too, over hers. And he ended her slave. He was a very sophisticated man, up to every move of the game, and he ended her slave!

But Russell would take tact. A man likes to be adored, but he hates to look foolish. The first thing was, of course, to get his attention. I was only one of a dozen. True, he had sent me flowers, but he probably did what all the others did—had a standing order and a box of his cards at the florist's. I wasn't fooled for a minute. To him I was a flapper, nothing else. Whether flapper is a term of reproach or one of tribute depends on whether the girl is a débutante or in the first line of the chorus of a musical show. Oh, I wasn't very old, but I knew my way about.

Margaret North came first and the rest trailed in soon after. Everybody talked about the ball, and said it had been wonderful, and I sat there and sized them up. I had a fight on my hands, and I knew it.

There was a picture of Madge sitting round, and Margaret North picked it up and took it to the light. Margaret is one of the four mother had so delicately referred to.

"You'll have to hurry, Kit," she said. "Sister's a raving beauty."

"Oh, I don't know," I observed casually. "Beauty's not everything."

The girl in the book had not been a beauty.

"It's all there is," said Margaret. "Figure doesn't count any more. What's the use of a figure in a baggy bodice and a skirt five yards round?"

"How about brains?" I asked.

There was a squeal at that.

"Cut 'em out," said Ellie Clavering. "Hide 'em. Disguise 'em. Brains are—are clandestine."

"Anyhow," somebody put in, "Kit isn't worrying; she's got Henry."

That's how they'd fixed me. I knew what it meant. It was a cheap game, but they were playing it. They were going to tie me to Henry. They would ask us together, and put us together at dinners, and talk about us together. In the end everybody would think of us together. I'd seen it done before. It's ruined more débutantes than anything else. They'd put me out of the running before I'd started.

I sat back with my cup of tea and listened, and it made me sick. It wasn't that they were clever. They were just instinctive. I could have screamed. And having disposed of me, having handcuffed me to Henry Baring and lost the key, so to speak, they went on to the real subject, which was Russell.

Mother had said there were three eligibles. But to the little idiots round the tea table there was only one. They'd been friendly enough as long as Henry and I were on the rack. But the moment Russell's name was mentioned there was a difference. They didn't talk so much and they eyed each other more. Ellie Clavering put both lemon and cream in her tea, and drank it without noticing. Somebody said very impressively that she understood the affair with Toots was off, and that Russell had said, according to report, that he was glad of it. He'd have a little time to himself now.

"That means, I dare say," I said languidly, "that Russell is ready to bring his warmed-over affections to some of us!"

There was a sort of electric silence for a minute.

"It will take a very sophisticated person to land Russell after Toots," I went on. "He's past the ingénue stage."

"If a girl is pretty she always has a chance with Russell." Margaret, of course. She was standing in front of a mirror and I had my eyes on her. Evidently what I had said made an impression, for she cocked her hat down an inch more over her right eye and watched to see the effect.

"You ought to wear earrings, dear," I said. "You need just that dash of *chic*."

Just for a moment I could see in every eye a sort of vision of Toots Warrington, with the large pearls she always wore in her ears—Toots, who had had Russell tame-catting for her off and on for years!

Oh, they fell for it all right! I poured myself another cup of tea to hide the triumph in my face. Little idiots! If he was sick of Toots he'd hate everything that reminded him of her. I could see the crowd of them swaggering in at the next party, in their best imitation of Toots Warrington, with eyes slightly narrowed, and earrings. And I could see Russell's soul turn over in revolt and go out and take a walk. I knew a lot about men even then, but not enough. I know more now.

That night Henry Baring came to call. Being a sort of family friend he had a way of walking in unexpectedly, with a box of candy for whoever saw him first. If mother and I were out, he played chess with father. If there was no one in, he was quite likely to range round the lower floor, and ask the butler about his family, and maybe read for an hour or so in the library. The servants adored him, but he was matrimonially impossible.

That night he came. I was at home alone.

"You will take two full days' rest after your ball," mother had said. "I have seen enough débutantes looking ready for the hospital the first week they came out."

So I was alone that evening, and mother and father had gone to a dinner. I was sulky, I don't mind saying. At six o'clock a box of flowers had come, but they were only from Henry and not exciting. "Thought I'd send them to-day," he wrote on his card. "Didn't like the idea of my personal offering nailed to the club wall."

About nine o'clock I put on my silk dressing gown and went down to the library for the book about the girl who always had her hand in the man's coat pocket. I had got clear in when I saw Henry's red head over the top of a deep chair.

"Come in!" he called. "I was told there was no one at home, but methinks I know the step and the rustle."

"Don't look round," I said sharply. "I'm not dressed."

"Can't you stay a few minutes?"

"Certainly not."

"If I don't look?"

Well, it seemed silly to run. I was more covered up than I'd been the night before in my ball gown. Besides, it had occurred to me that Henry could be useful if he would. A sort of plan had popped into my head. Inspiration, I called it then.

He Took Her to a Cotillon or Two for the School Set, and Played Round With the Youngsters Generally

"Pretty nice last night, wasn't it?" he asked, talking to the fireplace. "You looked some person, Kit, believe me."

"Considering that I've spent nineteen years getting ready, it should have gone off rather well."

"I suppose I'll never see you any more."

"This looks like it! Why?"

"You'll be so popular."

"Oh, that! I'm not sure, Henry. I'm not beautiful."

He jumped at that, and almost turned round.

"Not beautiful!" he said. "You're—you're the loveliest thing that ever lived, and you know it."

It began to look to me as if he wouldn't help after all. There was a sort of huskiness in his voice, a—— Oh, well, you know. I began on the plan, however.

"You'll see me, all right," I said. "I'll have other friends, of course. I hope so anyhow. But when one thinks who and what they are ——"

"Good gracious, Kit! What are you driving at?"

"I'm young," I said. "I know that. But I'm not ignorant. And a really nice girl with ideals ——"

"I'll have to get up," he said suddenly. "I'll stand with my back to you, if you insist, but I'll have to get up. What's all this about ideals?"

"You know very well," I put in with dignity. "If every time I meet a nice man people come to me with stories about him, or mother and father warn me against him, what am I to do?"

"Can't you stand behind a chair and let me face you? This is serious."

"Oh, turn round," I said recklessly. "If I hear anyone coming I can run. Anyhow, it may be unconventional but I'm fully clothed."

"Are you being warned against me?" he threw at me like a bomb. "Because, if—if you are, it's absurd nonsense. I'm no saint, and I'd never be fit for you to—— What silly story have you heard, Kit?"

He was quite white, and his red hair looked like a conflagration.

"It's not about you at all; it's about Russell Hill."

It took him a moment to breathe normally again.

"Oh—Russell!" he said. "Well, that's probably nonsense too. You don't mean to say your people object to your knowing Russell?"

"Not quite that," I said. "But I can't have him here, or go round with him, or anything of that sort."

"Do they venture to give a reason?"

"Toots Warrington."

It's queer about men, the way they stand up for each other. Henry knew as well as he knew anything that most of the girls we both knew were crazy about Russell. And if he cared for me—and the way he acted made me suspicious—he had a good chance to throw Russell into the discard that night. But he didn't. I knew well enough he wouldn't.

"That's perfect idiocy," he said sternly. "Society is organized along certain lines, and maybe if you and I had anything to do with it we'd change things. But there is no commandment or social law or anything else against a man having a married woman for a friend."

"Friend!"

"Exactly—friend."

"I don't care to have anything to do with him."

"You needn't, of course. But you owe it to Russell to give him a chance to set things straight. Anyhow he and Mrs. Warrington are not seeing each other much any more. It's off."

"'The very fact that you say it is 'off' shows that it was once 'on.'"

He waved his hands in perfect despair. If I'd rehearsed him he couldn't have picked up his cues any better.

"I'm going to tell him," he said. "It's ridiculous. It's—it's libelous."

"I don't want him coming here explaining. I am not even interested."

"You're a perfect child, a stubborn child! Your mind's in pigtails, like your hair."

Yes, my hair was down. I have rather nice hair.

"If he comes here," I said with my eyes wide, "he will have to come when mother and father are out."

"I'll bring him," said Henry valiantly. "I'm not going to see him calumniated, that's all." Then something struck his sense of humor and he chuckled. "It will be a new and valuable experience to him," he said, "to have to come clandestinely. Do him good!"

I went upstairs then. It had been a fair day's work.

But it's hard to count on a family. Mother sprained her ankle getting out of the car that night and was laid up for three days. I chafed at first. Henry might change his mind or one of the eleven get in some fine work. We declined everything that week, and I made some experiments with my hair and the aid of mother's maid. I wanted a sort of awfully feminine method—not sappy but not at all sophisticated. Toots Warrington is always waved and netted, and all the girls by that time had got earrings and were going round waved and netted too.

I wanted to fix my hair like a girl who slips her hand into a man's coat pocket because she can't help it, and then tries to get it out, and can't because his hand has got hold of it.

Then one night I got it. Henry had dropped in, and found mother with her foot up and the look of a dyspeptic martyr on her face, and father with a cold and a thermometer in his mouth.

"I've come to take Kit to the movies," he announced calmly. "Far be it from me not to contribute to the entertainment of a young lady who is just out!"

"Full of gerbs!" father grunted, referring to the movies of course, not me. But mother agreed.

"Do take her out, Henry," she said. "She's been on my nerves all evening."

So we went, and there was a girl in one of the pictures who had exactly the right hair arrangement. She had it loose and wavy about her face, and it blew about the way things do blow in the movies, even in the drawing-room scenes. In the back it was a sort of soft wad.

It shows the association of ideas that I found my hand in Henry's coat pocket, and he grabbed it like a lunatic.

"You darling!" he said thickly. "Don't do that unless you mean it. I can't stand it."

I had to be very cool on the way home in the motor or he would have kissed me.

Mother and I went to a tea on the following Tuesday and I wondered if mother noticed. She did. Coming home in the motor she turned and stared at me.

"Thank heaven, Kit," she said, "you still look like a young girl! All at once Ellie and the others look like married women. Earrings! It's absurd. And such earrings! I am quite sure," she went on, eying me, "that some of them had been smoking. I got an unmistakable whiff of it when I was talking with Bessie Willing."

She Called Up the Newspapers, and Told Them They Were Please to Deny It

Well, I had rinsed my mouth with mouth wash and dabbed my lips with cologne, so she got nothing from me. But I tasted like a drug store.

I am not smoking now. I am not doing much of anything. I—but I'm coming to that.

I'm no hypocrite. I'd been raised for one purpose, and that was to marry well. If I did it in my own way, and you think my way not exactly ethical, I can't help it. This thing of sitting back and letting somebody find you and propose to you is ridiculous. There is only one life, and we have to make the best we can of it.

Ethical! Don't girls always have the worst of it anyhow? They can't go and ask the man. They have to lie in wait and plan and scheme, or get left and have their younger sisters come out and crowd them, and at twenty-five or so begin to regard any man at all as a prospect. Maybe my methods sound a bit crude. Don't you think it! Compared with the average girl I know, I was delicate. I didn't play up my attractions, at least not more than was necessary. I was using my mind, not my body.

On Tuesday night I was going to a dance. Mother and father were dining out and were to meet me later, so I was free until ten o'clock. That night Henry brought Russell Hill.

I kept them waiting a few minutes, and came down ready for the car. At the last minute I pulled my hair a bit loose over my face, and the effect was exactly right.

Henry was horribly uncomfortable, and left in a few minutes. He was going with some people to the dance, and would see us later. About all he said was with his usual tact.

"You two ought to get together," he said. "There's a lot too much being whispered these days, and not enough talking out loud."

With that he went, and we two were left facing each other.

"This is one of Henry's inspirations, Miss Katherine," Russell said. "I—I don't usually have to wait until the family is out before I make a call."

"Families are queer," I said noncommittally. There was a window open and I stood near it, under a pink lamp, and let my hair blow about.

"Are we going to sit down, or am I to be banished as soon as I've explained that I am a safe companion for a débutante?"

He was plainly laughing at me, although he was uncomfortable too. And I have some spirit left.

"I am afraid you are giving me credit for too much interest," I said. "This is Henry's idea, you know. You needn't defend yourself to me. You look—entirely safe."

He hated that. No man likes to look entirely safe. He put his hands in his pockets and half closed his eyes.

"Humph!" he said. "Then I gather that this whole meeting is a mistake. I'm respectable enough to be uninteresting, and the ban your people have placed on me doesn't particularly concern you!"

"That's not quite true," I said slowly. "I—if I ever got a chance to know you really well, I'm sure we'd be—but I'll never get a chance, you know."

"Upon my word," he broke out, "I'd like to know just what your people have heard! But that doesn't matter. What really matters"—he had hardly taken his eyes off me—"what really matters is that I am going to see you again. Often!"

"It's impossible."

"Rot! We're always going to the same places. Am I absolutely warned off?"

"You're not. But I am."

He began to walk up and down the room. Half an hour before, he had never given me a thought. Henry, I knew, had lugged him there by sheer force and a misplaced sense of justice. And now he was pacing about in a rage!

He stopped rather near me.

"If it's Mrs. Warrington all the fuss is about, it's imbecile," he said. "In the first place, there never was anything to it. In the second place, it's all canned."

"I don't know what the fuss is about."

"You know the whole thing. Don't pretend you don't. You've got the face of a little saint, with all that fluffy hair, but your eyes don't belong to the rest, young lady. Are you going to dance with me to-night?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, you'll give me a little time, won't you? I suppose we can sit in a closet and talk, or hide on a veranda."

"It's—it's rather sneaking, isn't it?"

"That doesn't hurt it any for me."

So I promised, and, the car being announced, he put my wrap round my shoulders.

"Stunning hair you've got," he said from behind me. "Thank heaven for hair that isn't marceled and glued up in a net!"

I held out my hand in the hall, and he took it.

"I'm not such a bad lot after all, am I?" he demanded.

With my best spontaneous gesture I put my free hand over his as it held mine.

"I'm so sorry, so terribly sorry, if I've misunderstood," I said earnestly.

Wallace had gone to the outer door. Russell Hill stooped over and kissed my hand.

Well, it was working. An hour before I was one of what I'd heard he had called "the dolly dozen." Now, by merely letting him understand that he couldn't have what he'd never wanted, he was eager.

We sat out one dance under the stairs, and an intermission in a pantry while the musicians who had been stationed there were getting their supper. He tried to hold my hand and I drew it away—not too fast, but so he could understand the struggle I was having between duty and inclination. And we talked about love.

I said I liked to play round with men and have a good time and all that sort of thing, but that I thought I was naturally cold.

"You cold?" he said. "It's only that the right man has not come along."

"I've known a good many. A good many have—have ——"

"Cared for you? Of course. They're not fools or blind. Look here, I'm going to ring you up now and then."

"I think you'd better not."

"If I'm not to see you and not to telephone, how's this friendship of ours to get on?"

"People who are real friends don't need to see each other."

"That's the first real débutante speech you've made to-night. Now, see here, I'm going to see you again, and often. And I'm going to ring you up. What's your tailor's name?"

I told him, and he put it down on his dance card.

"All right," he said. "Herschenrother for mine. If it's not convenient to talk, you can give me the high sign."

Toots Warrington came along just then with an army officer she'd taken on. They got clear round the palms and into the pantry before they saw us, and her face was funny!

Mother and I had another heart-to-heart talk that night on the way home. Father had gone a couple of hours earlier and we had the car to ourselves. Mother was tired and irritable.

"It seemed to me, Kit," she observed, "that you danced with every hopeless ineligible there. You danced three times with Henry."

"For heaven's sake, mother," I snapped, "let poor Henry alone. Henry is the most useful person I know."

"You can't play with red-headed people and not get burned," mother said with unconscious humor. "He's very fond of you, Kit. I watched him to-night."

"The fonder the better," I said flippantly. Yes, that's what I said. When I look back on that evening and think how little Henry entered into my plans, and the rest of it, it makes me cold.

"I want you to do one thing—just one, mother: I want you to be very cool to Russell Hill."

"Cool!"

"And I want you to forbid me to see him."

"I'm not insane, Katherine."

"Listen, mother," I said desperately. "All his life Russell Hill has had everything he wanted. He's had so much that—that he's got a sort of social indigestion. The only things he wants now are the things he can't have. So he can't have me."

Mother's not very subtle. And she was scared. I can still see her trying to readjust her ideas, and getting tied up in them, and coming a mental cropper, so to speak.

"If he can't have me he'll want me."

"I'm not sure of it. He ——"

"Mother," I said in despair, "you've been married for twenty years, and you know less about men in a month than I do in a minute. Please forbid him the house—not in so many words, but act it."

"Why?" she said feebly.

"Anything you can think of—Toots Warrington will do."

She got out her salts and held them to her nose.

"I feel as though I'm losing my mind," she said at last. "But if you're set on it ——"

That was all until we got home. Then on the stairs I thought of something.

"Oh, yes," I said. "No matter what I am doing, mother, if Herschenrother the tailor calls up I want to go to the phone."

I can still see her staring after me with her mouth open as I went up the stairs.

Herschenrother called me up the next morning, and asked me how I was, and how the dragons were, and if there was any chance of my walking in the park at five o'clock. I said there was, and called up Henry and asked him to walk with me.

"I should say so," he said. "You've only got to ask me, Kit. I'm always ready to hang round."

There was rather a bad half hour in the park, and for a time I felt that Henry had been a wrong move. But, as it turned out, he hadn't, for Russell took advantage of somebody's signaling to Henry from a machine to say:

"Just a bit afraid of me still, aren't you?"

"Why?"

"You brought Henry. I know the signs. You asked him, and he's so set up about it that he's walking on clouds."

"I am afraid."

"Of me?"

"Of myself."

He caught my arm as he helped me across a puddle, and squeezed it.

"Good girl!" he said.

Russell Was Spoiled. He Knew Every Move of the Game—They'd All Been Tried on Him

And later on, when Henry was called again—he's terribly popular, Henry is—he had another chance.

"I'm going to see you alone if I have to steal you," he said.

Herschenrother called up again the next day, and Madge, who had come home for the Christmas holidays, called me.

"Gee, Kit," she said, "you must be getting a trousseau. That tailor's always on the phone."

I went.

"Hello," said Russell's voice, "how about that—fitting?"

"I don't know. I'm horribly busy to-day."

"It's very important. I—I can't go ahead without it."

"Oh, all right," I said. Madge was listening and I had to be careful. "I must have the suit."

"You can have anything I've got. How about the Art Gallery? Art is long and time is fleeting. Nobody goes there."

"Very well, four o'clock," I replied, and rang off.

"Rather a nice voice," Madge said, eying me. "Think I'll go along, Kit. I've been shut up in school until the mere thought of even a good-looking tailor makes me thrill."

She was so insistent that I had to go to mother finally, and mother told her she would have to practice. She was furious. Really, mother turned out to be a most understanding person. I got to be quite fond of her. We had a chat that afternoon that brought us closer together than ever.

"Things are doing pretty well, mother," I said when she'd finished Madge.

"He must be interested when he would take that absurd name."

"And the Art Gallery! I dare say he has never voluntarily been inside of one in his life."

"Kit," mother said, "what about your father?"

"Haven't you told him?"

"No, he wouldn't understand."

Of course not. I knew men well enough for that. They believe that life and marriage arrange themselves. That it's all a sort of combination of Providence and chance. Predestination plus opportunity. Bosh!

"Can't you tell him you've heard something about Russell, and that he'd better be cool to him?"

"And have him turn the man down if it really comes to a proposal!"

"That won't matter," I told her. "We'll probably elope anyhow."

Mother opposed that vigorously. She said that no matter how good a match it was, there was always something queer about an elopement. And anyhow she'd been giving wedding gifts for years and it was time something came in instead of going out. It was the only point we differed on.

Well, father did his best to queer things that very day. All the way through I played in hard luck. Just when things were going right something happened. I met Russell at the Art Gallery. It was a cold day, but I left my muff at home. It was about time for the coat-pocket business. I couldn't afford to wait, for one or two of the girls were wearing their hair like mine, and I'd heard that Toots Warrington had gone to Russell and asked him how he liked kindergartening. Bessie Willing, who told me, said that Russell's reply was:

"It's rather pleasant. I'm reversing things. Instead of going from the cradle to the grave, I'm going from the grave to the cradle."

I don't believe he said it. In the first place, he is too polite. In the second place, he is too stupid. But as Toots is not young he may have thought of it.

Of Course They Sent Reporters Everywhere at Once

He was waiting near a heater, and we sat down together. I shivered.

"Cold, honey?" he asked.

"Hands are cold. Do you mind if I put one in your coat pocket?"

Did he mind? He did not. He was very polite at first and emptied the pocket of various things, including a letter which he mentioned casually was a bill. But after a moment he slid his hand in on top of mine.

"You're a wonderful young person," he said, "and you've got me going."

Then he squeezed the hand until it hurt. Suddenly he looked up.

"Great Scott!" he said. "There's Henry!"

Of course it was Henry. He had bought a catalogue and was going painstakingly from one picture to another. He did not see us at first, and we had time to stand up and be looking at a landscape when he got to us. He looked moderately surprised and waited to mark something in the catalogue before he joined us.

"Bully show, isn't it?" he said cheerfully. "Never saw so many good 'uns. Well, what are you children up to?"

"Dropped in to get warm," said Russell. And I was going to add something, but Henry's interest in us had passed evidently. He marked

(Continued on Page 33)

Christmas Presents—Those We Give and Those We Get

By Irvin S. Cobb

SKETCHES BY TONY SARG

AS WE go along probably it will be noted by the careful reader that I am writing this in the first person mostly, and a good part of the time in the present tense. It is for convenience that I do this. Though it is of myself that I speak, I speak also for the world of men at large, or ostensibly so—that is to say, some of them are at large and the others are married.

Particularly would I address myself to the married ones. For you, my brethren, you know, you understand, you have that fellow feeling. I do not have to tell you that to a happily married man the proper exercise of the true Christian spirit consists largely in giving your wife for Christmas the things she wants most and having her give you the things she wants next to most. With scarcely a break the arrangement has come down to us married men from the Garden of Eden. Maybe Christmas wasn't organized then, but woman was; and once a woman always a woman. I am indulging in no cheap punnery when I refer to the mother of our race as the First Christmas Eve; the three words just seem to fit in, that's all.

I picture the scene: It is nightfall of December the twenty-fourth in the year One, B. C. The lion and the lamb lie down to rest together. The time is about to come when should these two lie down together only the lion will get up in the morning, the lamb remaining down until thoroughly digested. But now the first vegetarianism epidemic is in vogue and there are no meat-eaters. Our original grandparents also seek repose upon the grassy lea. It is by deliberate intent that the lady in the case has lured her guileless helpmate to a spot where the heaviest-laden apple tree in the orchard—and the only one in the entire collection bearing a sign reading "All Persons are Prohibited From Picking Fruit Off This Tree"—spreads its sheltering boughs. There is a purpose in the woman's seeming fancy. She knows exactly what she is about. But Adam, the poor slob, suspects nothing. This is the first woman he has ever met. He is, as the saying goes, easy. He prepares to stretch himself beneath the leafy canopy. He aims to drift right off to sleep. He has put in a hard day, loafing round and killing time. Work hasn't been created into the world yet, and the poor, bored wretch is all fagged out from doing nothing. Eve speaks.

"Adam," she says, "to-morrow will be Christmas in the Garden. Let us hang up our fig leaves—Santa Claus might bring us something."

"Where do you get that Santa Claus stuff?" responds Adam, not unkindly, mind you, but in a spirit of gentle raillery. "I'm a grown man," says Adam.

"Are you, really?" she asks. There is a hidden meaning in her bantering reply, but it goes over his head. "Anyhow, dearie, let's hang up our fig leaves—there can't be any harm in it. Just to humor me, now—please!"

"Oh, very well," he says, just as every subsequent husband has said under similar conditions a thousand times. "Oh, very well, have your own way. But I'm willing to risk a couple of the best city lots in this restricted residential district I can put my hand on the party who's been handing you that Santa Claus yarn, and not have to travel more than a quarter of a mile to do it either. I saw him talking with you yesterday while I was trying to teach the two Potomac shad how to swim. Eve, thank goodness I'm not jealous, and far be it from me to interfere with your friendships round the neighborhood—I guess things do get pretty lonely for you, hanging about the place all day—but if I were you I wouldn't waste much time in the company of that Snake. He's the worst he-gossip in Eden County. I don't like his eye either. He'd make trouble for anybody in a holy minute if he got the chance, or I miss my guess."

Husbandlike, though, he follows her example and hangs up his fig leaf alongside of hers, upon the face of a near-by rock where a cleft in the cliff suggests a fireplace. Two minutes later he is snoring to beat the walrus, asleep in the next glade. But does the lady drop right off too? She does not. She lies down all right, after looking under the edge of the mossy bank for burglars, but she doesn't stay there.

As soon as everything is nice and quiet, up she gets. Stealthily she plucks an apple from that forbidden tree and stealthily she slips it down inside of Adam's fig leaf. After that she can hardly wait through the night for daylight to appear. When the first pink rays of the sunlight come stealing athwart the sward she is sitting up and poking Adam in the ribs.

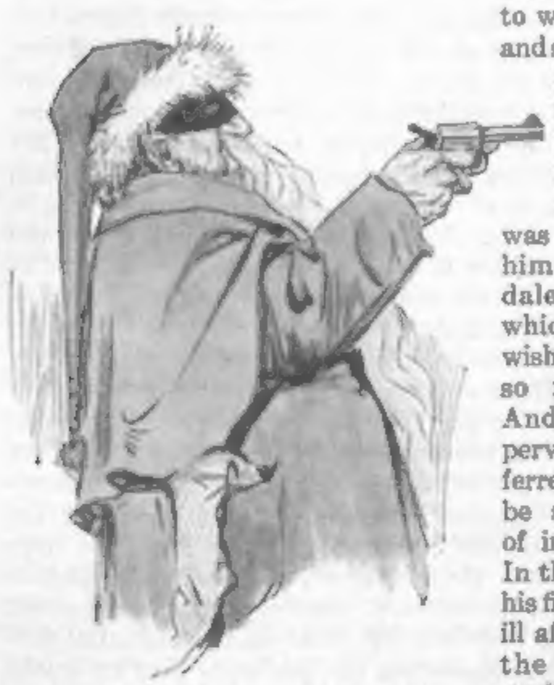
"Oh, dearie," she cries in well-simulated surprise, "see what Santa has brought us—a lovely red apple."

And Adam falls for the deception. It is the original fall of man. Personally he doesn't care much for apples. Offhand he can think of a dozen things he likes better for breakfast. But, manlike, he humors her. He takes one bite, and then she snatches the apple away from him and eats all of it—slowly and distinctly.

You see it now, don't you—the true inwardness of the Christmas gift-giving habit as between married couples?

She has gone through the form of giving him for Christmas the very thing that she has been wanting for herself all along. Her daughters have been playing the same game ever since. They are still playing it. They are playing it this Christmas.

In my own experience I have known but one married man who rebelled against this precedent which dates back so far and has been found to work out so well and so satisfactorily.



An Elderly Porch Climber With Many Aliases and a Bad Record

He knew—he found it out some way—that as a Christmas gift his wife was going to give him the Chippendale sewing table which she had been wishful for during so many months. And he for some perverse reason preferred that it should be a humidor full of imported cigars. In the then state of his finances he could ill afford to pay for the Chippendale sewing table or the humidor and its contents; but since, in either event, the bill for his wife's present to him would reach his desk on or about January the accursed first, just as always it had in previous years, he thought on the whole the cigars would mean more in his young life than the sewing table would. To him Chippendale was only a highly expensive name anyhow. It seemed to him that every time he heard the word mentioned it had cost him money. Personally he hoped Chippendale had choked to death on one of his own chair legs. And he did revel in a good cigar.

So he began to hint round and in a low, crafty, insinuating way to drop suggestions here and there. But the seed, so far as he could tell, fell on barren ground. So then, being desperate, he came right out into the open. He said if anybody gave him anything for Christmas he hoped it would be cigars—in a humidor. He described the humidor minutely; it was one he had seen downtown and he had priced it, and he knew the price and knew exactly how it looked, and said so. And he mentioned the brand of cigars with which he wished to have the humidor stocked—good, high-priced cigars they were. He was tired, he said, of smoking a cigar which blew up on him when it was burned halfway down and made him look as though he had been cleaning the ashes out of an anthracite stove, and left a taste in his mouth like a tintype gallery. He looked hard at the lady as he named the brand, and then he spelled it out.

Squaring Friend Wife for Wanting Cigars

IN OTHER words he made an issue of it, and that naturally made of it what is called a scene. She cried, saying repeatedly, between sobs, she knew now what he was driving at, and it was perfectly evident he didn't care for her as he once had, else he would never question her taste and her judgment in selecting for him a suitable Christmas remembrance, but would accept it in the same spirit of thoughtfulness and affection in which it was tendered. Under the circumstances what could he do? He hauled down his flag and surrendered. But it came mightily near to spoiling his wife's whole Christmas for her. If my memory serves me aright he not only had to greet the Chippendale sewing table with a broad smile of seeming surprise and joy on Christmas morning and go round all day babbling deliriously that it was just exactly what he had been wanting and how did she ever come to think of it, and how perfectly splendid it would look standing in his wife's bedroom, but he had to go further still. To square him completely and restore him to his former place in her estimation required an evening cape trimmed with genuine chinchilla, and a jeweled hair ornament, and a Chow dog that was beginning to ravel badly, thus making it more costly, and one of those oblong rings such as women wore a few years back—you know the kind—it was set with different-colored stones and looked a good deal like a memorial window—whereas originally he had contemplated investing only in the evening cape. It taught him a lesson, though.

Thus far I have dealt with married man. When a man, in addition to being married, is the head of a family, the force of the observation goes double. To get the full value of my meaning you have but to consider in its entirety the list of suitable gifts for the various members of any given household which is printed each December in the holiday number of every properly conducted home-and-fireside periodical along with an informative article entitled Christmas in Other Lands and an editorial containing a quotation attributed to the late Tiny Tim. You remember—don't you?—how runs the long and serried column of suitable gifts: For Daughter: A selection of thirty-five separate items, leading off with a set of ermine or an electric runabout and tapering gradually down to a dressing-table outfit in solid silver; for Son: A racing car, or an English fowling piece, or a few polo ponies, or any one of twenty other timely little remembrances; for Mother: This and that; for Baby: Thus and so. Finally, away down at the foot of the line we come to him who is expected to pay for all these things. And what is he to have for his Christmas? What does the inspired author of the compilation regard as befitting his deserts at this merry Yuletide season? I quote: For Father: A necktie, a book, a set of dominoes, a razor strop.

The Good Provider's Cheerless Christmas

JUST the other day I had a conversation with a man who is well-to-do and generous and a good provider. He was telling me that year before last his Christmas gifts to others totaled up to close on three thousand dollars, and what he received in return was a burned-wood waste-paper basket. What he chiefly regretted was that because of its shape and size and general aspect he mistook it for something new in the line of cuspidors and used it as such, and by the time he discovered his error it was no longer fitted to be a waste-paper basket and had proved its utter unfitness as a cuspidor.

Please observe, however, that I do not speak these words in a carping spirit. Out of all the animal kingdom the carp next to the malaria microbe is the creature that appeals to me least. Especially here of late have I developed an aversion for the imported European carp, which wears a hyphen where its rear fin should be and does most of its carping in the direction of the President of the United States. So I would not have you think I am carping against Christmas, the same being an institution which I have ever revered most highly, although I will confess that now, perhaps, one does not enthuse over it with the same abandon which one displayed when one was, let us say, twelve years old, going on thirteen. Besides, in this matter of his Christmas bestowals I take it that man is but fulfilling the destinies of his sex. As one looks rearward through the years that stretch behind one in an ever-growing procession it would seem that the public mind with regard to the masculine share in Christmas has ever been so. Why then should it not continue to be so?

Think back upon your own youth, Mister Male Reader. Wasn't it so in your own experience that the girls in the family got for Christmas what they yearned for, and that the boys got the benefit of what small change was left over, if any? And women are but girls grown up, and the boy, as someone else has remarked, is father to the man. Sometimes he must feel justifiably ashamed of his own offspring too. But that is neither here nor there.

The point I seek to make is that when a man at Christmastime gives and gives and gives until he is broke as flat as fillet of sole, and receives in return an artwork design in hammered brass that is too large for a breast-pin and too homely for a wall ornament, he is but complying with the hallowed precedents of the centuries, but living up to the imperishable traditions of the season. On the other hand, when the girls, which of course includes the grown-up girls—God bless 'em and keep 'em and curb 'em!—are vouchsafed at Christmastime all that their hearts may desire, they likewise are in accord with the common laws of species, custom and civilization. From this classification I would except only the confirmed yet hopeful bachelor maid, formerly known as the old maid. To me a most melancholy spectacle is the middle-aged bachelor maid who hangs up her stocking on Christmas Eve, knowing deep down in her soul that a stocking will never hold what she really wants for Christmas, but that a pair of socks would.

Even as I pen these lines I, as the head of a family with a large and constantly widening circle of relatives and acquaintances, am deeply engrossed in my own Christmas-gift schedules. I shall invest to the limit of my resources. I expect but little back. I only trust that I shall not get for my Christmas a rejected manuscript. If I should, though, and if perchance that rejected manuscript should be this manuscript, the loss, dear reader, will be not only mine but thine. For you will not be reading these remarks and I shall not be enjoying the use of the money customarily paid by editors for such remarks when properly typewritten on one side of the paper and accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with stamps to cover return postage affixed. And then, won't it be a gloomy Christmas for both of us!

Who Put the X in Xmas?

SOMETIMES I think a man—a married man with extensive domestic obligations—is not to be blamed for thinking of Santa Claus as an elderly porch climber with many aliases and a bad record, a corrupt old offender speaking with a Low-Dutch accent and wearing an Andrew Carnegie make-up of white whiskers, who comes forth on Christmas Eve with his sleigh empty and goes back home again on Christmas morning laden with loot wrested from weak-minded male adults. Sometimes I think I am not to be blamed for wishing for the enactment of a Federal law requiring that all the children in the land shall have a full share in Christmas joys, and that all persons over sixteen years of age shall take their Christmas out in the interchange of good wishes and inexpensive Christmas cards. It must have been a man of family who first wrote Christmas as *Xmas*, with the *X* prominently displayed as in ten-dollar bills.

After all, though, why complain even indirectly? Christmas helps business—it helps everybody's business seemingly, except one's own business. And if to the kids the Star of Bethlehem is not a threat but a promise, and if on Christmas morning the kids are happier for its coming, and the poor, whom we have with us always, are having some reason to be grateful to somebody, isn't that reward enough?

The answer, my countrymen, is "Yes."

THE MACHINEONIAN CRY

By Samuel G. Blythe

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

"COME over into Machineonia and help us!" howl the Old Guard of the Republicans. "We want—must have—a good, strong man."

Now one would think that a Grand Old Party, with an illustrious record extending from the inspired time when it was organized under the oaks at Jackson, Michigan; under the elms in Allegany County, New York; under cover in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, or in various other places—as one may prefer—away back yonder in the fifties, one would naturally assume that such an institution would be teeming, not to say bulging, with good, strong men. It would ordinarily be supposed that so great, so historic, so powerful and so profitable an organization would exude good, strong men at every pore.

Why not? For years and years and years it has been the vehicular instrument whereon good, strong men have ridden, and wherein good, strong men have performed—good, strong-arm men—and the intimation, even, that in this juncture of the affairs of the republic there is not contained within its somewhat nebulous borders a man good enough and strong enough to meet the crisis that exists, is not only disconcerting, but perplexing. What has become of the giants of yesteryear? Where are the boys who were wont to leap boldly into the arena, shout defiance at the foe, wrap the Old Flag about them and put themselves across?

Well, I dunno. "Indiana," orotundly declaimed Thomas Riley Marshall, Vice President of these United States, on an occasion when everybody was telling his real name, "Indiana has produced more first-class second-rate men than any other of our imperial commonwealths." Can it be thus with the Grand Old Party? It would seem to be so. It would seem to be even so. Else why the wail; why the loud cry that echoes through the wilderness of these pre-campaign days? Why the search—why?

Why Not Advertise for Candidates?

ONE meets a Republican leader, and ingenuously, as things are stirring, one asks: "Who'll you nominate?"

"Se-e-ah," shushes the leader, leading one aside. "We haven't decided yet, but we are looking for a good, strong man."

"Haven't you found one?"

"Well"— hesitatingly—"there's Root."

"Proceed."

"And"—hopefully—"there's Hughes."

"Advance."

"To say nothing"—rapidly—"of Weeks-Fairbanks-Borah-Cummins-Sherman-Burton —Aw, you know the bunch!"

"Is any one of these a good, strong man?"

"Search me"—despondently—"but they're all we've got."

Whereupon we observe the sad spectacle of a regenerated, as Mr. Hilles would say—a revivified, as Jimmie Reynolds would write—they being the official regenerators and revivers—we observe the sad spectacle of a political organization to which, as the press stuff points out, those erring brethren who left in 1912 to follow the honk of the Bull Moose are flocking back without having any particular person to flock back to.

An anomalous condition, I should say, and one fraught with many perils.

"Why not try advertising?" I have asked them, and suggested something like this:

WANTED: A Good, Strong Man to lead the Republican Cohorts to Glorious Victory in November, 1916. Must have all Modern Improvements and be Conveniently Situated between Radicalism on the one hand, and Conservatism on the other. Must be Progressive enough to hold the Progressives, but not so Progressive as to drive the Regulars away. Fine opportunity for the right man. Advancement certain. References required. Apply to Old Guard.

Now that might start something. Perhaps some possibility is lurking in the high grass awaiting such a call. Anyhow it is worth the experiment, for the hideous fact is that, despite all this clamor that the Republican Party has come back, it has come back as a mob and not as a led organization. It has returned home to find the old place in ruins, and nobody with any particular authority to collect the insurance and proceed to rebuild.

This is discoverable in the West and it is definite in the East. The Republican leaders are all Micawbering round waiting for something to turn up, and ever and anon putting forth a desultory effort to turn up something or somebody. Thus far their principal exhumation has been Elihu Root, with John W. Weeks on the side in New England, and the Honorable Boies Penrose devoting himself to prophecy, as befits a prophet such as Mr. Penrose is. For my purposes Ohio and Indiana are East also, and I must not neglect to mention the Honorable Charles Warren Fairbanks nor the Honorable Theodore Burton. It is quite possible that at the crucial time others will forget to mention them, but nothing so crass as that for me. There they stand, grand and gloomy, and getting gloomier every minute. Also there is Hughes.

Always there is Hughes, albeit in these Eastern parts—in New York, his former field for performance, for instance—the there-is-Hughes stuff is not so evident as in other places farther from his scene of previous activities. We read in the daily press that the Republicans of Nebraska have placed the name of Mr. Hughes on their primary ballot, or will so place it, willy-nilly as for the Justice, and neither willed nor nilled at the time of writing, albeit that may happen before printing. We read this, and then we read in the Democratic newspapers solemn warnings to the Republicans of Nebraska that they must not do this thing, they must not thus seek to cross the circle which Mr. Hughes has drawn about himself, nor endeavor to penetrate his skillful ambush behind his whiskers. One Democratic editor says this is "sheer impudence in face of his well-known views," and so on; but all of them craftily neglect to say whether their animadversions are dictated by hope or by fear.

Nevertheless, in the East, as in the West, the Hughes fetish is in full working order. Almost any Republican leader of note, from Chicago to Boston, will confide in you that the potentialities of Mr. Justice Hughes are beyond adequate comprehension and entitled to careful consideration, speaking in the sense of futurity, you understand, and with no emphasis on his performances when he was in politics. It must be said, however, that the farther from his home state one goes the greater the potentiality of Mr. Hughes seems to become. That is, though there is an insistent undercurrent for Hughes in the West, when one gets to New York one finds that the current is a ripple. He is strong, no doubt, but he lives and moves in an upper stratum, remote from the affairs of practical politics, and though he might possibly be pulled down, there seems to be no especial effort in the making to throw a grappling iron across him and yank him to the earth.

The Permanent Waiting List of the G. O. P.

STILL he is there. He always is there. He is the fixed quantity in Republican presidential speculations. It may be, of course, that he will remove himself. It may be that he thinks he has done just that. Certainly he handed down a sort of opinion on himself a time ago in a letter he wrote to an inquiring friend, but he'll have to hit the party with an ax before the partisans will believe he means that he is content where he is. As it stands, Hughes is the Permanent Waiting List for the Republican Party. He is the Universal Second Choice. Even a Theodore Burton enthusiast will tell you that failing Mr. Burton, he thinks Hughes would be a good candidate.

Every discussion, no matter where it begins, ends with the speculative: "Well, there is Hughes." And that is what it all tots up to. There he is. It may be that after the forthcoming Republican convention has bored itself stiff by voting for various of the favorite sons who will be thrust upon it, some patriot who wants to get home will rise up and howl the inquiry: "Wha'smatter with Hughes?" and that the convention will decide there is nothing the matter with him, save a certain high and dignified reticence, and name him. It may be. Stranger things have happened in conventions. The facts about this Hughes sentiment are these: Mr. Hughes is universally conceded to be a capable citizen. Inasmuch as he is apparently not seeking any further honors from his party he is stronger than he would be if he were. The impression exists that he would give Mr. Wilson a good, tight run.

Now, then, in the good old days when there was plenty of presidential material in the Republican Party the attitude of Mr. Hughes would have eliminated him from consideration. The partisans would have taken his evident desire to be let alone as conclusive, and would have turned elsewhere. The difficulty with the present situation is that the partisans have nowhere else of importance to turn. In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king: not that Mr. Hughes doesn't see very well and very clearly, and has two very astute eyes, but merely to adorn a condition is the aphorism used. Hughes is a good, strong man, of course. I go on record with all the rest. But admitting that, then what? Nothing that I can see but to let Nature take its course. Enthusiasm for Mr. Hughes in the East is carefully guarded and conserved, waiting for the time when the raucous patriot rises in the convention and howls: "Wha'smatter with Hughes?" The chaps in the East are calm about it. They restrain themselves well. There is no call on Mr. Hughes to be definite, one way or the other. He has a good, congenial job. He has the admiration of a large section of his countrymen. There has been built about him a structure of availability that must please him when he contemplates it. Probably, if he does not see fit to put himself to the test this time, he will exist as the Great Potentiality, a very satisfying and flattering position, for it does not entail any struggle at the polls or any battle in a campaign. He will continue comfortable as a good, strong man.

Wherefore, we come to Elihu Root, who is unique in our politics, inasmuch as all persons concede his masterly intellectual ability—or say they do—and nearly all persons are well aware of his material political disability. Nothing more is needed to prove the opening remarks of this discussion than the promoted candidacy of Mr. Root for the Republican presidential nomination. Mr. Root has been with us a long time. He has been active and observable in public life for numerous years. And yet, until along about 1914, say, nobody ever held Mr. Root as a presidential possibility, albeit Mr. Roosevelt did say once that he would proceed on his hands and knees from the White House to the Capitol to elect Mr. Root President, which enterprise might have had its value as a moving-picture concession, but may be set down as of no practical political utility. Mr. Roosevelt was not so well paunched in those days as he is now, but even then the proposal showed a keen appreciation of the difficulties that such a proposition entails.

Mr. Root and His Magna Charta

THESE difficulties have grown no less as the days have passed, either from the viewpoint of Mr. Roosevelt or from the viewpoints of the plain people. However, the investigator finds this thing to be true: If you will call aside any Old Guard gentleman, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, you will discover that that Old Guard gentleman is for Root for the Republican presidential nomination—if Root can be put across. A very sapient person once said he could put Paris in a bottle by virtue of an if, which may have been what the Germans had in mind; and that wise man is now personified by all the Old Guardsters who would admire to see Mr. Root nominated—if he could be elected.

One finds these convinced, but despairing, leaders scattered all about, East and West, despairing the more since the free and untrammeled voters of the state of New York had a whack at Mr. Root's prodigy of labor, the new constitution. As I write this the counters of the votes against that document had fainted from the exhaustion that ensued in tallying the negative votes accorded to this great charter of liberties endowed therein. Thus it is not possible to say how badly it was beaten, but four hundred thousand, or such a matter, approximates the majority of the emphatic noes.

Now there seems to be a disposition in some quarters—and halves, also—to make this protest personal to Mr. Root. There is a tendency, to say nothing of a trend, to hold Mr. Root and his constitution as in one and the same case, so far as the favor of the proletariat is concerned. This, of course, is to be regretted, for it is well known of all men that, not long before the constitution was completed in its effective but unpopular form, Mr. Root took exceeding great care to establish an identity for himself as a progressive—with a small p—apart from the progress indicated in the document itself. He associated himself with it, of course, but he likewise disassociated himself. He pronounced his own position, entirely apart from the constitution, and deprecated openly the invisible government which, he said, this magna charta he had directed in the making was bound to oppress and suppress.

Entirely aside from his constitution Mr. Root made a platform for himself. After some seventy years of contemplation of the invisible government Mr. Root arose to remark that in his opinion invisible government was no better than it should be, and, so far as he personally was concerned, for all the years to come after his seventy-odd of consideration he was against it. This announced his mature judgment. He was no callow enthusiast, seeking reputation by foraying against invisible government and what it means and what it represents. His was the matured judgment of a citizen who knew what he was talking about.

Thus Mr. Root was prepared for whatever contingency might befall, for even if his constitution was so discriminated against at the polls he himself retained the advantage, so far as availability goes, not only of being the chief proponent of the principles it included, but of being on record with personal and vocal indorsement of those principles, so far as his candidacy was concerned.

Mr. Root has never gone to the democratic extreme in asking for votes, nor expecting them for himself, save in his well-known capacity as a constitution remodeler. His principal offices have been offices that came by appointment or via a legislature. However, all that is changed too. Looking back now from his matured eminence of years full of honors, he considers this his opportunity to make such adventure; or, to be more exact, many of the leaders of the Republican Party consider this to be his opportunity, and no confidence is violated when it is asserted that Mr. Root is in a receptive mood.

It was a year or so ago, after the Republicans recovered themselves somewhat and sliced great slices from the obese Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, that the concrete activities for Mr. Root began. Before that it was universally conceded that he would make a great President if there was any way of making him President. After that certain of the lingering bosses of the Republican Party decided they might take a chance with him. Thus the Root boom was slid furtively into the political waters. The word was passed that the consensus of opinion of those who consensued it was that adventuring with Root a bit might not be a bad idea. So the Old Gang took the cue, and now wherever one goes one hears from the gentlemen who are valiantly endeavoring to be powers instead of phantoms that the game is being played for Root.

We learn that the Honorable Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, looking back with much admiring applause on the career of the late Mark Hanna, thinks that this is an appropriate period in our politics to do a little markhannaing himself, and has chosen Mr. Root for his medium and the protective tariff for his lever. The great attribute of Mr. Penrose is his dependability. He always runs true to form. Hence when, as it is claimed he is, we find Mr. Penrose either openly or in an interior manner behind the cause of Mr. Root, we also find various other Republicans in various other localities in the same position. There may be some dissimulation in some places over this, but if you can get an Old Guardster to tell what he really desires, he will tell, in so many words, that he is for Root. It is so in every part of the country where any Old Guardster remains to tell anything.

Would Roosevelt Forgive and Forget?

THESE leaders are sufficiently chastened to know that their being for Mr. Root, in the old sense, would mean that practically everybody else would be against him, so they are dissembling, more or less skillfully, in the hope that something may happen that will enable them to achieve their ambitions. They are not for Root in the wide-open, shouting manner. They are for him intensively. You observe no Root partisans chasing hither and yon, setting up pins for Root. What you do observe is a hope predicated on a bitter experience of the past. They long, but they languish. "If," they say, "we can put him across."

So there we leave this eminent statesman and cautious radical hampered with an if. Belief is expressed that Mr. Roosevelt, even after Chicago and 1912, would forgive and forget if Mr. Root were named—belief, but no knowledge. Certainly Mr. Root has done his part. His ringing words against invisible government are ringing yet. Various of the political mentors of our times have assured him, in their editorial columns, that there was nothing personal in the defeat of his constitution. He has taken his stand for preparedness in a dignified and convincing manner, via a resolution adopted by the Union League Club in New York. He is fully abreast with the currents of political thought. Anything he can do to make himself more available will be done cheerfully and in a fitting manner. All in all, it seems emphatically up to the Old Guard to work out the problem, which resolves itself to this formula: Root is to a nomination as the Old Guard is to the convention, with those six hundred odd primary-elected delegates as an unknown quantity. Mr. Root is the closest approximation to a good, strong man they have.

Fairbanks Building a Pergola or Two

THE recrudescence of Mr. Charles Warren Fairbanks, of Indiana, is held by the East, outside of Indiana, to be interesting but not particularly conclusive. Mr. Fairbanks, in the view of the East, is a man of large means and ample and dignified leisure. That he should seek to occupy this leisure by becoming a candidate for the presidential nomination is held to be entirely within the proprieties, and there are none who do not wish him well. Mr. Fairbanks has hitherto held a patent on the safe-and-sane propaganda, but now finds himself with other candidates safe-and-saning all over the place, but doing it with many modern improvements. The theory of being safe and sane, as Mr. Fairbanks elaborated it, consisted in practicing and preaching a conservatism that had for its principal tenet the elevation of Mr. Fairbanks to such a position in the affairs of the nation as would give him conservative management of our destinies, he promising the conservatism after his well-known patterns.

Certain events, not unconnected with this very conservatism, have made it advisable to construct pergolas and porte-cochères of progressivism on this structure, and it was noted that Mr. Fairbanks, acting as his own architect, built eminently satisfactory additions before he strode majestically into the arena. It is the matured opinion of Mr. Fairbanks that one may easily be too radical and thus alienate the conservatives, while one may be too conservative and thus drive away the radicals. The proper status is this: "Be just radical enough"; and he is devoting his energies toward attaining that end. Mr. Fairbanks enters on a record comprising four years as vice president, some years in the Senate, and the spectacle of A. J. Beveridge, George Ade, James Watson, Jim Hemenway, Joe Kealing, and others from his home state voting with loud cheers for him for president once in a convention in Chicago—with loud cheers, but with little impress, as it turned out.

Immediately after the election of 1914 there was the usual crop of possibilities developed by the results of the balloting. Every man who accomplished a Republican victory that year became a possibility. In the full course of time two of those Ohio possibilities have become impossibilities, and we now observe the state of Ohio, so far as the Republican leaders in it are concerned, giving exclusive ear to the ambitions of the Honorable Theodore Burton. Governor Frank B. Willis and former ambassador Myron T. Herrick have gone the way of the enthusiasm of the moment. Governor Willis, after the leaders of the state sat on his case in Columbus early in November, has decided that he will be content to do his share toward saving the nation from the rocks by becoming a candidate for governor again, and Mr. Herrick has packed his aspirations in camphor and is smilingly and debonairly out of it. This leaves as Ohio's favorite son the Honorable Theodore Burton, and the Honorable Theodore is in full cry after other states in the hope they may transfer to him a modicum of their support in return for his splitting his allegiance with them, fifty-fifty.

There are certain factors in New York City, not entirely remote from the financial end of that metropolis, who look with some measure of favor on the Honorable Theodore, but I failed to discover any politician, either in New York or anywhere east of Ohio, who gave his candidacy more than passing comment. It is doubtless true that Mr. Burton is the Ohio criterion—for the present—of a good, strong man, but he has not made that impression in New York or in New Jersey or in New England or in Pennsylvania. They are in blank ignorance in these parts concerning both Mr. Burton's strength and his goodness. Undoubtedly he will arrive in due time, and through the medium of a series of public addresses on vital topics, devitalized in his own masterly manner, inform them as to where he stands, and why.

New England Grooming an Entry

BORAH, Cummins, Sherman—these are neither shibboleths nor synonyms of anything but aspiration in the East. Let them rest until they develop and come to New England, where a certain section of that remarkable territory is aflame for John W. Weeks, and a certain other section is standing valiantly by with fire extinguishers. There is veracious New England authority for the statement that his candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination was wished on Mr. Weeks, was the result of a call which he could not well ignore, albeit some time previously he had taken steps to shred himself of his brokerage connections in order that he might hear the summons with reasonable distinctness. At any rate, as the story goes, Mr. Weeks became convinced that he might well essay a campaign after listening to various of his colleagues in the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives thereof. Indeed, it is commonly said in Milk Street and elsewhere in Boston that if it were possible to confer the authority to nominate a Republican presidential candidate on the Congress as at present constituted, all those members not voting for themselves would vote for Mr. Weeks, which shows how strong he is where he is well known.

The idea of his friends and well-wishers in New England is that he will have all the delegates from New England, with the possible exception of Vermont. I do not know why Vermont is excepted, for I did not go there to find out, but

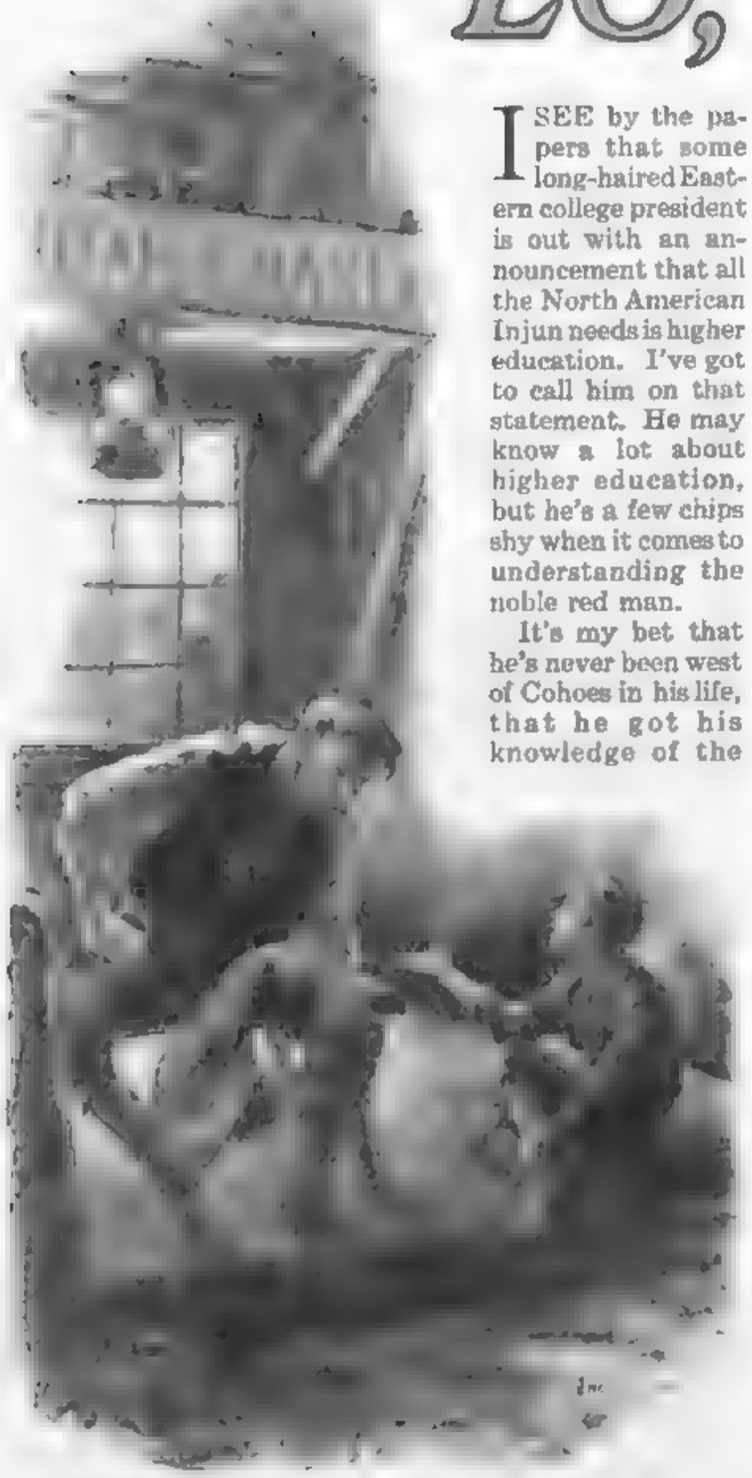
(Concluded on Page 30)

"We Want—We Must Have—a Good, Strong Man"

LO, THE POOR PIUTE

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL



"Everybody Knows the Ole Thief! You Want to See the Two Lead D-dollars He Gimme?"

I SEE by the papers that some long-haired Eastern college president is out with an announcement that all the North American Injun needs is higher education. I've got to call him on that statement. He may know a lot about higher education, but he's a few chips shy when it comes to understanding the noble red man.

It's my bet that he's never been west of Cohoes in his life, that he got his knowledge of the savage from Fenimore Cooper and that he never met a Piute face to face. If you want to get acquainted with Piutes you must summer and winter in Nevada; and the more you study those dough-faced wards of the nation, the less you know about 'em. They're deeper than a well.

Take it from one who has suffered, the Piute does not need higher education. He has had too much education already, and all he ever uses it for is to put a top-dressing on his low, native cunning. He had a lot of that to start with, and if you aggravate it with education you make him a menace to the white race. I put in with the party who said that the only good Injun is a dead Injun; and as for the Piutes, I have been off of them for ten years now and expect to continue on the same, as they say in prayer meeting. Having declared myself on these points, I will quit shuffling and deal for a spell.

Me and Russian John and Mormon Frank and Red Gilette had been doing the best we could all the way from Salt Lake to the Coast and back again; but our best had been pretty rotten. We carried a fine line of devices calculated to separate the sucker from his bank roll, but luck simply wasn't with us. Every time we got a victim readied up for the clippers some hick constable would butt in and invite us to make ourselves seldom and use the first train doing it.

We tried everything once, from stud poker with Russian John stacking the cards, to wire-tapping and gold bricks, but the best we got was the worst of it.

Then, to make it more abundant, we began to blame each other and fuss among ourselves. Things were gradually working round to a knock-down-and-drag-out fight when Red Gilette took the floor and spilled some pearls of wisdom.

"Here!" says he. "Cut out this rough stuff! Frank, you let John alone, and John, you close your face! You know too much about each other to be talking wild that way! Let's all shake hands and bury the hatchet, and we'll take the first train back to Salt Lake and frame up a new trip along new lines. There's been a jinx on this one from the start. Do I hear a second?"

Well, there was quite a session, but in the end everybody shook hands with everybody else and agreed to let bygones be bygones. When we climbed on the Salt Lake train the peace pipe was drawing fine. Russian John and Mormon Frank edged into a poker game in the smoker and didn't do a thing to some drummers' expense accounts, and Red said it was a good omen and a sure sign that luck was coming our way at last.

He felt so much encouraged that he left his grips in the depot and started out on one of his high-lonesome periodicals, and we let him go because when he is that way it ain't any use to argue with him. He will only drink more to show his independence. This time he was gone for three days, and we were beginning to worry about him when he showed up at the regular hang-out, lugging a stranger with him.

This stranger was about five feet tall, he weighed in the neighborhood of a hundred pounds, and he might have been anywhere from twenty-five to forty years old. He talked out of the corner of his mouth when he talked at all, and while Red was reasonably sober, his little friend was lit up like the Dewey Arch. Red planted him on the edge of the bed and stood off and smiled at him as if he amounted to something.

"Where did you get Little Casino?" says Mormon Frank.

"I picked him up in the discard," says Red, "and he is going to change our luck."

"Ah-r-r," growls the shrimp. "Where juh get 'at stuff? Tell'm who I am!"

"Excuse me," says Red, bowing. "Boys, this is Hogan—Jockey Hogan."

"Betch' life!" says the little man. "Jockey Hogan, thatch *me!*"

"And where did you ever tend bar?" says Russian John.

"S-sh! Let him alone!" says Red. "Hogan has got a couple of horses ——" And that was as far as Red could get. We had had some tough experiences with horses.

"Cheese!" says Russian John. "If you go ringing in any race horses, deal me out. This is the age of specialization, Red. A man ought to stick to what he knows best, and we don't know horses and never did. We only thought so. Every time we fool round a race track we get skinned, and ——"

"Wait! Wait!" says Red. "Give me a chance, won't you? These horses ——"

"We don't want to hear about 'em," says Russian John, pounding on the table. Hogan cocked a nasty eye at him.

"Throw'm out, the stiff!" says the stranger. "He talks like a cheese omelet! Throw'm out!"

Well, Red got a hearing at last. He usually does, because he's patient.

"Our success this season," says he, "has been mostly rotten. What we need is a change, a deal out of a new deck. The old stuff won't go any more; they're getting to know us too well. As for Hogan here, I vouch for him absolutely. I knew him up in the Northwest five years ago. He was making the county fairs with a couple of quarter horses, and he got the money. He knows his business ——"

"Turn off the natural gas and get down to cases!" says Russian John. "This is no protracted meeting. Show us something or quit talking!"

"Listen, then," says Red, "and get an earful: Hogan here has got the fastest quarter horse in the West, bar none!"

"That's what they all say."

Hogan climbed down from the bed and waggled his finger at Russian John.

"You never heard 'bout Headlight, hey?" says he. "I s'pose he's a bad horse! Can't untrack himself nor nothing! Perf'ly mis'ble ol' skate, I guess! Why, say, this Headlight horse ——"

"Boys, he's giving it to you straight," says Red, all puffed up with pride. "Hogan here owns the original Headlight!" By the way he said it he must have expected us to fall out of our chairs or something. Russian John lighted a cigarette and took a long look at Hogan.

"The original Headlight, eh?" says he. "Is this bird so good that they've got out imitations of him?"

"Is he good!" Red began to walk up and down and make motions with his hands. "Is he good? There's nothing in his class, I tell you! He can beat anything in the West at his distance—a quarter of a mile. Why, there ain't a horse in the world ——"

"Don't take in too much territory, Red," says Russian John.

"You—make—me—sick!" Hogan had the floor again. "Whadda you know 'bout horses? Card slickin' is your limit, ain't it? Bunko steerin' is your game! You boneheads ——"

Red steered him back to the bed and told him to take a nap. After a while he fell into a trance and didn't bother us any more.

"All this stuff I've been giving you is straight gospel," explains Red. "Hogan has got a quarter horse that can win anywhere you put him—on a race track or out in the sagebrush."

"Yes, and you know what a race-track crowd will do to us!"

Russian John didn't intend to be talked out of his prejudices without an argument.

"Did I say we was going up against a race-track crowd?" Red was good and sore by this time. "I said he could win on a real track, and he can. It's the sagebrush stuff I was figuring on, but you won't let me talk long enough to state the proposition!"

"Shoot the piece!" says Mormon Frank. "John, a little less noise from you."

"All right. Now then, Hogan has got two horses—this Headlight, that's a world beater, and another one so much like him that I dare you to tell which is which. The other horse can't run for sour apples, but he looks as if he could ——"

"Ah!" says Mormon Frank, beginning to wake up. "The old ringer stuff, eh?"

"Now you're talking sense!" says Red. "The old ringer stuff, and I know of a place where it's never been done, and a bunch of people that ain't smart enough to come in out of a hard rain."

"Have they got any dough?" says I.

"Barrels of it!"

"Will they bet it?" says Mormon Frank.

"That's the only use they've got for it," says Red, "and to make it a cinch they've got a pinto quarter horse down there that's never been licked. Beat him, and you can start a national bank with the winnings!"

"We'll take your word for that," says Russian John, "overlooking a whole lot of times when you've been wrong; but slip us the name of this Eden of the Southwest. Where is all this money?"

"In Moapa," says Red.

"Moapa!" says Russian John. "I never thought of that!"

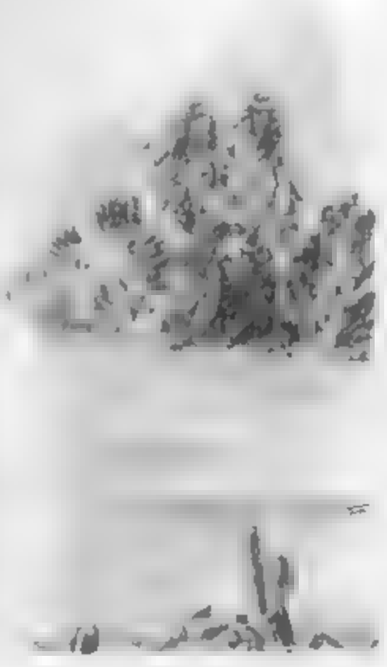
"Moapa!" says Mormon Frank. "I believe you've said something!"

"I know darn well I have!" says Red.

Maybe I'd better take time out to tell you about Moapa. Most likely you've never heard of the town. From an Eastern angle you'd say you hadn't missed much, and you can't see a lot of it from the railroad; but Moapa has got its points.

Get out your map of Nevada, and down in the southeast corner you'll find the Mormon Mountains and the Muddy Range. Moapa lies between 'em, on the edge of an Injun reservation. The country round there suits a Piute down to the ground and sort of matches up with his ugliness and mean disposition. They say it's an old Mormon settlement, dating back to the sixties. All I know for sure is that it's a good country for cattle, coyotes and Piutes, but mostly Piutes.

I don't know how it is now, but every September Moapa used to come to life. The Piutes had a big powwow in the town and they came from as far north as Pioche and as far south as Las Vegas. They put in a whole week horse racing and gambling and drinking and giving a pretty fair imitation of a sporty community. Pangingie, coon-can, Black Jack and stud poker—the games ran day and night, the horses raced every afternoon, and just to break the monotony they usually had a shooting scrape or two over in Utah Charley's place.



Until I got a slant at Moapa in September I had an idea that the Piutes were a poverty-stricken bunch, just about one jump ahead of death by starvation. Maybe they are in some parts of Nevada, but those Moapa Piutes showed me more money than I ever saw outside of a bank. Every greasy old buck had a sockful of it, and was willing to take a chance for the entire cash balance. It looked easy to take it away from 'em in a stud game, but it wasn't. They understood the philosophy of a cold deck and were mighty

leery of the white man who pretended to be so drunk that he couldn't give the deck anything but a haymow shuffle. When your dough was in the center they were liable to ask for the privilege of cutting the cards, after they had been cut once already. No, those Moapa Piutes weren't exactly suckers in a stud game, but when it came to a horse race they would bet the shirts off their backs.

"Was you thinking about Cap Caudo's pinto?" says Mormon Frank to Red.

"The same," says Red. "Cap Caudo is a sort of a chief down there, and that horse of his is just a little bit better than any bush-league quarter horse in this part of the country. The Piutes think that the pinto can't be beat at his distance, and the chances are that they'll give odds.

"Now, here's the frame-up: George, you and Hogan will ship a day or so ahead of the rest of us, with Headlight. You will keep him under cover at Logan, ten miles away from Moapa, working the horse often enough to have him on edge and ready.

"Me and Frank and John will take the bank roll and ship direct to Moapa with the bogus Headlight. We will be there in time for the opening of the show, and we will make a loud talk about our horse and bet some money on him, just to show confidence. We will get him beat a few times—by what Hogan says it won't be any trouble—and we will lay low for the big race on Saturday afternoon.

"Cap Caudo's pinto only runs once during the week—they bring him in to clean up on the last day. Friday night, George, you and Hogan slip into Moapa with the real Headlight and the switch will come off. The Piutes won't know the difference, and with the pinto entered they'll bet their heads off, especially as our horse hasn't done anything. Hogan will ride Headlight and we will peel these savages down to their dirty hides. How does that listen?"

We all thought it listened well, but Russian John had to come in with his usual knock.

"Your friend here is stewed," says he, indicating the slumbering Hogan, "and how do we know that the liquor wasn't talking when he told you what this Headlight horse could do?"

"Because his record is in the book!" says Red, feeling for his Sporting Annual. "Do you want to see it?"

"By all means, and then some!" says John; but it was funny the way the argument oozed out of him when he saw the figures in black and white. So we began talking ways and means, while Hogan snored on the bed.

"Look here, Red," says I, "is this your little friend's regular gait?"

"No," says Red; "sometimes he's worse, but you can always depend on him to be sober on the day of a race."

"That's lovely," says Mormon Frank, "and considerate too. George, I see where you're going to have quite a party!"

II

I CLAIM that when they wished that sawed-off drunkard onto me they gave me all the worst of it. I am not exactly a white ribboner myself, but there are times when I am strong for prohibition that will prohibit the other fellow from getting too much, and on that Western trip I had a chance to reflect upon the evils of intemperance.

We were to ship through to Las Vegas by freight and then work our way overland to Logan—Headlight and Hogan and me. Hogan piled onto the freight caboose in the Salt Lake yards with a pretty fair start, and he had a couple of quarts in his suitcase so that he wouldn't run out. He was at the talkative stage, and the first thing he did was to spill a lot of inside stuff where the freight conductor could hear it. I gave him a bawling out for it.

"Get onto yourself!" says I. "This is a delicate proposition, and we are going to a lot of trouble and expense to keep it under cover. The next best thing to telling your secrets to a telegraph operator is to let a train conductor get an earful of your business. If you feel you must talk tell lies. If you don't know how to lie sew a button on that limber tongue of yours!"

"Ah-r-r," says Hogan, out of the corner of his mouth, "who are you to be advisin' me what I should do? You're nothing but a fat-livin', petty-larceny card slicker, and your clothes don't last any longer'n the seat of your pants!"

"Even so, little rum-hound," says I, trying to keep my temper, "it ain't everybody that can earn a living sitting down. It's only the man with brains in his head that can do it, and don't you forget it!"

"Which accounts," says Hogan, "for you and your gang havin' such glorious success this season!"

And he slipped me this, mind you, before we got the high sign out of the Salt Lake yards—right off the bat and before he was properly warmed up. When we got as far as Leamington he was fairly in his stride, and going good. It didn't seem possible that a man of his size could hold so much meanness and bad whisky in the same skin. Three or four times I was tempted to take him by the scruff of the pants and heave him out into the sagebrush.

The train trip was tough, but it wasn't a marker to the cross-country jaunt from Las Vegas to Logan—fifty miles as the crow flies, but longer by the roads, which were bad, and the company was worse. At Las Vegas I put up a talk about a prospecting trip and hired a ramshackle buckboard and an old crowbait of a horse to haul it. Hogan laid in a supply of jump-juice, and we sneaked out of town before sun-up with our race horse hitched on behind. I did the driving and all the work, and for two days the only peace I had was when Hogan was thinking up something insulting to say to me. I finally had to declare myself.

"You may not like me and I may not like you," says I, "but by the fall of the play we've got to spend a week or so together. It's just as tough on me as it is on you, and if you don't cut out the rough stuff I'll just naturally take you over my knee and spank the daylights out of you. You're taking advantage of your size, and if you don't quit it I'll take advantage of mine. Try that on your piano!"

After that Hogan was almost human, but it was only because he was afraid of me. Along about dark on the second day we figured we were pretty close to our destination, so we eased up and began looking for a place to camp. It wouldn't have been policy to go on into the town and let every Tom, Dick and Harry see that we had a race horse, so we jogged along with our eyes peeled until we came to a brush shack with a corral behind it, some distance off the road.

"This looks like a good spot," says Hogan. "See if you can rouse anybody out."

"But it's an Injun's place," says I.

"I wouldn't care if a Chinaman lived in it," says he. "There's a lean-to out in the corral where we can put the horse. It's a cinch that none of these Logan tinhorns will get a line on us if we stay here, and for a couple of bucks and a drink of whisky we'll be honored guests."

"All the same," says I, "I'm going to find out who lives here before I tip my hand."

After I had hollered a few times and walked round the shack, something inside began to grunt and an Injun came crawling out of a hole in the side. He looked at least a thousand years old, and he was wrinkled and knotted and twisted like a Joshua tree.

"Whatfor make 'um noise?" says he. "No good!"

"Oh, you talk English, do you, Methuselem?"

"No savvy 'Thuselem. What you want?" That's the only good thing about a Piute—he gets down to cases right away.

"Want to stay here with you. Want to put horses in corral. Catch 'um sleep."

The old bird pointed down the road.

"Logan two mile. You go."

I heard a noise behind me; it was Hogan coming through the sagebrush with his baggage. It was pretty dark by this time, and only an Injun could have identified a demijohn at that distance. The whole lower part of the old scoundrel's face cracked open in a grin.

"Aw right!" says he. "You stay!"

Well, it wasn't any Harvey House by a long shot, but I've seen worse places if I could remember where they were. Old Methuselem tried hard to make us feel at home—with one eye on the demijohn. We had some blankets in the buckboard and there was hay in the corral, so I rigged up a bed in one corner of the shack while Hogan kidded our host. I heard part of the conversation.

"Ketch 'um booze?" says Methuselem, pointing to the demijohn.

"No," says Hogan. "That's horse liniment."

Methuselem shook his head.

"Mebbe so not," says he. "I smell 'um breath."

They sparred round for half an hour and finally Hogan let the old man have a drink. Methuselem filled a tin dipper half full.

"Here!" says Hogan. "What do you think you're doing? I said a drink, not a bath!"

Methuselem grunted and emptied the dipper in one gulp, without as much as batting his eyes.

"Heap good!" says he, smacking his lips. "More!"

I saw that Hogan had found congenial company, so I turned in. Along about midnight I woke up with the notion that I had somehow got into a boiler factory. The old buck was doing a war dance, words and music by himself, and Hogan was helping him out by hammering on the bottom of a washtub. I took all the blankets and moved out to the corral.

The next morning I was giving Headlight the once over with the currycomb when Methuselem showed up. If he had a headache he didn't say anything about it, and he watched me for quite a while before he opened his mouth.

"You ketch 'um good pony," says he.

"Oh, no, I guess not," says I. "Pony not much good."

Methuselem grinned.

"Him heap good pony!" says he.

"Who told you so?" says I, beginning to wonder whether Hogan had been talking too much again. "Little fellow tell you?"

"Nobody tell me. I see 'um. Savvy good pony."

"Well," says I, "don't believe anything you hear and only half of what you see. No talk. You savvy?"

The Next I Saw of Hogan He Was Twenty Feet in the Air, Turning Like a Trapeze Performer and Clawing for a Bar That Wasn't There

"Huh! Injun no talk. White man talk too dam' much!"

Later in the day I put Hogan on his guard.

"The old buck is nobody's fool," says I, "and he knows a race horse when he sees one. Be careful and don't spill anything."

"Rats!" says Hogan. "In the first place, he ain't got any more sense than a rabbit. In the second place, he's too old. In the third place, he ain't going to Moapa anyway."

"How do you know?" says I.

"I asked him. He hasn't been there in fifteen years. How's he going to tip anything? Go and get my riding tack, will you? There's an old deserted road back of here that runs into the hills. It's just the place to work the horse. All he needs is a two-mile gallop every day—just enough to put him on edge. Friday I'll set him down for a short sprint."

As Hogan rode out of the corral the old Piute came from behind the shack and watched him. I was watching, too, and all at once Headlight went about ten feet in the air and nearly threw Hogan off.

"Huh!" says Methuselem. "Coyote, he scare 'um pony!"

"Coyote, your grandmother!" says I. I didn't see any coyote.

"Coyote scare 'um pony," repeats Methuselem. "Where you put 'um booze?"

I thought it was policy to get the demijohn and buy him a drink to distract his attention. He took enough for four men without blinking.

"Heap good pony!" says he, over the edge of the dipper.

And the queer part of it was that he was right about the coyote. When Hogan came in he told me that a coyote crossed the road in front of the horse and scared him almost to death.

"Some horses are that way," says he. "They hate the smell of a wild animal of any kind, and a coyote is the smellingest animal what is. It was twenty minutes before I could get him calmed down. He nearly broke my neck."

"Well," says I, "I don't subscribe to all that Fenimore Cooper says about the noble red man, but I've got to hand it to the untutored savage for one thing—he's there with the eyesight. Methuselem called the turn on the coyote."

It Was Pretty Dark by This Time, and Only an Injun Could Have Identified a Demijohn at That Distance

III

THE program went through without a hitch anywhere, and on Friday night we said good-by to our genial host and hit the trail for Moapa. The old rascal acted as if he was sorry to see us leave, and maybe he was on the level with it, because Hogan had made two trips into town to get the demijohn filled and Methuselem had been illuminated for a solid week.

"Where you go?" says he, when he saw us getting our stuff together.

"Oh, up the roads a ways," says I.

"Mebbe so, Moapa?"

"Naw!" says Hogan. "You savvy Pioche? We go Pioche."

"Him too dark now. You stay. To-morrow you go."

Well, of course we couldn't think of that. The darkest night that ever shone wouldn't be too dark for the kind of a horse-trading job we had on hand. I shook hands with Methuselem and slipped him two dollars; Hogan poured him a dipperful by way of a stirrup cup, and away we went. Methuselem came down to the road and watched us out of sight.

"He likes us," says I when we were out of earshot. "He didn't want us to go."

"Don't flatter yourself!" says Hogan. "It was the demijohn that he took a liking to. The old boy certainly hung round it like Grant did round Richmond. How much did you give him?"

"Two dollars," says I, "to remember me by."

"Huh!" says Hogan. "How long do you think he'll keep 'em?"

"Until he finds a blind saloon keeper," says I. "They're made of pewter and they won't spend easy."

We didn't meet a soul on the road until we came in sight of the Moapa lights; then a man whistled at us and stepped out from the shadow of a tree. It was Mormon Frank, and you bet he was glad to see us.

"Everything is lovely," says he, "and the trap's all set. We've started the bogus horse four times, and, whatever else you say about him, he's a consistent brute. Lost every race. Cap Caudo and his friends are painting the town this evening—celebrating in advance, and giving odds on the pinto against the field. Red Gilette is kind of hanging round the outskirts of the disturbance, pretending to be soused and making a loud talk, but he won't begin to cover their money until he knows the other horse is here."

"Have you slickers done any good for yourselves?" asks Hogan.

"A little," says Mormon Frank. "Russian John rung a marked deck into the Black Jack game and broke the dealer, and switched a cold one into the stud game. There's a world of dough here, and I only wish we had more to bet on to-morrow's race. How's the horse?"

"Finer'n silk!" says Hogan. "Just r'aring to go all the time. How do they start these quarter races?"

"With a gun, standing start."

"Good enough!" says Hogan. "Headlight's used to that stuff. He'll go away from the mark like a bullet."

Mormon Frank took the horse and the tackle and went into town across country while we stuck to the road. It certainly was a lively evening in Moapa. We saw three fights before we got as far as the livery stable, and judging by the noise in Utah Charley's place a free-for-all was being staged, nothing barred but the guns. Hogan said he needed a rest and went to bed, leaving the demijohn with me as a guaranty that he would be fit to ride the next day. I prowled round town, watching the games and sizing up the crowd.

It was a pretty tough aggregation of talent, made a lot tougher by the brand of bar whisky that was being served in Utah Charley's joint. There were tinhorns from Searchlight, Las Vegas, Pioche and all the other camps in that part of the state; cow-waddies from the ranches along the Virgin River and the Pahrump Valley; some hard-boiled citizens who seemed to be looking for trouble of any sort; and a few horsemen who had been trying all week to separate the Piutes from their coin but not doing any too well at it.

The Piutes, of course, were the main show, outnumbering the whites two or three to one. Some of 'em I had seen before and recognized—old Chowface, the richest Injun in Nevada and the wisest too; and Injun Mary and her brother Pete. The bucks and squaws were having the time of their lives and making it a regular Old Home Week for further orders. Every card game was running to capacity, and even a battered-up old roulette wheel was getting a strong play.

I caught a glimpse of Red Gilette in the crowd round a stud table. He was giving his justly celebrated imitation of a hayseed with a tide on, talking loud and foolish and offering to bet anybody who disagreed with him. He saw me, too, but outside of a wink he didn't let on to know me.

Along about midnight there was a stir at the door, and in waddled the shortest, fattest and ugliest Piute that ever made hoofprints in the state of Nevada. He must have been all of sixty years old, his face was covered with smallpox scars, and he wore a stovepipe hat and a greasy old Prince Albert with tails that reached almost to the floor. It was Cap Caudo, the owner of the unbeaten pinto and a sort of chief in his tribe.

The tinhorns and cow-waddies set up a yell, and in less than five seconds there was a crowd round him, everybody talking horse and asking questions about the race. The Piute stood in the middle like a fat black bear surrounded by dogs, looking from one man to another but never opening his mouth. Red saw him, too, and came weaving in his direction, bumping into people, falling all over his feet and otherwise helping to create a false impression. Three drinks are his limit when there's any real business on hand, but anybody looking at him would have said he'd had at least thirty.

Red pawed the cow-waddies out of the way and literally fell on Cap Caudo's neck, blubbering with joy. The Piute didn't say anything; there wasn't even a change in the expression of his face. It stayed as blank as a piece of adobe mud. The next thing I knew Red had a roll of bills in his fist and was dusting Cap Caudo's nose with the greenbacks. The chief didn't seem to need much coaxing. He grunted a couple of times and went down into his jeans, and they began to count their money on the bar, the Piute giving odds of five to three until his roll was gone. That didn't stop him, though. He went over to the pangingie game and whispered something to old Chowface—not much, just a few words. For all the palavering there was about it Cap Caudo might have been borrowing a match, but Chowface began to dig immediately, and when the Cap headed back for the bar he had a fresh bale of currency wrapped in a shoe string.

That was Russian John's cue to start something. He tried to drag Red out of the place, insisting that a man who didn't know what he was doing oughtn't to be allowed to bet, and of course Red got haughty and breathed through his nose and roasted Russian John to a fare-you-well for daring to insinuate that he was drunk. Then, to make it good, they got into a fight and John took the count.

It was old stuff, but it went big in Moapa.

"Oh, well," says John, "if that's the way you feel about it go ahead and lose your dough! Bet your fool head off; but when you're clean, don't come to me for a stake, that's all. I'm off you for life!"

When John went out Red and Cap Caudo were still counting money on the bar.

IV

RED GILETTE woke me up in the morning. He sat on the edge of the bed and sorrowed out loud because we hadn't brought a bigger bank roll.

"This," says he, "is the softest proposition on record. If we had enough capital we could break the entire Piute nation. As it stands now we'll only grab between three and four thousand."

"Only!" says I. "How much do you want, for pity's sakes? Three or four thousand is more money than we've seen all season. Be satisfied, Red!"

"But we might just as well have had it all!" says he. "They bet me to a standstill last night, and I can't go any farther with 'em. Our money is all up. Have you got any dough, George?"

I slipped him what I had—forty to fifty dollars—and he went out to hunt up Frank and John in case they might have a little more. That was Red all over; show him a cinch and he'd bet your last nickel on it.

The town began to wake up about ten o'clock and get ready for the big event, which was to take place at two in the afternoon. I rolled out, got my breakfast and went looking for the race track. It was a straightaway, running due east from the town, a good, wide road through the sagebrush. Little Injun kids were running scrub ponies up and down on it and pulling off races of their own.

Down on the main street there was a big crowd, and I stood round on the corners and listened to the talk. Most of it was about a crazy redhead with a bun and a bank roll and a notion that his horse could beat Cap Caudo's pinto. The consensus of opinion was that a fool and his dough were about to be separated.

(Continued on Page 46)

THE SLACKER

By W. B. Trites

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

THE garden of the Marquis de la Torre in Nice was surrounded by a high wall that, when it was built, had seemed to promise inviolable privacy forever; but in the course of time a lofty apartment house had risen up hard by, and thence, from his seventh story balcony, Hubert Vane looked down with perfect freedom on the Spaniard's roses. Of all the Spaniard's roses Antonia de la Torre was certainly the fairest.

He had looked down this morning while she breakfasted on the portico, with its marble balustrade, its marble pillars, its tessellated marble floor of black and white, and its outlook over lawns and flower beds to the blue Mediterranean sparkling in the winter sun. She had breakfasted alone. A maid had first brought forth the little table with its porcelain service. Then she had herself appeared, pensive, fresh from sleep. She wore a thin red silk dressing gown and red mules. Her hair in a heavy, somber coil hung down over shoulder and breast to her waist. She took the little seat, she tossed her hair back languidly, and with supple, graceful movements she poured her coffee and opened her newspaper. All her movements, indeed, as she breakfasted alone on the stately portico, were supple and graceful beyond belief. When a piece of news absorbed her she sat sidewise, forgetting her coffee and brioche; she crossed her knees and swung her foot, from which hung the red mule; her body drooped; and all her young, fresh person—the robust shoulders, the long limbs, the red mouth, the beautiful eyes—all her young, fresh person seemed luminous with that clear light which bathes the white splendor of antique Greek statues.

The Swiss chauffeur—Vane's English chauffeur had enlisted—put his head out of the library window with respect.

"The car is waiting, sir," he said.

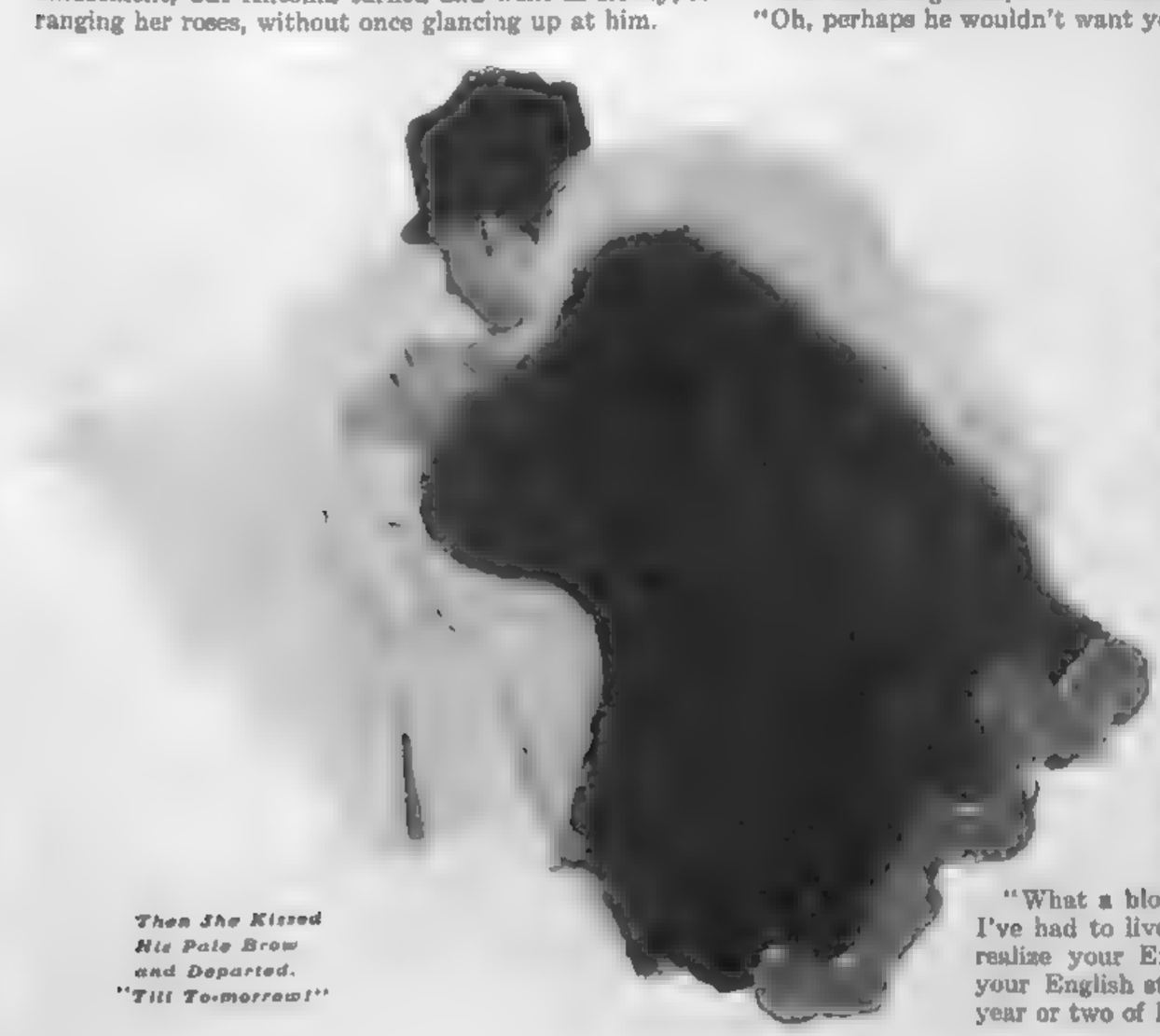
"Very well; I'll be there in one moment, Muhler."

"Thank you, sir."

Vane in his wicker chair set down the proofs of his new peace pamphlet. He regarded Antonia de la Torre desolately, like one who takes a long adieu. Then, instead of rising, he returned to his proofs again. For he could not go. The picture was too beautiful to leave. As long as the young girl remained on the portico with her newspaper, he would remain on the balcony with his proofs.

She rose at last. She crossed the tessellated marble floor. She leaned her elbows on the marble balustrade and looked out over lawns and flower beds to the blue sea. Ah, to know her thoughts—to know her thoughts as, in maiden solitude, she leaned on the broad balustrade and looked out dreamily to sea!

He tried to call her with his ardent eyes. But she began to pluck the red roses that twined in profusion up the vase-shaped white balusters. A thorn pricked her and she started back; she wrung her hurt hand; then she carried it to her lips. His heart melted with delicate pity and amusement, but Antonia turned and went in slowly, arranging her roses, without once glancing up at him.



Then She Kissed His Pale Brow and Departed. "Till To-morrow!"

She had never once, in all these months, glanced up at him.

"She thinks I'm a slacker," he said.

He descended to his boat-shaped car. Three detachable wheels, enormous and very costly, were lashed to the back, while along the side ran a huge copper exhaust pipe, as bright as gold, which bore witness to the motor's power. He sank into the low seat; the car was shaken by a series of formidable explosions; then suddenly it settled to a deep, musical hum and darted out the Promenade des Anglais like the wind.

All the white, sun-drenched hotels of the Promenade des Anglais were turned into hospitals. From every hotel terrace, every window and every balcony wounded young soldiers and pretty nurses stared after the wonderful car. But Vane, beneath the soldiers' and nurses' eyes, grew hot and miserable.

"They think I'm a slacker," he mused; "a slacker like the yellow kid."

He followed the white sea road in the sea wind and the sunshine, and at Cannes he drew up at the golf club. Half a dozen convalescent English officers in khaki, wasted and stale after the cold and mud of the trenches, lounged on the clubhouse veranda. Vane, nodding to them curtly, seated himself at a little table, lighted a cigarette and fixed it in a long amber tube.

"A lemonade, Jerome."

Then the strong and ruddy young man crossed his legs and smoked with a disdainful air among his lean, weak fellow countrymen.

"We've had a victory," said Captain Lord Augustus Loftus.

The sick soldiers stared. "No!" they said blankly. "No! Where?"

"Pont Aven," said Lord Augustus. "We took ninety prisoners. We gained sixty yards. Haven't you read this morning's papers?"

"No," they said. No; they had not read the papers. Yet in a dull way, they seemed impressed. Or, at least, they tried to seem impressed. It is the proper thing, is it not, to be impressed by victory? And they nodded solemnly, staring at one another with their dull, sick, patient eyes. Then they dismissed the victory; the victory demanded an enthusiasm that fatigued and bored them; and with relief they began to talk golf again.

"I say, Hubert!" Lord Augustus put in his monocle and glared at Vane across the piazza. "I say, did you know your friend Royallieu was killed?"

"Yes; poor devil!" Vane answered. "Not that I pity him, though," he added sternly.

A blond lad cried in a tremulous and eager voice:

"No, indeed! Why pity him? His death was happy. A brave death."

But Lord Augustus, better fathoming Vane's words, said: "Oh, perhaps he wouldn't want your pity."

Vane frowned, puffed hard at his cigarette and, enveloped in a smoke cloud, hurriedly composed a speech that would crush these men, a speech that would bring home to them all the horror of war, all the wickedness of warfare and all the honor redounding on those who, like himself, refused to fight.

It would be difficult, this speech. Nevertheless, leaning toward them, he began:

"You mean I'm a slacker, eh?"

"Well, yes," said Lord Augustus.

And the stale, tired officers in khaki laughed.

Vane had begun wrong. He always began wrong, hang it. Striking the table savagely to still their laughter, he hissed:

"What a blond lot you fellows are! I've had to live over here in France to realize your English blondness. But your English stupidity! That, after a year or two of France—that ——"

She Had Never Once, in All These Months, Glanced Up at Him

He paused, forgetting his argument, and they looked at one another with frowns and mutterings. They did not like at all his remark about their stupidity. Why the deuce did everyone call the English stupid?

"I'm a slacker, eh?" he resumed at last.

"Yes," said Lord Augustus.

"Well, now, suppose we had all slacked! Suppose all those socialists and internationalists and anarchists and syndicalists in Germany and France and Russia and England had lived up to their beliefs and slacked! Suppose we had all slacked, I say! What then?"

He looked across the veranda triumphantly, expecting them to admit that then there would have been no war; but Lord Augustus put his monocle back in his eye.

"Suppose they'd all slacked? Why, then they'd all have been driven into line, of course."

Vane, red with rage, opened his mouth. Beaten on this tack, he would now try another. He would now show them the idiocy of war, the idiocy of professional soldiers. Why, to stand up for such things was as bad as to stand up for—to stand up for, hang it; to stand up for what? Sitting there with open mouth, he could not think. All those sneering faces confused him. To stand up for smallpox? To stand up for earthquake? Hang it, he could not think. The burning words would not come. His burning thoughts grew cold, they dwindled into insignificance. Vane threw himself back in his chair and said:

"You're a stupid lot—brave enough, I suppose, but stupid—more stupid even than blond."

They laughed bitterly.

"You're blond enough yourself," said the lad with the treble voice. "Stupid enough, too, to judge from the rot you're talking."

"Hubert, you slacker, why don't you enlist?" said Lord Augustus, and, dropping his monocle from his eye, he assumed an air of great vigor and strode across the veranda toward the door. But his wasted frame was weak; the long, thin legs he flung out so vigorously tottered under him; he stumbled and struck against a table; then, with an oath, limped painfully into the clubhouse, his hand pressed to his hip.

Jerome, the gray-haired waiter, said, as Vane paid for his lemonade:

"I'll take this opportunity to bid you good-by, sir. I am off for the front to-morrow."

"Off for the front! But I thought you'd passed the age, Jerome?"

"No," said the waiter. "No; I'm only forty-six."

"Well, Jerome, good luck! Take care of yourself!" said Vane earnestly.

"Oho! Trust me, sir! No *Boche* will ever get an old stager like me."

And the gray-haired waiter laughed. He laughed; but his calm eyes, searching Vane's wistfully, said: "Perhaps I shall never see you again. Think kindly of me, then, if I don't come back; and remember that I had the pluck to go off laughing."

"I suppose you wonder why I, too, don't enlist, Jerome?"

"No, sir. Oh, no, sir."

"Well, you see, Jerome, it's like this——"

Vane frowned in a desperate search for words that would express all the idiotic evil of war. But he knew he would not find those words. Had he not failed a hundred times to find them? And yet he would not now shrink from a hundred-and-first attempt. For in their power and fervor his ideas about war seemed to him ineffably beautiful. How could he, then, deny them? To deny them would be a treacherous, cowardly act, like a priest's denial of his faith. So he began:

"Well, Jerome, I look at it like this. I believe—to put it in a nutshell—I believe in internationalism as distinguished from patriotism. That is to say, why love your country, merely because you were born in it, more than any other country? Do you understand, Jerome? Love or hate all countries—that is my doctrine—love or hate all countries according to their merits or demerits. Another point, Jerome. I'm against war *in toto*. Might versus right. Does right make might? I mean, rather, does might make—mike mate——"

He was stuttering now. That was something new. A stutter, eh? What next? He passed his hand across his mouth, but the waiter with a constrained smile departed muttering: "Excuse me, sir. Someone inside."

With a shrug Vane sank back. He put a fresh cigarette in his tube. The yellow kid dashed up in a new car. The yellow kid had a new "flirt" with him too. Who could it be? Ah, yes, of course. It was Madame de Mauves, whose husband was fighting in the Argonne.

The yellow kid and his new flirt came down the path with gay laughter. They crossed the veranda slowly, their gay faces close together.

"The slacker!" mused Hubert Vane. "Flirting with soldiers' wives! Why doesn't he enlist, the slacker? He's young and strong enough."

Thus Vane frowned and smoked and mused.

"But why don't I enlist, myself? Because I, too, am a slacker? No! I don't enlist myself because my hatred of war is a religion. If I could express my hatred of war, if I could make people feel it as I feel it, I'd win converts. I'd bring on universal peace. Yes, it's my religion. But Antonia de la Torre thinks I'm only a slacker like the yellow kid."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Amid a burst of laughter the yellow kid hurried forth from the clubhouse, followed by a tall, gaunt Englishwoman of forty-eight or fifty years. The yellow kid wore his Tyrolean hat crosswise, for he had been interrupted in an imitation of Napoleon. The Englishwoman had huge feet, her chest was flat, she wore mannish dress, and her long front teeth protruded. As she advanced she smiled foolishly, but her eyes gleamed with resolution behind her pince-nez. She overtook the yellow kid. She seized his reluctant hand. She pressed a small white feather into it.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

Vane, turning, saw in the doorway the laughing, wasted faces of the convalescent officers. He laughed himself. He could not help it. Then, as the woman bore down on him, he stopped laughing and began to frown.

The woman stood before him. She extended another white feather which he firmly declined to take. How her eyes gleamed! How long those two protruding teeth! She thrust the feather nearer. She waved it in his face. But he frowned up at her, shaking his head resolutely. He would never take the feather. Never, never.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Loftus hurried forward.

"Don't, madam!" Loftus got between the woman and Vane. "Don't, madam!" he said. "Mr. Vane is not—he is not—Mr. Vane, damn it, once saved my life."

II

VANE, taking Madame de Groot in to dinner, discovered with delight that Antonia sat on his other side. He bent toward her; a flowerlike perfume rose from her dark hair and dazzling shoulders; and as he unfolded his napkin he said:

"How glad I am to be so near you!"

She answered with a calm smile, gazing straight before her:

"I told you I'd look out for you, didn't I?"

It was true. In the brief confusion before dinner, after they had been introduced at last, he had ventured to regret that he was not to take her in; whereupon she had said lightly as she turned away: "Oh, I'll look out for you, never fear." He had thought at the time that she was joking; but it was true. This beautiful, adorable creature had actually told Oliver Morris, their American host, that she desired to sit beside him—to sit beside a worm like him!

Over the amber-colored consommé in his plate, which was clearer than the amber-colored wine in his glass, he stole enraptured glances at her. His gaze dwelt on her arms, her throat, and her dark hair where it was drawn back from the pale, warm brow. His gaze dwelt on her fresh mouth, with its delicious, snowy teeth; on her small, straight nose, which gave her an air of pride; and on her dark eyes, full of dreams and fire, which gave her an air of languid tenderness. And he asked himself, as she ate her soup calmly, what she was like. Was she proud and haughty, like her nose? Or languidly tender, like her eyes? Or just gay and sweet and kind, like other girls?

"I got your message," he murmured gratefully.

"My message?" She seemed to start.

"Why, yes. The message, you know, you sent by Loftus."

"A message—sent by Loftus?" She frowned, as in amused perplexity.

"Has he been pulling my leg?" Vane asked bitterly. "He said you were coming to this dinner party—he said he was to tell me you'd be here. That is why I accepted Morris' invitation. It's the first invitation I've accepted since the war began."

She turned to him with a mischievous and friendly smile.

"Well, never mind," she said. "So long as you're here, what is the difference whether your leg was pulled or not? For you're glad you're here, aren't you?"

"Glad?" he cried. "Glad isn't the word. There is no word."

Two footmen in plush breeches and silk stockings served a fish course typically Niçois—a silver platter of tiny fish fried in olive oil; a golden mound of tiny soles, tiny red mullet, tiny anchovies and sardines—all so young that even their backbones could be eaten.

"The months I have looked down from my balcony," said Vane, "and you never once looked up. Never, never once."

"Are you sure?" she said.

"Am I sure!"

"Sometimes," she said, smiling, "you even sat on your balcony in the rain, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"In the hope of seeing you, of course."

She laughed, she turned, and her dark and luminous eyes, searching his gayly, were like a caress.

"Really?" she asked.

"Really and truly." But she could not believe it.

"No," she said as she put down her silver fish knife and fork. "No; I can't believe that."

"It is the truth," he persisted.

"You spent all that time on your balcony just in the hope of seeing me?"

"Yes."

"But what good could it do you—just to see me?"

"To see you makes me so—so happy," he faltered tremulously—and she noticed that his hand, too, which clasped the stem of his glass, trembled as he spoke. "Your beauty flows all through my being. It flows through me—it envelops me—like moonlight, like music. But what are moonlight and music beside your beauty? Nothing, nothing."

She thought she had been only playing with him, but her mischievous smile was now become a troubled one, and she flushed and stirred and glowed under his vibrant tones.

"But you never asked to be introduced," she said.

"No. Because I knew why you didn't look up. Because I knew you thought I was a slacker."

Lady Sarah Nelson's voice rang out high and clear in a catechism of the yellow kid who sat near her.

"But, Sir Mark, why haven't you enlisted?"

"They won't take me," the yellow kid answered sullenly; and he smoothed down his mustache ends, for he had just been giving an imitation of the Kaiser.

"Why won't they take you?"

"I've got hammertoe."

"What is hammertoe?"

But the yellow kid, turning to his new flirt, pretended not to hear.

"What is hammertoe?" Lady Sarah repeated.

The yellow kid frowned and shook his head at her. "There are certain subjects," he said, "that we don't generally discuss at the dinner table."

The footmen entered with two platters of *grives liégois*—thrush that in the wild state had fed on juniper berries and that were now appropriately served with a sauce made aromatic by the addition of crushed juniper leaves. Vane, as he cut the plump breast of his thrush, said: "You despised me.

The Little Band Was Guided by the Cries of the Wounded and the Occasional Light of a Star-Shell

But you don't despise me now. Why have you changed?"

"I have changed," Antonia answered, "because Lord Augustus told me how you saved his life."

"I see," said Vane. "You thought I was a coward. Now you think I'm a hero."

"Well?" She laughed gently. "Well, aren't you?"

"No; I'm neither hero nor coward," he answered.

"What then?" said she.

"Just an antiwar crank," he replied.

Her lip curled, and he said bitterly:

"Of course, when all the young men in the world are fighting, it is more beautiful to fight with them than to stay at home in safety among the old men and the women, preaching peace. And yet ——"

He faltered. He could not find words to express his flaming rage against war, his hatred of the Kaiser type of man, his love of the Tolstoy type.

"And yet—and yet——" he stammered, ending sadly: "Yes, it is more beautiful to fight than preach—especially when you are a poor preacher."

"Is it true, Mr. Vane, that you came over here to avoid going to war?"

"Oh, no." His voice was lifeless. It seemed to him they were now hopelessly estranged. And he had thought they might be friends, lovers, wife and husband! "Oh, no," he repeated coldly and humbly. "I came over here a year before war was thought of."

"Why did you come?"

"I hate England."

"Oh, I adore England!"

The Cannon Thundered. Now and Then a Rifle Volley Cracked Out. Soldiers Stood, Their Backs to Him, Taking Pot Shots at the Sandbags Four Hundred Yards Away

Vane ate slowly his fillet of beef, which had been roasted in the Southern way with *foie gras*, Madeira and truffles; and he sipped the rich Burgundy that worthily accompanied the dish. But Antonia during this course sat and crumbled bread with her young, slim fingers.

"No; I never eat red meat," she said.

"The class of 1917 is being called out in France." It was the Marquis de la Torre who spoke. His voice, rising in one of those silences that sometimes dominate the most vivacious company, drew all eyes to his long, cadaverous face. "The class of 1917 is being called out."

In those words all France's suffering seemed to descend on the spacious, lofty, glittering room. The tinted candlelight seemed to grow gray and dim. The splendor of satinwood and gold and crystal seemed to grow mean. Oliver Morris said thoughtfully:

"France, who wanted war least, is suffering most."

"It is wicked to go to parties amid such suffering," said Antonia. "We ought to fast and wear black until the war is over."

"The suffering of France!" resumed her father. "My barber told me to-day that four of his five sons are killed. My young laundress has lost her husband—she is left with three little girls. My dentist—killed. My baker, a grandfather—killed. All over France—go where you will—it's the same story. And now they are calling out the class of 1917—boys—little boys! It made my heart bleed to see them this morning, with their tricolor cockades and their tricolor neckties and flags, roistering and drinking, singing and shouting in the sunshine—a mob of frail, thin boys with round, girlish, innocent faces."

"My nephew Max," said Madame de Groot, "finished his training a month ago and went into a front-line trench. He wrote home every day. Every day for a month I got a letter. He had no trouble, only his eyes were sore from a gas attack. But his last letter was dated the thirteenth. He said they were to charge on the fourteenth. And I haven't heard from him since." She looked round the table with a wan smile. "To-day," she continued, "is the twenty-fifth. Eleven days without a letter! What I hope is, that he's been taken prisoner."

"They are bleeding France white," said the American millionaire. "It isn't just. The Allies ought to suffer equally."

Vane, for all his hatred of England, leaped to her defense like an English cabinet minister.

"You see, Morris," he sneered, "if this were a war to end war, we'd all enlist. Even you Americans, eh? Even you Americans wouldn't be too proud to fight then, would you?"

Oliver Morris frowned as black as a thundercloud.

"Too proud to fight?" he said. "Too proud to fight? We'll show you whether we're too proud to fight or not! You don't understand us over here. You put us on a level with Chile or the Argentine. But where did your submarine and your machine gun and your aëroplane come from? We gave them to you—we! And if we fight—pshaw! If we fight it will be fighting! But you others—why, the Germans have to teach you others everything."

In calmer tones Oliver Morris then began to describe a new American torpedo that could be guided from a distance of thirty miles by wireless as perfectly as a horse is guided by its reins. So far, so good—all understood and marveled; but Morris' explanation of the torpedo—the effect of the actinic rays on the selenium, etc., became prolix and confused, and Antonia, crumbling her bread rapidly, said in a low voice:

"Why haven't you enlisted, Mr. Vane?"

He took a deep breath. Once more—but this time was the climax—once more now he would try to reveal all his splendid thoughts; all those flaming thoughts which, if he could but express them, would abolish war forever—unless, indeed, the world was peopled by deaf lunatics. What he said, fixing her with his eye, was this:

"I haven't enlisted because—I haven't enlisted—that is —— You see, to put it in a nutshell, it is a question of might versus right —— Does right make might? Does might, I mean, mate mike? Does mike mate ——" He paused, wiped his brow, then ended desperately: "Oh, if I could make the world realize what war is! But I can't. Men laugh at what I say. Editors send back what I write. Nobody reads my pamphlets."

"Still," she said, "still ——"

"Still what?" said he.

"Who," she said, frowning, "is to blame that war still exists?"

"We are all to blame," he answered. "We are all to blame for consenting to be ruled by men so stupid that they could ever dream of the possibility of war."

She lifted her champagne glass. She put her lips delicately to the cold, clear wine. Then she held the wine bubbles in her mouth in order to hear, before she swallowed them, the little, murmuring sound they made, like tiny waves on a pebbly beach far away.

"If we are all to blame," she said, "we should all bear the burden."

And she rose, the other women rose with her, the yellow kid flew to open the door, and the men were left alone with their tobacco and liqueurs and coffee.

Vane stared straight before him solemnly. It was true. All were to blame. Then all should fight.

Vane, bending forward, lighted a cigarette at a candle, and as he inhaled the smoke he distinctly saw himself in a trench with his gun uplifted above a stout German. He was about to thrust his bayonet deep into the stout German's stomach. Before this picture he shivered.

"Impossible!" he said.

Was he a coward? Yes, he must be a coward; for never, never could he flash into one of those rages that permit a man to stab his brothers. To kill? Why, that would be as horrible as to be killed! Yes, he must be a coward. Cowardice must be the hidden motive of his peace campaign. But suddenly a splendid idea thrilled him and, rising, he hurried to the winter garden.

"I'm going to do my bit."

The winter garden had a domed roof of glass into which three tall palms soared. There was a fountain with a marble basin full of goldfish. A red-jacketed orchestra played a Neapolitan love song, and Antonia and Madame de Groot took their coffee side by side on a settee of white wicker between two small orange trees glittering with golden fruit.

"I'm going to do my bit," he repeated, standing before her.

She looked up at him. He was very blond and elegant in his lustrous and smooth-fitting evening dress, and by contrast with the heavy white linen of shirt and collar his slim face had a ruddy, sunburnt look. And her gaze clouded, for she saw him in imagination horribly wounded—both legs gone, or both arms gone, or his nose gone.

"Do you mean to enlist?" she said faintly.

"Yes," he replied; "but not as a fighter. I can't fight. I'll enlist as a stretcher bearer."

"Oh, that is the best of all!"

But her voice was faint, and he looked at her in perplexity.

"That is the best of all," repeated Madame de Groot, and she rose and passed round the fountain to Lady Sarah.

Antonia was smiling up at him wanly now. She patted the vacant place beside her as a sign for him to sit down. He seated himself impulsively very near her. And a perfume suave and delicate enveloped him. Her beauty bathed him in light.

"Let us talk of something else," he said. "Let us forget the war. Tell me ——" He hesitated. "Tell me what you used to think of when you leaned on your balustrade and looked out to sea."

She was brilliantly flushed. Her eyes were strangely luminous and tender. Turning to him, she let him gaze deep down into their clear, soft depths.

"What did you think of," he repeated, "when you looked out to sea?"

She regarded him in silence. Then she rose abruptly.

"Come to the drawing-room," she said, "and I'll show you the Lalique cabinet."

He followed her through the music room, and the red-coated musicians smiled above their mandolins. He followed her down a long, dim hall hung with splendid blue Flemish tapestries. The drawing-room was in darkness, but a footman hurried forward, hiding a yawn behind his hand, and turned on the lights of the great bronze chandelier.

"She laughed at me at first," Vane mused. "I'm older than she, but at first she laughed at me. She treated me like a child. Now, though ——"

Side by side they bent over the cabinet of precious bibelots. Their shoulders touched as they studied those small, calm, firm masterpieces. Their fingers, touching, lingered together over jeweled cups, bowls of carved jade, and rock-crystal goblets with mountings of chased gold.

"What did you think of on your balcony?" he murmured. "Did you ever think of me?"

She turned to him again. She was flushed and breathless and glowing. She sighed; then she put her hand quickly to her heart.

"Did you ever think of me?"

Her hand on her heart, she smiled up at him rather piteously. Her eyes were lifted to his. Again he gazed deep down into their beautiful, clear, soft depths.

"Antonia—kiss me—for if I never come back ——"

He saw a cloud pass over her clear eyes. She looked at him sadly. She shook her head. "Don't," she said, "don't go." And she fell on his breast with a kind of soft violence, her fresh arms clasped his neck, her lips pressed his.

III

"TELL me some of your war adventures."

Hubert Vane was bathing a wounded soldier. In a splashed apron, his arms bare, he knelt before the small tub, full of hot water, wherein the soldier stood. "Tell me some of your adventures," he repeated; and he plied his brush vigorously across the young man's shins, raising an abundant lather.

The soldier smiled, a crafty look came into his eyes, and he began to lie.

"Pong! Down went a German!"

He was a private of the wonderful, invincible and almost annihilated Foreign Legion—a lad of twenty, incredibly handsome, with a beautiful body covered all over with tattooing.

His was the Apollo build. He was very strong, but still more supple and swift. There were no rugged lumps of muscle to break the flowing lines of the tattooed trunk and limbs. He had a cigarette thrust, pen-fashion, behind one ear and a rosebud behind the other.

"Pong! My second German!"

Thus, while Vane scrubbed him, he lied on and on. For six months, amid the stench of corpses, he had lived in hell; yet he came back with nothing but lies on his young, proud, smiling lips.

Vane, the bath over, drew the shirt down carefully over that large and splendid breast.

"Pong!" said the youth as his head emerged from the descending shirt. "Pong! Clean through his fat belly. My ninth German in fifteen minutes!"

"Your ninth in fifteen minutes!" Hubert Vane sneered, and, taking up the full tub in both arms, he staggered with it to the drain, emptied it, and refilled it for the next bather, an enormous Senegalese.

"But why do I sneer at these lads?" he mused as he helped the Senegalese to undress. "It is best for soldiers to lie. Suppose they told one another morbid truths, tales of terror and horror? No, no! It is best to lie. It is best to pretend we are all heroes. That keeps up the morale."

Vane, the evening of the American's dinner party, had walked home in a strange, delicious, sad rhapsody. He had kissed her. Antonia had suffered him to kiss her. And he saw again her luminous and mournful eyes; he breathed again her flowerlike perfume; he felt again her lips' soft pressure upon his. To go from her lips to death!

A wild wind rocked the palms. The sea was wild and desolate in the moonlight.

When he got home he went straight to bed. But he was restless. Antonia, his sudden resolve to enlist, and the wine and coffee of the dinner presaged a sleepless night. He tossed for an hour, then rang.

Engel, his Swiss valet—his English valet had enlisted—came in answer to his ring and threw a handful of crushed olive stones and two or three olivewood fagots on the dying library fire. He drew up before the flame an armchair and a table. He arranged the reading lamp, the silver cigarette

(Continued on Page 49)

UNEASY MONEY

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE village of Brookport, Long Island, is a summer place. It lives, like the mosquitoes that infest it, entirely on its summer visitors, that hardy race which, once a year for a period of three months, gives up the comfort and coolness of spacious New York apartments to stew in stuffy cottages along the shores of the Great South Bay. At the time of the death of Mr. Ira Nutcombe, the only all-the-year-round inhabitants were the butcher, the grocer, the drug-store man, the other customary fauna of villages, and Miss Elizabeth Boyd, who rented the ramshackle farm known locally as Flack's and eked out a precarious livelihood by keeping bees.

If you take down your Encyclopædia Britannica—Volume III, Aus to Bis, you will find that bees are a "large and natural family of the zoölogical order *Hymenoptera*, characterized by the plumose form of many of their hairs, by the large size of the basal segment of the foot . . . and by the development of a 'tongue' for sucking liquid food," the last of which peculiarities, it is interesting to note, they shared with Claude Nutcombe Boyd, Elizabeth's brother, who for quite a long time—till his money ran out—had made liquid food almost his sole means of sustenance. These things, however, are by the way. We are not such snobs as to think better or worse of a bee because it can claim kinship with the *Hymenoptera* family, nor so ill-bred as to chaff it for having large feet. The really interesting passage in the article occurs later, where it says: "The bee industry prospers greatly in America."

This is one of those broad statements that invite challenge. Elizabeth Boyd would have challenged it. She had not prospered greatly. With considerable trouble she contrived to pay her way, and that was all.

Again referring to the Encyclopædia, we find the words: "Before undertaking the management of a modern apiary, the beekeeper should possess a certain amount of aptitude for the pursuit." This was possibly the trouble with Elizabeth's venture, considered from a commercial point of view. She loved bees, but she was not an expert on them. She had started her apiary with a small capital, a dollar book of practical hints, and a secondhand queen, principally because she was in need of some occupation that would enable her to live in the country. It was the unfortunate condition of Claude Nutcombe which made life in the country a necessity. At that time he was spending the remains of the money left him by his aunt, and Elizabeth had hardly settled down at Brookport and got her venture under way when she found herself obliged to provide for Nutty a combination of home and sanatorium. It had been the poor lad's mistaken view that he could drink up all the alcoholic liquor in America.

It is a curious law of Nature that the most undeserving brothers always have the best sisters. Thrifty, plodding young men, who get up early, and do it now, and catch the boss' eye, and save half their salaries, have sisters who never speak civilly to them except when they want to borrow money. To the Claude Nutcombes of the world are vouchsafed the Elizabeths.

The great aim of Elizabeth's life was to make a new man of Nutty. It was her hope that the quiet life and soothing air of Brookport, with—unless you counted the dime-in-the-slot musical box at the drug store—its absence of the fiercer excitements, might in time pull him together and unscramble his disordered nervous system. She liked to listen of a morning to the sound of Nutty busy in the next room with a broom and a dustpan, for in the simple lexicon of Flack's there was no such word as "help." The privy purse would not run to maid or hired man. Elizabeth did the cooking and Claude Nutcombe the chores.

Several days after Claire Fenwick and Lord Dawlish, by different routes, had sailed from England, Elizabeth Boyd sat up in bed and shook her mane of hair from her eyes, yawning. Outside her window the birds were singing, and a shaft of sunlight intruded itself beneath the shade. But what definitely convinced her that it was time to get up was the plaintive note of James, the cat, patrolling the roof of the porch. An animal of regular habits, James always called for breakfast at eight-thirty sharp.

Elizabeth got out of bed, wrapped her small body in a pink kimono, thrust her small feet into a pair of blue slippers, yawned again and went downstairs. Having taken last night's milk from the ice box she went to the back door and, having filled James' saucer, stood on the grass beside it, sniffing the morning air.

Elizabeth Boyd was twenty-one, but standing there with her hair tumbling about her shoulders she might have been taken by a not too close observer for a child. It was only when you saw her eyes and the resolute tilt of the chin that you realized that she was a young woman very well able to take care of herself in a difficult world. Her hair was very fair, her eyes brown and very bright, and the contrast was extraordinarily piquant. They were valiant eyes, full of spirit; eyes, also, that saw the humor of things. And her mouth was the mouth of one who laughs easily. Her chin, small like the rest of her, was strong; and in the way she held herself there was a boyish jauntiness. She looked—and was—a capable little person.

She stood beside James like a sentinel, watching over him as he breakfasted. There was a puppy belonging to one of the neighbors who sometimes lumbered over and stole James' milk, disposing of it in greedy gulps while its rightful proprietor looked on with piteous helplessness. Elizabeth was fond of the puppy, but her sense of justice was keen and she was there to check this brigandage.

It was a perfect day, cloudless and still. There was peace in the air. James, having finished his milk, began to wash himself. A squirrel climbed cautiously down from a linden tree. From the orchard came the murmur of many bees.

Æsthetically Elizabeth was fond of still, cloudless days, but experience had taught her to suspect them. As was the custom in that locality, the water supply depended on a rickety wind wheel. It was with a dark foreboding that she returned to the kitchen and turned on one of the taps. For perhaps three seconds a stream of the dimension of a darning needle emerged, then with a sad gurgle the tap relapsed into a stolid inaction. There is no stolidity so utter as that of a waterless tap.

"Damn!" said Elizabeth.

She passed through the dining room to the foot of the stairs.

"Nutty!"

There was no reply.

"Nutty, my precious lamb!"

Upstairs in the room next to her own a long, spare form began to uncurl itself in bed; a face with a receding chin and a small forehead raised itself reluctantly from the pillow, and Claude Nutcombe Boyd signalized the fact that he was awake by scowling at the morning sun and uttering an aggrieved groan.

Alas, poor Nutty! This was he whom but yesterday Broadway had known as the Speed Kid, on whom head-waiters had smiled and lesser waiters fawned; whose snake-like form had nestled in so many a front-row orchestra chair.

Where were his lobster Newburgs now, his cold quarts that were wont to set the table in a roar?

Nutty Boyd conformed as nearly as a human being may to Euclid's definition of a straight line. He was length without breadth. From boyhood's early day he had sprouted like a weed, till now in the middle twenties he gave startled strangers the conviction that it only required a sharp gust of wind to snap him in half. Lying in bed he looked more like a length of hose pipe than anything else. While he was unwinding himself the door opened and Elizabeth came into the room.

"Good morning, Nutty."

"What's the time?" asked her brother hollowly.

"Getting on toward nine. It's a lovely day. The birds are singing, the bees are buzzing, summer's in the air. It's one of those beautiful, shiny, heavenly, gorgeous days."

A look of suspicion came into Nutty's eyes. Elizabeth was not often as lyrical as this.

"There's a catch somewhere," he said.

"Well, as a matter of fact," said Elizabeth carelessly, "the water's off again."

"Damn!"

"I said that. I'm afraid we aren't a very original family."

"What a ghastly joint this is! Why can't you see old Flack and make him fix that infernal wheel up?"

"I'm going to pounce on him and have another try directly I see him. Meanwhile, darling Nutty, will you get some clothes on and go round to the Smiths and ask them to lend us a pailful?"

"Oh, gosh, it's over a mile!"

"No, no, not more than three-quarters."

"Lugging a pail that weighs a ton! The last time I went there their dog bit me."

"I expect that was because you slunk in all doubled up, and he got suspicious. You should hold your head up and throw your chest out and stride up as if you were a military friend of the family."

Self-pity lent Nutty eloquence.

"For heaven's sake! You drag me out of bed at some awful hour of the morning when a rational person would just be turning in; you send me across country to fetch pailfuls of water when I'm feeling like a corpse; and on top of that you expect me to behave like a drum major!"

"Dearest, you can wriggle on your tummy, if you like, so long as you get the fluid. We must have water. I can't fetch it. I'm a delicately nurtured female."

"We ought to have a man to do these ghastly jobs."

"But we can't afford one. Who do you think I am, Nutty—Hetty Green? Just at present all I ask is to be able to pay expenses. And, as a matter of fact, you ought to be very thankful that you have got ——"

"A roof over my head? I know. You needn't keep rubbing it in."

Elizabeth flushed.

"I wasn't going to say that at all. What a pig you are sometimes, Nutty. As if I wasn't only too glad to have you here. What I was going to say was that you ought to be very thankful that you have got to draw water and hew wood ——"

A look of absolute alarm came into Nutty's pallid face.

"You don't mean to say that you want some wood chopped?"

"I was speaking figuratively. I meant hustle about and work in the open air. The sort of life you are leading now is what millionaires pay hundreds of dollars for at these physical-culture places. It has been the making of you."

"I don't feel made."

"Your nerves are ever so much better."

"They aren't."

Elizabeth looked at him in alarm.

"Oh, Nutty, you haven't been—seeing anything again, have you?"

"Not seeing, dreaming. I've been dreaming about monkeys. Why should I dream about monkeys if my nerves were all right?"

"I often dream about all sorts of queer things."

"Have you ever dreamed that you were being chased up Broadway by a chimpanzee in evening dress?"

"Never mind, dear, you'll be quite all right again when you have been living this life down here a little longer."

Nutty glared balefully at the ceiling.

"What's that darned thing up there on the ceiling? It looks like a hornet. How on earth do these things get into the house?"

"We ought to have nettings. I am going to pounce on Mr. Flack about that too."

"Thank goodness this isn't going to last much longer. It's nearly two weeks since Uncle Ira died. We ought to be hearing from the lawyers any day now. There might be a letter this morning."

"Do you think he has left us his money?"

"Do I? Why, what else could he do with it? We are his only surviving relatives, aren't we? I've had to go through life with a ghastly name like Nutcombe as a compliment to him, haven't I? I wrote to him regularly at Christmas and on his birthday, didn't I? Well, then! I have a hunch there will be a letter from the lawyers to-day. I wish you would get dressed and go down to the post office while I'm fetching that infernal water. I can't think why the fools haven't cabled. You would have supposed they would have thought of that."

Elizabeth returned to her room to dress. She was conscious of a feeling that nothing was quite perfect in this world. It would be nice to have a great deal of money, for she had a scheme in her mind which called for a large capital; but she was sorry that it could come to her only through the death of her uncle, of whom, despite his somewhat forbidding personality, she had always been fond. She was also sorry that a large sum of money was coming to Nutty at that particular point in his career, just when there seemed a hope that the simple life might pull him together. She knew Nutty too well not to be able to forecast his probable behavior under the influence of a sudden restoration to wealth.

Elizabeth Boyd Was Twenty-One, But Standing There She Might Have Been Taken by a Not Too Close Observer for a Child

While these thoughts were passing through her mind she happened to glance out of the window. Nutty was shambling through the garden with his pail, a bowed, shuffling pillar of gloom. As Elizabeth watched he dropped the pail and lashed the air violently for a while. From her knowledge of bees—"It is needful to remember that bees resent outside interference and will resolutely defend themselves," Encyc. Brit., Vol. III., Aus to Bis—Elizabeth deduced that one of her little pets was annoying him. This episode concluded, Nutty resumed his pail and the journey, and at this moment there appeared over the hedge the face of Mr. John Prescott, a neighbor. Mr. Prescott, who had dismounted from a bicycle, called to Nutty and waved something in the air. To a stranger the performance would have been obscure, but Elizabeth understood it. Mr. Prescott was intimating that he had been down to the post office for his own mail and, as was his neighborly custom on these occasions, had brought back also letters for Flack's.

Nutty foregathered with Mr. Prescott and took the letters from him. Mr. Prescott disappeared. Nutty selected one of the letters and opened it. Then, having stood perfectly still for some moments, he suddenly turned and began to run toward the house.

The mere fact that her brother, whose usual mode of progression was a languid saunter, should be actually running was enough to tell Elizabeth that the letter which Nutty had read was from the London lawyers. No other communication could have galvanized him into such energy. Whether the contents of the letter were good or bad it was impossible at that distance to say. But when she reached the open air, just as Nutty charged up, she saw by his face that it was anguish not joy that had spurred him on. He was gasping and he bubbled unintelligible words. His little eyes gleamed wildly.

"Nutty, darling, what is it?" cried Elizabeth, every maternal instinct in her aroused.

He was thrusting a sheet of paper at her, a sheet of paper that bore the superscription of Nichols, Nichols, Nichols and Nichols, with a London address.

"Uncle Ira ——" Nutty choked. "A hundred dollars! He's left me a hundred dollars, and all the rest to a—to a man named Dawlish!"

In silence Elizabeth took the letter. It was even as he had said. A few moments before Elizabeth had been regretting the imminent descent of wealth upon her brother. Now she was inconsistent enough to boil with rage at the shattering blow which had befallen him. That she, too, had lost her inheritance hardly occurred to her. Her thoughts were all for Nutty. It did not need the sight of him, gasping and gurgling before her, to tell her how overwhelming was his disappointment.

It was useless to be angry with the deceased Mr. Nutcombe. He was too shadowy a mark. Besides, he was dead. The whole current of her wrath turned upon the supplanter, this Lord Dawlish. She pictured him as a crafty adventurer, a wretched fortune hunter. For some reason or other she imagined him a sinister person with a black mustache, a face thin and hawklike and unpleasant eyes. That was the sort of man who would be likely to fasten his talons into poor Uncle Ira.

She had never hated anyone in her life before, but as she stood there at that moment she felt that she loathed and detested William, Lord Dawlish—unhappy, well-meaning Bill, who only a few hours back had set foot on American soil in his desire to nose round and see if something couldn't be arranged.

Nutty fetched the water. Life is like that. There is nothing clean-cut about it, no sense of form. Instead of being permitted to concentrate his attention on his tragedy Nutty had to trudge three-quarters of a mile, conciliate a bull terrier, and trudge back again carrying a heavy pail. It was as if one of the heroes of Greek drama, in the middle of his big scene, had been asked to run round the corner to a delicatessen store.

The exercise did not act as a restorative. The blow had been too sudden, too overwhelming. Nutty's reason—such as it was—tottered on its throne. Who was Lord Dawlish? What had he done, the smooth crook, to ingratiate himself with Uncle Ira? By what insidious means, with what devilish cunning, had he wormed his way into the old man's favor? These were the questions that vexed Nutty's mind when he was able to think at all coherently.

Back at the farm Elizabeth cooked breakfast and awaited her brother's return with a sinking heart. She was a soft-hearted girl, easily distressed by the sight of suffering; and she was aware that Nutty was scarcely of the type that masks its woe behind a brave and cheerful smile. Her heart bled for Nutty.

There was a weary step outside. Nutty entered, slopping water. One glance at his face was enough to tell Elizabeth that she had formed a too conservative estimate of his probable gloom. Without a word he coiled his long form in a chair. There was silence in the stricken house.

"What's the time?"

Elizabeth glanced at her watch.

"Half past nine."

"About now," said Nutty sepulchrally, "the blighter is ringing for his man to prepare his bally bath and lay out his gold-leaf underwear. After that he will drive down to the bank and draw some of our money."

The day passed wearily for Elizabeth. Nutty having the air of one who is still engaged in picking up the pieces, she

had not the heart to ask him to play his customary part in the household duties, so she washed the dishes and made the beds herself. After that she attended to the bees. After that she cooked lunch.

Nutty was not chatty at lunch. Having observed "About now the blighter is cursing the waiter for bringing the wrong brand of champagne," he relapsed into a silence which he did not again break.

Elizabeth was busy again in the afternoon. At four o'clock, feeling tired out, she went to her room to lie down until the next of her cycle of domestic duties should come round.

It was late when she came downstairs, for she had fallen asleep. The sun had gone down. Bees were winging their way heavily back to the hives with their honey. She went out into the grounds to try to find Nutty. There had been no signs of him in the house. There were no signs of him about the grounds. It was not like him to have taken a walk, but it seemed the only possibility. She went back to the house to wait. Eight o'clock came, and nine, and it was then that the truth dawned upon her—Nutty had escaped. He had slipped away and gone up to New York.

VI

LORD DAWLISH sat in the New York apartment which had been lent him by his friend Gates. The hour was half past ten in the evening; the day, the second day after the exodus of Nutty Boyd from the farm. Before him on the table lay a letter. He was smoking pensively.

Lord Dawlish had found New York enjoyable but a trifle fatiguing. There was much to be seen in the city, and he had made the mistake of trying to see it all at once. It had been his intention, when he came home after dinner that night, to try to restore the balance of things by going to bed early. He had sat up longer than he had been thinking about this letter.

"Who Do You Think I am, Nutty—Hetty Green?"

Immediately upon his arrival in America Bill had sought out a lawyer and instructed him to write to Elizabeth Boyd, offering her one-half of the late Ira Nutcombe's money. He had had time during the voyage to think the whole matter over, and this seemed to him the only possible course. He could not keep it all. He would feel like a despoiler of the widow and the orphan. Nor would it be fair to Claire to give it all up. If he halved the legacy everybody would be satisfied.

That, at least, had been his view until Elizabeth's reply had arrived. It was this reply that lay on the table—a brief, formal note setting forth Miss Boyd's absolute refusal to accept any portion of the money. This was a development which Bill had not foreseen, and he was feeling baffled. What was the next step? He had smoked many pipes in the endeavor to find an answer to this problem, and was lighting another when the doorbell rang.

He opened the door and found himself confronting an extraordinarily tall and thin young man in evening dress.

Lord Dawlish was a little startled. He had taken it for granted, when the bell rang, that his visitor was Tom, the elevator man from downstairs, a friendly soul who hailed from London and had been dropping in at intervals during the past two days to acquire the latest news from his native land. He stared at this changeling inquiringly. The solution of the mystery came with the stranger's first words:

"Is Gates in?"

He spoke eagerly, as if Gates were extremely necessary to his well-being. It distressed Lord Dawlish to disappoint him, but there was nothing else to be done.

"Gates is in London," he said.

"What! When did he go there?"

"About four months ago."

"May I come in a minute?"

"Yes, rather, do."

He led the way into the sitting room. The stranger gave abruptly in the middle, as if he were being folded up by some invisible agency, and in this attitude sunk into a chair, where he lay back looking at Bill over his knees, like a sorrowful sheep peering over a sharp-pointed fence.

"You're from England, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Been in New York long?"

"Only a couple of days."

The stranger folded himself up another foot or so until his knees were higher than his head, and lit a cigarette.

"The curse of New York," he said mournfully, "is the way everything changes in it. You can't take your eye off it for a minute. The population's always shifting. It's like a damned railway station. You go away for a bit and come back and try to find your old pals, and they're all gone: Ike's in Arizona, Mike's in a sanatorium, Spike's in jail, and nobody seems to know where the rest of them have got to. I came up from the country two days ago, expecting to find all the old gang along Broadway the same as ever, and I'm dashed if I've been able to put my hands on one of them! Not a single, solitary one of them! And it's only six months since I was here last."

Lord Dawlish made sympathetic noises.

"Of course," proceeded the other, "the time of year may have something to do with it. Living down in the country you lose count of time, and I forgot that it was July, when people go out of the city. I guess that must be what happened. I used to know all sorts of fellows, actors and fellows like that, and they're all away somewhere. I tell you," he said with pathos, "I never knew I could be so infernally lonesome as I have been these last two days. If I had known what a rotten time I was going to have I would never have left Brookport."

"Brookport!"

"It's a place down on Long Island."

Bill was not by nature a plotter, but the mere fact of traveling under an assumed name had developed a streak of wariness in him. He checked himself just as he was about to ask his companion if he happened to know a Miss Elizabeth Boyd, who also lived at Brookport. It occurred to him that the question would invite a counter-question as to his own knowledge of Miss Boyd, and he knew that he would not be able to invent a satisfactory answer to that offhand.

"This evening," said the thin young man, resuming his dirge, "I was sweating my brain to try to think of somebody I could hunt up in this ghastly, deserted city. It isn't so easy, you know, to think of fellows' names and addresses. I can get the names all right, but unless the fellow's in the telephone book I'm done. Well, I was trying to think of some of my pals who might still be round the place, and I remembered Gates. Remembered his address, too, by a miracle. You're a pal of his, of course?"

"Yes, I knew him in London."

"Oh, I see. And when you came over here he lent you his apartment? By the way, I didn't get your name."

"My name's Chalmers."

"Well, as I say, I remembered Gates and came down here to look him up. We used to have a lot of good times together a year ago. And now he's gone too!"

"Did you want to see him about anything important?"

"Well, it's important to me. I wanted him to come out to supper. You see it's this way: I'm giving supper to-night to a girl who's in that show at the Forty-ninth Street Theater, a Miss Leonard, and she insists on bringing a pal. She says the pal is a good sport, which sounds all right——" Bill admitted that it sounded all right. "But it makes the party three. And of all the infernal things a party of three is the ghastliest "

Having delivered himself of this undeniable truth the stranger slid a little farther into his chair and paused. "Look here, what are you doing to-night?" he said.

"I was thinking of going to bed."

"Going to bed!" The stranger's voice was shocked, as if he had heard blasphemy. "Going to bed at half past ten in New York! My dear chap, what you want is a bit of supper. Why don't you come along?"

Amiability was perhaps the leading quality of Lord Dawlish's character. He did not want to have to dress and go out to supper, but there was something almost pleading in the eyes that looked at him between the sharply pointed knees.

"It's awfully good of you ——" he hesitated.

"Not a bit, I wish you would. You would be a life-saver."

Bill felt that he was in for it. He got up.

"You will?" said the other. "Good boy! You go and get into some clothes and come along. I'm sorry, what did you say your name was?"

"Chalmers."

"Mine's Boyd—Nutcombe Boyd."

"Boyd!" cried Bill.

Nutty took his astonishment, which was too great to be concealed, as a compliment. He chuckled.

"I thought you would know the name if you were a pal of Gates'. I expect he's always talking about me. You see, I was pretty well known in this old burg before I had to leave it."

Bill walked down the long passage to his bedroom with no trace of the sleepiness which had been weighing on him five minutes before. He was galvanized by a superstitious thrill. It was fate, Elizabeth Boyd's brother turning up like this and making friendly overtures right on top of that letter from her. This astonishing thing could not have been better arranged if he had planned it himself. From what little he had seen of Nutty he gathered that the latter was not hard to make friends with. It would be a simple task to cultivate his acquaintance. And having done so, he could renew negotiations with Elizabeth. The desire to rid himself of half the legacy had become a fixed idea with Bill. He had the impression that he could not really feel clean

again until he had made matters square with his conscience in this respect. He felt that he was probably a fool to take that view of the thing, but that was the way he was built and there was no getting away from it.

This irruption of Nutty Boyd into his life was an omen. It meant that all was not yet over. He was conscious of a mild surprise that he had ever intended to go to bed. He felt now as if he never wanted to go to bed again. He felt exhilarated.

In these days, when restaurants bask in the absence of a closing-time law, one cannot say that a supper party is actually given in any one place. Supping in New York has become a peripatetic pastime. The supper party arranged by Nutty Boyd was scheduled to start at Reigelheimer's on Forty-second Street, and it was there that the revelers assembled.

Nutty and Bill had been there a few minutes when Miss Daisy Leonard arrived with her friend. And from that moment Bill was never himself again.

The Good Sport was, so to speak, an outsize in Good Sports. She loomed up behind the small and demure Miss Leonard like a liner towed by a tug. She was big, blonde, skittish and exuberant; she wore a dress like the sunset of a fine summer evening and she effervesced with spacious good will to all men. She was one of those girls who splash into public places like stones into quiet pools. Her form was large, her eyes were large, her teeth were large and her voice was large. She overwhelmed Bill. She hit his astounded consciousness like a shell. She gave him a buzzing in the ears. She was not so much a Good Sport as some kind of an explosion.

He was still reeling from the spiritual impact with this female tidal wave when he became aware, as one who, coming out of a swoon, hears voices faintly, that he was being addressed by Miss Leonard. To turn from Miss Leonard's friend to Miss Leonard herself was like hearing the falling of gentle rain after a thunderstorm. For a moment he reveled in the sense of being soothed; then, as he realized what she was saying, he started violently. Miss Leonard was looking at him curiously.

"I beg your pardon?" said Bill.

"I'm sure I've met you before, Mr. Chalmers."

"Er—really?"

"But I can't think where."

"I'm sure," said the Good Sport languishingly, like a sentimental siege gun, "that if I had ever met Mr. Chalmers before I shouldn't have forgotten him."

"You're English, aren't you?" asked Miss Leonard.

"Yes."

The Good Sport said she was crazy about Englishmen.

"I thought so from your voice"

The Good Sport said that she was crazy about the English accent.

"It must have been in London that I met you. I was in the revue at the Alhambra last year."

"By George, I wish I had seen you," interjected the infatuated Nutty.

The Good Sport said that she was crazy about London.

"I seem to remember," went on Miss Leonard, "meeting you out at supper. Do you know a man named Delaney in the Coldstream Guards?"

Bill would have liked to deny all knowledge of Delaney, though the latter was one of his best friends, but his natural honesty prevented him.

"I'm sure I met you at a supper he gave at Oddy's one Friday night. We all went on to Covent Garden. Don't you remember?"

"Talking of supper," broke in Nutty, earning Bill's hearty gratitude thereby, "where's the dashed headwaiter? I want to find my table."

He surveyed the restaurant with a melancholy eye.

"Everything changed!" He spoke sadly, as Ulysses might have done when his boat put in at Ithaca. "Every darned thing different since I was here last. New waiters, headwaiter I never saw before in my life, different-colored carpet ——"

"Cheer up, Nutty, old thing," said Miss Leonard. "Cut the Rip van Winkle stuff and find our table. You'll feel better when you've had something to eat. I hope you had the sense to slip the headwaiter something solid, or there won't be any table. Funny how these joints go up and down in New York. A year ago the whole management would turn out and kiss you if you looked like spending a couple of dollars here. Now it costs the earth to get in at all."

"Why's that?" asked Nutty.

"Lady Pauline Wetherby, of course. Didn't you know this was where she danced?"

"Never heard of her," said Nutty in a sort of ecstasy of wistful gloom. "That will show you how long I've been away. Who is she?"

Miss Leonard invoked the name of Mike.

"Don't you ever get the papers in your village, Nutty?"

"I never read the papers. I don't suppose I've read a paper for years. I can't stand 'em. Who is Lady Pauline Wetherby?"

"She does Greek dances—at least I suppose they're Greek. All these undress stunts are nowadays, unless they're Russian. She's an English peeress."

Miss Leonard's friend said she was crazy about these picturesque old English families, and they went in to supper.

Looking back on the evening later and reviewing its leading features, Lord Dawlish came to the conclusion that he never completely recovered from the first shock of the Good Sport. He was conscious all the time of a dream-like feeling, as if he were watching himself from somewhere outside himself. From some conning tower in this fourth dimension he perceived himself eating broiled lobster and drinking champagne and heard himself bearing an adequate part in the conversation; but his movements were largely automatic. Everything in the place conspired to stupefy his faculties. Accustomed to the quieter atmosphere of London restaurants, he was stunned by the din. It was before night clubs spread over London like an epidemic, and he had not learned the lesson which the Londoner to-day knows so well, that there is practically no limit to the noise which half a dozen earnest Senegambians can produce, if left alone with a few banjos and a drum or two. He was aware dimly of conversation.

". . . It's the absolute truth. I hunted up and down Broadway for two days and didn't find a soul I knew. And then I thought of a pal of mine named Gates. And he was gone too. But luckily Chalmers . . ."

". . . I got him in a corner and I said to him: 'If you're a gentleman, Mr. Ritchall, you'll see that justice is done. You know I was promised I could be in this number, and ——' He's as deaf as a post, you know, but fortunately I've a good, strong voice . . ."

". . . Who's that girl over there? I've met her somewhere."

". . . I feel a hundred. I feel as if I had been away a million years . . ."

". . . So the end of it was that next night, when the number came on, I walked straight up and . . ."

". . . Only her hair was a different color then."

"Waiter!"

". . . He had the nerve to stand there and pull that old-time stuff on me!"

"By Jove! Really?"

"Waiter!"

". . . She used to be married to a man named Fothergill or Groves or something, and she got a divorce because . . ."

"Yes, sir?"

"Bring another . . ."

". . . I simply said to him quite quietly: 'Mr. Zizzbaum, as heaven is my witness, they were at least three sizes too small, so how could I be expected . . .'"

Pop!

Time passed. It seemed to Lord Dawlish, watching from without, that things were livening up. He seemed to perceive a quickening of the *tempo* of the revels, an added abandon. Nutty was getting quite bright. He had the air of one who recalls the good old days, of one who in familiar scenes reënacts the joys of his vanished youth. The chastened melancholy induced by many months of fetching of pails of water, of scrubbing floors with a mop and of jumping like a firecracker to avoid excited bees had been purged from him by the lights and the music and the wine. He was telling a long anecdote, laughing at it, throwing a crust of bread at an adjacent waiter and refilling his glass at the same time. It is not easy to do all these things simultaneously, and the fact that Nutty did them with notable success was proof that he was picking up.

Miss Daisy Leonard was still demure, but as she had just slipped a piece of ice down the back of Nutty's neck one may assume that she was feeling at her ease and had overcome any diffidence or shyness which might have interfered with her complete enjoyment of the festivities. As for the Good Sport, she was larger, blonder and more exuberant than ever, and she was addressing someone as "Bill."

Perhaps the most remarkable phenomenon of the evening, as it advanced, was the change it wrought in Lord Dawlish's attitude toward this same Good Sport. He was not conscious of the beginning of the change; he awoke to the realization of it suddenly. At the beginning of supper his views on her had been definite and clear. When they had first been introduced to each other he had had a stunned feeling that this sort of thing ought not to be allowed at large, and his battered brain had instinctively recalled that line of Tennyson: "The curse is come upon me." But now, warmed with food and drink and smoking an excellent cigar, he found that a gentler, more charitable mood had descended upon him.

He argued with himself in extenuation of the girl's peculiar idiosyncrasies. Was it, he asked himself, altogether her fault that she was so massive and spoke as if she were addressing an open-air convention in a strong gale?

(Continued on Page 40)

Heinrich Was Conscious of a Regret That He Had Left Home

THE BLUE-SKY COMPANY

On the Pirate Ship—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"YE'RE liars and thieves and pirates!" said Thomas Wogan. "There ain't an honest hair on the heads of the three of ye! Ye'd steal pennies off a dead man's eyes! Ye'd rob little children of their Sunday-school money! Ye stink to high heaven! Ye call yer building the Benevolent Building, but ye ought to call it the Jolly Roger or the Skull and Crossbones, for it's a nest of the worst scoundrels under the sun; and their names are Josiah Odell, Theodore Goss and Elbridge Perry!"

He leveled a large, horny forefinger at each man as he called his name. He was a huge person himself, with a big, round, coppery face grown mottled with age and fallen into tough wrinkles, like the ankle of an old boot. His short, stiff hair was quite white and his eyebrows were shaggy. At any time and on any subject his conversation was apt to be a bellow. Now it was a roar that shook the window frames. His life was a long, unsuccessful struggle with his temper. Strangers considered him terrific; but when he stalked the mile between the railroad station at Turner's Grove and his big, rambling, white frame house—swinging a heavy cane with an alligator carved on the handle, and perhaps bellowing occasionally—a dozen children along the way shouted to him or ran to meet him in expectation of the little red peppermint drops he always carried in his vest pocket. The strongest words he permitted himself were "danged" and "cuss," which he used freely. He had a way of pausing abruptly in his speech, sucking in his breath and pressing his lips back against his false teeth, as though catching himself just in time to prevent an explosion. Now, however, he was exploding like a racing car.

"It's five years I've laid for ye," he roared. "I've seen ye go by, smug and grinnin', with the loot in yer pocket and the poor cusses ye robbed left empty-handed; and I've said to myself: 'Never mind! I'll get the scoundrels if I have to live to be a hundred and fifty to do it!' I've said it to plenty besides myself, for that matter. Ye know that, don't ye, Meesther Theodore Goss?" he added with heavy sarcasm as Mr. Goss grinned slightly.

This conversation occurred in Mr. Wogan's little office at the end of the hall on the sixth floor of the Benevolent Building, which is on Dearborn Street, Chicago. It is not a modern structure or in good repair. Its narrow front is mournfully incrusted with soft-coal soot. The one elevator, of an ancient pattern, trembles paralytically as it goes up and down. Josiah Odell now owns the building—and is holding it, without improvements, for a satisfactory rise in the value of the leasehold; but it was once the property and headquarters of a building-and-loan association which he assisted in wrecking.

His office occupies the front of the sixth story. Mr. Perry's office is next it; then comes Mr. Goss' office; while Mr. Wogan's office—which he rather rarely uses—is the small room at the end of the hall. There are two offices between Mr. Goss' and Mr. Wogan's. The ground-glass panels of their hall doors bear the sign "Air Boat Company." But, so far as the janitor knows, not a soul has entered those rooms for three years. Dust and cobwebs have accumulated undisturbed inside, and the outer window-panes are half opaque. The signs would be erased from the hall doors and the unused furniture within thrown into the street if a tenant should apply for the space; but, though tenants leave the Benevolent Building, none ever comes to it. It is already half empty.

The audience that Mr. Wogan addressed rather crowded his small office. He sat in the swivel chair at the old walnut desk in his shirt sleeves. Of the two other chairs, one held the stout person of Josiah Odell, whose firm, fat chin was smooth-shaved between the long, iron-gray side whiskers that fell to a point just above the vest pockets on his swelling paunch. Mostly, while Thomas Wogan talked, Mr. Odell kept his hands in his pockets and looked stoutly at the floor.

The other chair was occupied by Theodore Goss, a rangy, big-boned man whose sallow face was beardless by nature. It was of the accommodating sort that would answer as well for a woman as for a man—a hard-featured woman of fifty with whom astute persons would take no liberties. His beady eyes bored intently at Mr. Wogan through gold-bowed spectacles. Now and then he grinned faintly and looked at his muscular hands, as though he could think of something for them to do if he felt at liberty to employ them in the manner his thought suggested.

Mr. Perry stood over in the corner, continually smoothing down his slim, shiny, brown mustache or stroking his slim, shiny, brown beard—which did not conceal the fact that he was dish-faced. The nervous attentions to beard and mustache might have suggested that he feared they would fall off and was busily sticking them back on his face. His eyes held to Thomas Wogan with a kind of terrified fascination—except when Mr. Wogan looked up at him. Then he looked hastily at the floor and manipulated his mustache faster than ever.

The fifth person—Albert Lamb—sat over on the window ledge with his arms folded, listening with an air of grave interest while Mr. Wogan's impassioned eruption continued:

"Ye broke Elmer Judson's heart, ye pirates! Ye might as well have murdered him in his bed. He was a genius, Elmer Judson was—a man endowed by nature to benefit mankind. He'd worked years on those patents. They was good patents too—only needin' to be touched up here and there before they'd work fine. Dang it! I know a boat when I see one!" he shouted, glaring at his auditors as though they had questioned it.

Thomas Wogan had, in fact, retired from active business while still in middle life, with a very comfortable fortune acquired in navigation on the Lakes and the Mississippi River.

"Elmer Judson come to me with his patents and I backed him; and my neighbors backed him when I did. I knew a boat to go by compressed-air motors was worth something. We organized this Air Boat Company in good faith and put our good money into it—a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of it. Honest money—dang yer eyes!—the kind ye never had! We built our good little factory out there at Turner's Grove and got going. By and by we needed some more workin' capital, and foolish Elmer Judson comes to you, Josiah Odell—with yer danged whiskers of a two-headed billy goat and yer rotten heart!"

Mechanically Mr. Odell stroked one of the objurgated facial ornaments.

"Ye saw it was worth steulin'," Wogan went on, growing more boisterous every moment, "and ye called in yer pals, here—Meesther Theodore Goss, with his old woman's mug, and Meesther Elbridge Perry, the chicken-hearted pirate that trails along just behind the pack ready to grab a bone and run to his hole with it."

At that characterization Mr. Perry burst into a hysterical laugh, which he shut off abruptly, his eyes dropping to the floor again when Mr. Wogan glared at him.

"Ye sneaked round and finally got control of the company—sayin' the patents wouldn't work, and what not. There was two thousand shares and ye got eleven hundred. Then ye put in yer dummies and stool pigeons here. Ye got that miserable cuss Dodson, that's dead now, to play president, and that poor whisky-soaked cuss Wilkins, that's gone West somewhere, to be secretary. Then ye give somebody two bits or an old hat for a vacuum-cleaner patent that the compressed air blows up in every time anybody tries to use it. What's a vacuum cleaner to do with a boat anyhow? Ye bought the patent for two bits because it's got compressed air in it, same's our motors; and then ye sell it to the Air Boat Company for two hundred thousand dollars in debentures.

"Then ye load the company up with a contract for boat bodies that'd break it anyhow. Ye put yer thievin' heads together and think up all the deviltry this side the bottomless pit that ye can do to that poor innocent Air Boat Company. Then ye increase the capital stock from two thousand shares to ten thousand shares, and ye spread a lot of lies about the money the company's goin' to make, and ye go and unload that rotten stuff on every sucker ye can find. Ye soaked half Turner's Grove with it, ye awful scoundrels!"

Glaring furiously at them, Mr. Wogan paused to recover breath and wipe his purple face on his shirt sleeves.

"There's the wreck ye made! When ye left the little company, a starved crow couldn't pick another mouthful from its bones. Five years now weeds have been growin' round the door of the factory at Turner's Grove. Urchins has busted out the windowpanes, and them as ain't busted out is black as yer hat with grime; holes in the roof and nothing but rusty rubbish inside; Elmer Judson dead and plenty more grievin' over their good money. I'm minded many times when I think of it to break yer heads; but I hold myself in. I don't let ye off as easy as that!"

He leaned forward in the chair and shook a mighty fist at Mr. Goss.

"No, sir! I say to myself: 'I'll get 'em yet if I have to live to be a hundred and fifty to do it!' I carry the thought with me—and a danged heathenish kind of thought it is too! But I says to myself: 'It'll come round sometime.' And I'm sittin' on my porch this summer holdin' the thought and a man comes walkin' up the street from the railroad station. He says to me: 'I've come to see ye about this Air Boat Company,' he says. And I looks at him a minute and I says to myself: 'I'm danged if I don't believe this man is it!' And he was it—ye thieves!"

He threw himself back in the swivel chair, which groaned perilously, and folded his lower lip over the upper one, and slowly wagged his big head at them, repeating:

"Yes, sir; he was it!"

"A man came to see you, did he?" Mr. Odell inquired in a nasal drawl that sounded sarcastic. "Did he happen to be a Frenchman?"

"He did not," Thomas Wogan replied with emphasis. "I've set eyes on no Frenchman in this business from first to last. I've heard of one though; I've heard of one," he repeated with deep satisfaction, and shook a big forefinger at them. "Ah, ye rascals, old Tom Wogan's been hearin' a lot of things ye never reckoned he would. Ye knew well enough I'd gone up North, as I do every summer. Ye could

Strangers Considered Him Terrific, But a Dozen Children Ran to Meet Him

see the sign pasted up on my door here—'Will return about September fifteenth.' Ye'd seen the sign every year. Ye knew I was gone up in the woods. Then ye began to hear that the corpse was kind of wigglin' a toe, so to speak. Ye began to hear there was a little sly inquirin' round for Air Boat stock that most everybody'd forgot was in existence these last three or four years, and that might be worth a cent a pound after what you pirates done to the company. Great ears ye have for hearin' anything that sounds like money, Theodore Goss

"Then this amateur pirate here"—he nodded his big head toward Albert Lamb without looking at him—"bobs up from Lord knows where! He's been hearin' about Air Boat stock, too, and ye soon get together, bein' birds of a feather. Somebody is wantin' Air Boat stock."

He shook his head at them again.

"Oh, yes; I'm far out of town; but I know what was goin' on. Pretty soon this Frenchman bobs up—a Monsoor Edouard de Morny, if I've got the right name. Monsoor Edouard de Morny with a letter of introduction from a fine house in London and money in his clothes. He goes to the very respectable house of Partington & Giles, which I don't know personally—but only by reputation. A small but very respectable house, Partington being an Englishman and naturally deeply devoted to the cause of the grand old mother country.

"I remember the pussy, fussy, pompous little man, with his mutton-chop whiskers, from the time he presided at the Anglo-American meetin' that wanted us Irish to get off the earth—but that's neither here nor there. A very respectable little firm, and very glad, from devotion to the mother country and the Allies, to do Monsoor de Morny's business for him. This business is that the Frenchman will give twenty-five dollars a share for stock of the Air Boat Company, provided as much as ninety-nine hundred shares out of the ten thousand are deposited with Messrs. Partington & Giles by a certain date, which was yesterday. Am I right—eh?" he bawled belligerently, abruptly leaning forward and thumping the desk with his fist.

The question was addressed particularly to Mr. Goss, who merely rubbed his hand over his forehead and grinned a little.

"I am right!" Mr. Wogan declared emphatically. "And why will Monsoor de Morny give twenty-five dollars a share for Air Boat stock? And why does he want practically all the stock gathered up and handed over to him in a short time? And why does he want it all done quietly—without advertising for the stock or makin' any more stir than can be helped? Ye don't know; ye don't know! But the four of ye—for this assistant pirate on the window ledge is in with ye—put yer heads together, and ye think ye can guess the answer.

"Ye observe that Bethlehem Steel stock has gone up since the first of the year, from forty-six dollars a share to two hundred and seventy dollars a share; that the stock of a powder company has gone up from a hundred and odd dollars a share to seven hundred dollars a share. Ye notice a lot of other stocks in the same class—all on war orders. Ye notice the enlightened nations of Europe have developed a tremendous affection for anything they can use to kill a man with—for articles in that line no price is too high. Ye see a thing called the Electric Boat Company, whose stock was goin' beggin' at ten dollars a share last year and is now worth three hundred and fifty dollars a share—because the company's got some patents that are very useful in the fightin' line. Ye know well enough that ye skinned the Air Boat Company out of everything it had except some patents, which ye didn't steal because ye didn't think them worth anything. Naturally ye conclude it must be those patents, or one of 'em, that Monsoor de Morny wants.

"That's the answer ye figured out in yer evil heads. I know it as well as though I'd been in the room with ye, instead of being far up North in the woods. Suppose it was just a little bit of a patent that'd help to make a submarine dive a hair's breadth sooner? Well, what's two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for that to the Allies, that are blowin' in their ten or fifteen millions a day? Probably Monsoor de Morny has been rummaging round the Patent Office at Washington, and has come across something he wants and finds this Air Boat Company owns it. Anyhow, there it is—twenty-five dollars a share for Air Boat stock, provided it's all picked up quick and quiet and handed over to him—and the money to pay for it on deposit with the very respectable firm of Partington & Giles. At least there's money for the two dollars and a half a share that is to be paid the day the stock is deposited—the remainin' twenty-two and a half a share to be paid five days later.

"Well, the amateur pirate here has picked up some stock—from poor devils who think even a dollar a share is a windfall—and ye old case-hardened pirates have got quite a bit left over; and ye go to work to pick up the rest. Ye get Carson, the real-estate man out at Turner's Grove, and ye get Newton in the bank there, and ye pitch in yerselves. Pretty soon ye've got sixty-eight hundred and odd shares, and the assistant pirate here's got thirteen hundred and odd. And ye can't lay yer hands on any more, and ye're still eighteen hundred shares shy. Oh, ye needn't bat yer cat's eyes at me, Meesther Elbridge Perry!" he bellowed so suddenly and so challengingly that Mr. Perry nearly fell through the wall.

"I was up North; but I can put two and two together," Mr. Wogan went on, shaking his head at the quaking figure in the corner. "I know what happened because, ye see, there's only one way the thing could have happened. The four of ye had over eight thousand shares of stock that was worth more'n two hundred thousand dollars, provided ye got hold of eighteen hundred shares more and made up the amount de Morny stipulated. And if ye couldn't get hold of the eighteen hundred shares more, what ye had might be worth nothing at all, because ye didn't know what patent or patents de Morny wanted, or what value there was in any patent. That was two days ago, and then ye got the eighteen hundred shares ye needed and deposited the whole ninety-nine hundred shares at Partington & Giles' and drew yer first two dollars and a half a share on it."

At that point a fresh burst of indignation overtook Thomas Wogan. His brow gathered in a formidable frown and his voice rose in a magnificent diapason that might fairly have been heard in the next block.

"Thieves and scoundrels and pirates that ye are, ye got the eighteen hundred shares ye needed! But how? Ah-h-h! Ye think maybe old Tom Wogan don't know yet! But I can deduce it from yer evil, thievish natures, just as though I'd been right in the room with ye"

He leaned forward again, wagging the accusatory forefinger.

"Ye put yer heads together and ye says: 'We gotta have eighteen hundred shares more,' ye says. And ye says: 'Probably some of these stock certificates have been lost and destroyed. They've been good fer nothing these five years,' ye says; 'and probably people have stuck 'em in the stove to get rid of 'em.' Ye says: 'Probably old Tom Wogan's got a bunch of this stock—old Tom Wogan, the old ass and blockhead,' ye says, 'he's been roaring about this Air Boat deal for five years. The old blockhead's up North in the woods,' ye says; 'he don't know what's goin' on: he never will know what's been goin' on,' ye says. 'How should he ever know it? How should anybody ever know it?'

"And ye says: 'Look here: this Air Boat is just a moldy heap of junk and rust and dust and cobwebs anyhow,' ye says. 'Dodson, that was president of it, is dead,' ye says; 'Wilkins, that was secretary of it, is off in Oregon or in an asylum by now,' ye says. 'There's been no business or bookkeeping or anything else for years,' ye says. 'How could anybody trace anything in that rubbish heap or prove that one stock certificate ain't as good as another?' ye says. 'It's a grand opportunity,' ye says, 'to do some more deviltry—especially it's a grand opportunity to soak old Tom Wogan again; and he'll never be the wiser—the poor old lobster!' ye says."

Mr. Wogan settled back in the chair and wiped his face on his shirt sleeve.

"Ah-h-h! Ye pirates! I know what ye did. I can deduce it from yer evil natures. Then like as not this amateur pirate here says: 'Just let's forge some stock certificates and be done with it!' Did ye now, Amateur Pirate?" he roared at Albert Lamb.

"No, sir; I did not," Lamb replied mildly but firmly. "It is true I suggested there must be a book of blank stock certificates somewhere round the empty office here. There always is a book of blank stock certificates round a company's office. I suggested there must be such a book here, and that we could get it and fill out half a dozen or so certificates for enough stock to make the eighteen hundred shares we lacked. I made that suggestion; but Mr. Goss, after thinking it over, objected that the numbers on the new certificates might give us away—that is, the blank certificates being numbered consecutively, anybody who looked it up would see that these new certificates had been issued recently. So we dropped the subject and I went away."

"Yes! That's it!" said Thomas Wogan with heavy sarcasm. "Ye made the suggestion and then ye went away. But ye had mentioned a book of blank stock certificates as probably bein' in the deserted office here. Then ye went away. Well, then, I can tell ye what happened next, just as though I'd been there, deducin' it from yer evil natures. Havin' mentioned the book of blank stock certificates, the amateur pirate here goes away. Now Meesther Theodore Goss is very familiar with the deserted offices here. When poor, drunken Jim Wilkins was playin' at bein' secretary—which consisted mostly in signin' whatever Goss told him to—Goss was really runnin' the office. He was familiar with it.

(Continued on Page 61)

"Ye're Liars and Thieves and Pirates! There Ain't an Honest Hair on the Heads of the Three of Ye!"

IN WINTER QUARTERS

Stories of Sawdust and Sentiment—By L. B. Yates

OUTSIDE, the afternoon Texas sun was beating down upon the "big top" with vindictive force, and in the connection between the pad room and the entrance a little group of riders were awaiting the equestrian director's summons, while behind them stood the grooms holding the perspiring ring horses which were to take part in the principal riding act.

"I don't believe I'd try any high-and-lofty stunts to-day, Rosa," cautioned Manager Fred Hutchinson kindly as he pushed aside the curtain. "Your horse's back and sides are as slippery now as if they had been greased. Better not take chances."

"Thanks, ever so much, Mr. Hutchinson," responded the pretty little equestrienne, "but it's all part of my job. People expect it, and I'll do my best not to disappoint them."

Other riders standing about added their quota of advice to that of the manager, but the star of sawdust and spangles was obdurate.

"No," she maintained, "I haven't missed once this season, and I am not going to start now." Then she added naïvely as her face lit up with genuine appreciation: "It's awfully good of everybody; but pshaw! girls, this isn't a hall show, it's a circus. There goes the whistle! Come along, Irene." She linked her arm in that of her companion, made a graceful little half curtsy and whisked through the entrance to the glare and glitter beyond.

"She's a real rider," vouchsafed a trim tailor-made woman who stood beside me. "A real, regular rider."

She spoke as one having authority, albeit there was something in this simple testimony that needed not the declamatory assistance of adjectives; but it exemplified, nevertheless, the serene sisterhood of the circus. I had known the speaker for many years as the wife of a Western newspaper editor, and presumed upon old acquaintance.

"You used to be a rider yourself," I hazarded.

"Yes," she replied simply; then, with slight upward tilt of chin, "yes, and proud of it. I visit the dear old show whenever I get an opportunity. It's like coming back home."

Later along in the afternoon, and while we watched the performance from the reserves, she spun out for me the story of her advent to and departure from the world of the big tents. I have set it down here in the simple narrative form in which it was given me. There is little or no effort at embellishment, and no desire to build up what some people are pleased to call a gripping human document. Still, it records for perhaps the very first time an authentic story of a circus rider's life.

From the Convent to the Sawdust

I COMMENCED my circus career laboring under many disadvantages, the chief of which, perhaps, was that I had not been born of a circus family—in a word, I had none of the traditions behind me which are so dear to the aristocrats of the mystic circle.

The Stickneys, Worths, Julians, Davenports, Rooneys, Lowandes, Hobsons, Robinsons, St. Leons and Duttons are old circus-riding families, most of them dating to the first American circus, and many tracing their ancestry back to the famous English organizations which were the pioneers in this form of amusement. They grew up saturated with the lore of the ring and learned to ride almost as soon as they could toddle. Most of them acquired the art instinctively. They belonged from the beginning, and in the world of the big top that means everything.

When my father died I was ten years old, and had been attending a convent boarding school presided over by the Sisters. I was a little wisp of a girl, frail of body and thin beyond compare, my only claims to beauty being two tremendous plaits of yellow hair that hung down my back and far below my waist. Looking back now I can realize what a peculiar personality must have been embodied in my childish frame. From my earliest recollection I had always been averse to keeping rules or regulations of any kind, and no doubt I frequently brought upon myself the sorrowful condemnation of the dear Sisters.

I imagine I belonged to those of the Wandering Foot, and was a restless little being, whose whole mission in life appeared to be centered on the idea that I must make a great adventure. Whenever opportunity presented itself and the gate was open I stole away. No amount of punishment or deprivation seemed to be able to break me of that habit. I was absolutely incorrigible. I always wanted to get out and camp down by the river. Then they would find me and bring me back. I would, of course, make all kinds of promises not to repeat the offense, but the spirit of Ishmael dominated my personality, and before a week passed I would again be reported among the missing.

After the death of my father my mother was at her wit's end to decide as to what disposal she should make of me. The Sisters had absolutely refused to be responsible for my safekeeping any longer, and my mother was too busy holding together the business my father left behind to give me personal attention. Added to all this, several eminent physicians gave it as their opinion that I would probably go into a decline, and that an outdoor, active life would be my only salvation.

While my mother was debating the question the lawyer for my father's estate settled it. He told her that he knew a man named Lemon who was in the circus business and was looking for a couple of apprentices to educate as riders. At first, of course, my mother would not hear of it, but finally as a last resort, and nothing else being available, she gave her consent.

The photographic impression of the day on which she took me over to the winter quarters of the circus will always remain with me. Mr. Lemon, the proprietor, was a jolly, good-natured-looking man, but he almost went into paroxysms of laughter when he saw me.

"Why, she isn't big enough to hold a knife and fork, and I don't suppose she has as much strength as a canary bird!" he exclaimed. But as he was speaking I noticed a queer, toadlike animal creeping round the floor, and I rushed over and grasped it firmly with both hands. That one little incident settled my future.

"I'll take her," exclaimed the circus owner. "She isn't as big as a pint of cider, but she's not afraid of anything either."

Before my mother left he exacted from her a promise that she would not come to see me for six months.

"If she is going to learn this business," he explained, "she must be absolutely under my control. I see that the young lady has a will of her own, and in order to make her successful she must be taught from the outset to respect the discipline of the circus." My mother agreed to this and kept her compact to the letter.

Next morning I made my entrée into the world of spangles and sawdust. After breakfast Mr. Lemon took me over to the barn where the ring stock were wintering and where a practice ring had been laid down. A big gray horse was walking round, on which a man was riding. I was lifted up in front of him, the whip cracked and the horse commenced to canter.

Up to that time I had never been close enough to a horse to pet him. I screamed and bawled, cried out that I wanted my mother and fought like a little tiger cat; but of course the man behind held me firmly but gently, and so that I could not fall off. He spoke reassuringly, the consequence being that in a few moments I calmed down and began really to enjoy the sensation. Up to that time, as I say, I had never even petted a horse, and it was all so new to me that the gentle old ring veteran we were riding had taken on, so far as I was concerned, all the attributes of a raging lion. Afterward, however, I came to know him as a dear, faithful, loyal old friend, and one that perhaps was more responsible than anyone else for my subsequent rise to professional excellence.

Of course I am speaking now of the days when all young riders were apprenticed. Modern methods have done away with a system which, say what you will about it, made riding an art and turned out a school of finished pupils.

But everything I endeavored to do seemed to be almost like attempting the impossible. The fact of the matter is, I was such a weak slip of a thing that I could not handle my own weight, and that is the most essential part of bareback riding. When I had mastered the art of sitting on a galloping horse Mr. Lemon tried to teach me to mount from the ground as I ran beside them. I might add that the horse wore a surcingle that had two leather handles on it which were grasped by the rider. When one's arms are strong the impetus of the horse's galloping will almost carry you without effort to a perch upon his back; but although I tried day in and day out for nearly two weeks, I never could accomplish the feat.

My teacher, sensing what the trouble was, rigged up a little trapeze for me, and I practiced for several hours daily, pulling myself up so that my chin would touch the bar. After I had mastered the trick with both hands I essayed to pull myself up with one. This entailed several more weeks of strenuous endeavor, but I finally succeeded; and no one can imagine what an overwhelming joy it was to me when I went back to the ring barn, started the old horse going and flew up on his back like a feather.

In Training to be a Real Rider

BUT this achievement was only a beginning. I was really an exceptionally awkward youngster, and when I attempted the feat of standing on a barebacked horse I really felt certain that I had absolutely reached my limitations, more so because a great rider visited the ring barn one day, watched my futile efforts for a few moments and then voiced his opinion in unmistakable terms:

"No use bothering with that kid, Frank," he droned; "it's a waste of time. She won't learn in a thousand years."

"Yes, she will," returned Lemon with his peculiar drawl. "This youngster is a fighter and she will win out. When she does she'll be a real rider."

That remark determined me more than ever that I would eventually succeed. I look back now and wonder at the superlative patience of my preceptor. Hour after hour, day in and day out, he bore with my endless mistakes. At times I would flare up and tearfully declare that it was no use; but he would gently overlook these exhibitions of artistic temperament and persuade me to start anew. He was never harsh or unkind, but somehow or other and down deep I was overwhelmingly afraid of this quiet-voiced man so tireless and painstaking.

Mr. Lemon did not believe in the "mechanic," as he argued that few great riders ever commenced with its aid. Perhaps I should explain what that term means. A mechanic is a wooden revolving arm suspended over the ring and rigged with pulleys. A rope is attached to a ring in a strong leather belt worn by the tyro, and is passed through the pulleys on the end of the arm of the mechanic.

The instructor holds the other end of the rope, and it follows that if the pupil makes a misstep or falls he simply hangs suspended from the mechanic and is lowered gently to the ground.

But, as I say, my teacher did not believe in this system, as he claimed it gave one neither poise, finish nor confidence, so I simply wore a leather belt with a rope attached. Mr. Lemon held the rope and stood in the center of the ring, which was heavily bedded with tanbark. Whenever I lost my balance, which occurred ten or twenty times every morning, I fell to the inside of the ring and, of course, lit without injury.

Another little girl, named Edna, who was the daughter of the famous acrobat with whom we lived, was learning with me. It is hard to say which of us was the most unpromising pupil; but in the end the perseverance of Mr. Lemon, added to faithful endeavor on our part, worked wonders. When we began to develop he seemed just as proud and gratified over it as we were ourselves. Whenever he went to town he always brought us some candy or other little present. I think of these things whenever I hear professional uplifters rant about the crime of committing children to a life under the canvas tents.

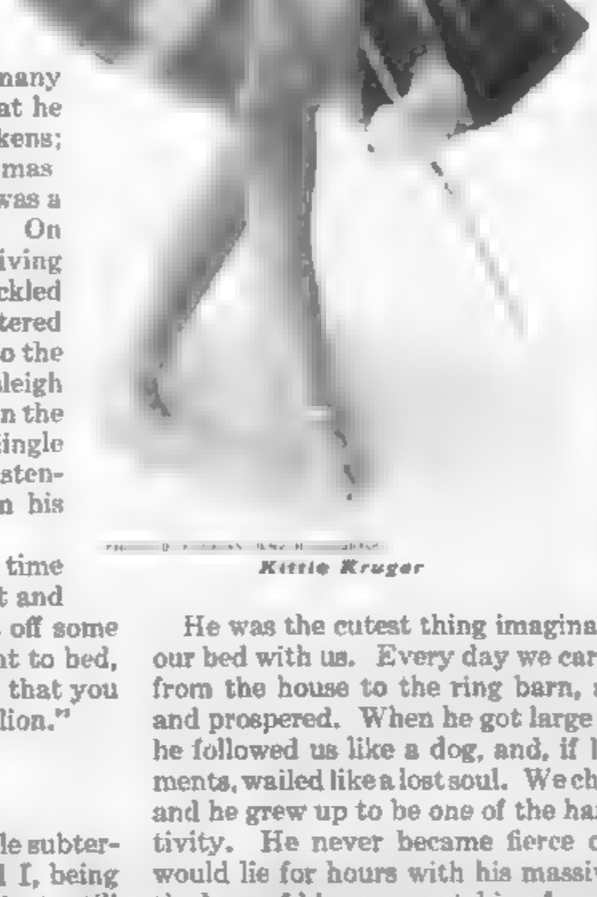
This circus owner was a peculiar kind of man in many ways. In after years it frequently struck me that he had just walked out from between the pages of Dickens; and what a character he would have made for the master of English prose! One of his particular fads was a very strict observance of the Christmas season. On the eve of the festival we would all assemble in the living room, where the big logs in the open fireplace crackled merrily. A profusion of evergreen and holly scattered about, with nuts, cake, candy and fruits, added to the holiday atmosphere. Suddenly the sound of sleigh bells was heard—at first a tiny tinkling far away in the distance, then closer and closer until the joyous jingle almost reached the house. The circus owner, listening intently, would take a large timepiece from his pocket, consulting it gravely.

"Huh!" he would say. "Old Santa's ahead of time this year. Oh, well, I reckon I had better go out and see what he's got before he gets mad and hikes off some other place. But you little girls must hustle right to bed, because if he sees or hears you, or even mistrusts that you are watching him, he will carry on like a raging lion."

Old Jeff Plays Santa Claus

FOR two successive Christmases this simple little subterfuge was enacted, but on the third Edna and I, being true to the traditions of our sex, decided to investigate still further. After scurrying off to our room, which was in the attic, we crept cautiously toward the window, stealthily lifted a corner of the blind, and peeked out on the snow-covered scene.

On the lawn in front of the house old Jeff, the colored servant, was standing with his arms full of toys which he was handing to Mr. Lemon. In his right hand the ancient negro held a long string of sleigh bells, and in the moonlight we could see the tracks of his feet in the snow tracing away down to the avenue gate. Right there the sweetest of all our childish fancies took wing and drifted off into the land of lost illusions. Edna and I crept sorrowfully into bed and cried ourselves to sleep. Through all this strenuous system of education I learned a few things that in or out of professional life have stood me in good stead. I realized, in the first place, how to control my temper, to give everyone an opportunity to bring out the best that was in them, and lastly to bow unquestioningly to whatever rules and regulations the general discipline of the circus demanded.



Kittie Kruger

And here let me say that there is no such thing as temperament among the women of the circus. Early in the game they learn to make the best of whatever comes up. They have no time to indulge in back-yard controversies. The explanation of this is, that the circus is too big an institution to be dominated or upset by the fads and fancies of any one particular star.

Our life at winter quarters had, I suppose, a good deal of sameness to it, but was not so monotonous as one would imagine. Attached to the circus was a large menagerie, and, from the first, animals of all kinds had a peculiar compelling attraction for me. I never tired of having the trainers explain everything of interest concerning them. Then a baby lion was born. His mother died at his birth, and Edna and I took the little creature to raise him by hand. He was the cutest thing imaginable and used to sleep in our bed with us. Every day we carried him back and forth from the house to the ring barn, and he grew amazingly and prospered. When he got large enough to toddle about he followed us like a dog, and, if left alone for a few moments, wailed like a lost soul. We christened him McKinley, and he grew up to be one of the handsomest beasts in captivity. He never became fierce or hard to handle, and would lie for hours with his massive head pinned close to the bars of his cage, watching for one of his old playmates to come along and give him a friendly pat.

When springtime came everything was ready for the show to open. I shall never forget how Edna and I viewed the tremendous twenty-four-sheet posters that Mr. Lemon had ordered from the printing house to advertise our act. They portrayed two angelic-looking children pirouetting gayly on the backs of milk-white steeds with flowing manes and wavy tails that touched the ground. Underneath it was the announcement that everyone, young and old, must not fail to see Tiny Kittie and Little Edna, the Fairy Children of Famous and Fascinating Fantasy. We begged one of these startling expositions of art and literature from the billposters, divided it, and pasted as much as we could of it on the lids of our trunks.

Perhaps I should explain that Mr. Lemon christened me Kittie Kruger. My Christian name was really Katharine. Mr. Lemon added the surname partly for euphony, but more, perhaps, because he was a great admirer of Oom Paul. He told me once that the old Boer leader was the funniest-looking man in the world, and I afterward thought a grim vein of humor might have been the incentive that impelled him to give me my professional name.

The memory of the opening day is still with me. My mother had sent me a beautiful wardrobe, and Edna and I sallied forth in the parade mounted on the ponies which we afterward rode in the ring. We were prouder than any brace of empresses ever boosted to the pinnacle of a lofty throne. I recollect how I pitied the kids who gazed at us in awe-stricken wonderment from the sidewalk. They were towners and we were troupers. We had already drawn the line which from time immemorial has existed between the people of the tents and the rest of humanity.

Once fairly started, riding became a second nature to me. I seemed instinctively to possess a certain power over horses, and took childish delight in basking in the full glare of the spotlight. Among other things I noticed that the girls who rode in the hippodrome races were always accorded a good deal of applause, so I went to Mr. Lemon and begged to be allowed to ride in these contests. Of course he objected, but I was obdurate, declaring that I would not ride in the principal act unless he acceded to my demands. He finally gave reluctant consent, and I had the time of my life rough-riding the other girls all over the hippodrome track and taking all kinds of chances to win, until one day my horse fell and the three racers galloping behind passed over me. The attendants rushed to pick me up, thinking that I had surely been killed; but fortune favored me, and the only injury received was a slight abrasion of my right arm. That, however, ended my adventures in the hippodrome races, and I expended my extra energy by singing and dancing in the concert. I could dance, because part of our education for principal riding was dancing practice two hours a day; but my voice was a negligible quantity. I imagine that in this connection my partner and I, as a juvenile-sister team, were so hopelessly bad that what we meant for serious endeavor was taken by our unfortunate audiences as excruciating comedy.

When we had been about a month on the road Edna and I took counsel together and decided unanimously that two such wonderful riders should be in receipt of important emolument. We approached Mr. Lemon in this connection, stating our ideas with all the gravity that the situation demanded.

"How much were you figuring on drawing?" he queried.

"At least five hundred dollars a week," responded Edna, who had been elected spokesman.

"I am not going to say that you girls are not worth it," he replied with every manifestation of sincerity; "but it is against the rules of this circus to pay an apprentice. Still, there is a way to get round that. Now, my idea is that we can get some splendid photographs of you young ladies. You can buy them by the thousand, and sell them to the audience every afternoon and evening for twenty-five cents apiece. There is oodles of money in it."

A Small Fortune in Photographs

THE photographs cost somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty dollars a thousand. Mr. Lemon advanced us the money to pay for them and took our I O U's for the same. I can imagine the humorous light in which he regarded the transaction, but as he never reminded us of our indebtedness I can only credit it as another evidence of his good nature.

Sometimes the sale of these photographs netted us a nice sum. We were equal partners, and divided the spoils every evening when we went to the cars. Edna's mother took care of her share, but I had mine all changed into one-dollar bills and carried it in the bosom of my waist. As the bank roll grew and expanded, my frail little personality took on a decidedly matronly appearance.

Of course it follows that we had certain feminine ambitions. My first was to own a watch. Mr. Lemon bought me a very pretty one of the regulation ladies' size, but I absolutely refused to accept the gift, because my idea of a real watch was one large enough to be seen and heard. He humored me and exchanged it for a timepiece as massive as a baby clock, but it was exactly what I wanted, and I pinned it to my bodice and had a photograph taken the first time that opportunity presented itself.

After that I thought that the joy of living would be complete if I possessed a pair of turquoise earrings with diamond trimmings. I explained this to Mr. Lemon, and a few days afterward I was in possession of them. That satisfied my cravings for jewelry. But before the season closed, and as the sale of pictures continued to be profitable, my ambition soared. I thought, in the first place, that I had all the money in the world, and secondly I discovered

(Continued on Page 65)

PHOTO. BY JOSEPH H. LANDER, DENVER

Rhoda Royal

Rora Rosalind

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3 N. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 11, 1915

Cheaper Transportation

FROM the census and other Government reports we know roughly what agriculture produces, or, to put it in another way, what it costs us for the products of agriculture which we consume in the course of a year. So we know what our manufactories produce, or what it costs us for the manufactured articles which we consume in a year. We know the product of mines and fisheries which we consume yearly. We know approximately what government produces—or what we pay for government services of all kinds. We know what we pay for transportation. We can even make a very rude sort of guess at what we pay for commercial and professional services.

Putting all these things together, we can make up a rough statement of national cost of living—what the people of the United States as a whole produce and consume yearly. Prof. W. I. King, of Wisconsin, has done this. The only diminishing items of importance in his table, going back to 1850, are agriculture and transportation—the cost of the latter, however, having diminished relatively much more than that of the former. He calculates that transportation accounted for nearly nineteen per cent of the total cost of living in 1850, against less than nine per cent now—due not to a decline in volume of transportation but to lower rates. While other commodities have fluctuated transportation has steadily grown cheaper. The quantity of transportation per capita has increased sixfold.

Borrowing and Taxing

NO DOUBT Gladstone was right in insisting that the greatest possible share of the cost of any war should be raised by immediate and direct taxation rather than by loans. He argued that war taxes are a salutary check upon "the ambition and lust of conquest that are inherent in so many nations." Ambition and lust of conquest are found mainly in the upper crust. A war clique composed of titled persons, the military caste, munition makers and jingo editors would think very seriously before deciding for a war the main cost of which was to be thrown immediately and directly upon their own social stratum. Gladstone argued that when war breaks out wages rise, so if the working population is subjected to somewhat greater taxation it can bear it. But extraordinary war taxes in the nature of the case must be imposed mostly upon property and the well-to-do, so that a smaller proportion of war taxes than of peace taxes falls upon the working population—"from which it seems to follow at once that, up to the point at which endurance is practicable, payment by war taxes rather than by peace taxes is for the interest of the people at large." Loans, of course, involve a permanent increase in peace taxes. They are simply a system of meeting the cost of war by taxes levied afterward.

To illustrate, take a citizen with a million dollars. By drastic war taxes the government may take outright a sixth or a fifth of his million dollars. Or it may borrow his million dollars, giving him five per cent bonds which entitle him thereafter to draw fifty thousand dollars a year out of the fund which the government raises by taxation. The certainty of an immediate trebling of taxation upon a declaration of war would make powerfully for peace in any country. Both morally and economically direct taxation "up to the point at which endurance is practicable" is better than borrowing.

Humiliating

A WALL STREET bank probably holds at this time assets of greater value than were ever gathered under the roof of any other bank that was not a government institution—or, at least, ever before this European war financing began. Balance sheets of a number of commercial banks in Europe would show somewhat larger totals, but those banks have many branches scattered over the country, while the American bank is a local institution. Probably never before were there so much bank assets and bank business under one nongovernmental roof.

A financial engine of such size and power would be a subject of considerable gratulation in any country of benighted Europe. Here, of course, it is a cause of sorrow and humiliation. It is a standing reminder that huge banks will be where there is a huge banking business to do, in spite of Washington's passionate conviction that they ought to be in Oklahoma or North Dakota.

Welcoming the Odd-Lot Boys

PLEASE note, as a national symptom of considerable interest, that they are talking about changing the method of trading on the New York Stock Exchange. The present method, with one hundred shares as the trading unit and day-to-day deliveries, answered handsomely in the most expansive speculative jamborees of the past; but it contemplates that, as a general proposition, a man must plank down one thousand dollars to get into the game. The jamboree of this year of grace, while really much less voluminous than its predecessors, was largely conducted by a different crowd, of decidedly smaller caliber—as we pointed out some time ago. It might be said of a considerable contingent of the present crowd that if it had a thousand dollars in cash it would not speculate but would retire. Obviously when hundred-dollar men play a thousand-dollar game more or less inconvenience results. It was conspicuously so in this case. The specialists and odd-lot houses were worked to death, and even at that business fell miles in arrears. It was more or less like using a machine that is gauged to make steel rails for the purpose of making tenpenny nails. Wherefore, in agreeable anticipation that speculation will be much more extensive next year than it was this, it is proposed to adopt the London system of trading, with ten shares as the unit instead of one hundred shares and with deliveries and settlements only twice a month instead of every day. This will make it easier for the brokers, while for the public it will make no difference at all.

Conscription of Money

OBSERVING that in the current fiscal year and the next one the government will spend seventeen billion dollars—if the war continues—the Financial Secretary of the Treasury told the House of Commons that "every citizen ought to be prepared to put at least one-half his income at the disposal of the state, either in the form of taxes or of a loan."

For about half the population of the United Kingdom that, of course, is out of the question. For the income of about half the population little more than provides necessaries of life. For another quarter of the population it is impracticable, for that quarter, composed of clerks, petty tradesmen, professional men in small practice and so on—the more genteel poor—would not know how to adjust itself to hardtack. There remains another quarter, from whom on the whole much more than half their income might be taken without reducing them to positive want.

To them financial conscription might be applied. It might be said: "To meet the state's dire need you must give up all that is not actually necessary to support you in bare comfort." Certainly that would be not a whit harder than conscription of men, which takes for the state a citizen's all, even to his life.

A Seasonal Industry

SENATOR WEEKS recently remarked that, although he devoted his entire time to the subject, he had been unable to comprehend the meaning and effect of nine-tenths of the legislation that he had assisted in passing. The inference is that he was able to comprehend the meaning and effect of one-tenth, which, for a legislator, is an exceptionally good record.

This naturally reminds us that the season has arrived when legislative mills at Washington and various state capitals will resume operations with customary vigor. Everybody dreads it. Everybody knows the net result will be a great amount of ambiguous and vexatious futility, a little positive good and about an equal quantity of positive harm. When the season is over somebody will count up how many tens of thousands of bills were introduced, how many thousands were passed, and raise a powerful presumption that nine-tenths of the latter would better have been unpassed. Candid legislators themselves will deplore the output. They will confess that much of the time they did not know what they were about, and much of the rest of the time they were very doubtful that what they were about was worth while. They will agree that the yearly flood of unbaked laws is a scandal and an injury. Then next year they will do it all over again.

The business in the United States that is conducted with least intelligence and efficiency is lawmaking. You will find hopeful people who are trying to reform nearly everything else, but the state of legislating is so sad that even the reformers virtually give it up.

City Addresses

NEW YORK has grown up to the idea that strangers are constantly within its borders. No other American city that we know of has. New York gives its addresses by street and number—the only designation of locality that has any meaning to a stranger. Otherwhere there is an idiotic habit of giving an address as such and such a building. You wish to see John Smith. You look in the telephone book and find a luminous statement that his address is the John Smith Building. Maybe the hotel clerk will know where the John Smith Building is. Maybe you will have to spend an exciting half hour thumbing over the city directory to find where it is.

Giving an address as such and such a building without the street and number is perfectly appropriate for Lone Ellum, where there are only four buildings devoted to business purposes. In any more numerous community it is simply a bad habit.

Shop Early

YOU know this before-Christmas editorial as well as we do. Why should you assist in conferring nervous prostration on some struggling saleswoman—to say nothing of the damage to your own nervous system? You know you should do your Christmas shopping right now. You know why. You can write the editorial as well as we can. Don't write it, but do it.

A National Park Bureau

WE HAVE forty-odd national parks and monuments with a total area exceeding that of some states and comprising a national asset such as no other country possesses. Some are on the Atlantic Seaboard, some on the Pacific, some North, some South, some in between. If their scenery had been put on canvas by an old master it would be worth about the cost of the European war, and no possible pains for preserving and exhibiting it would be considered too great.

Nearly four years ago President Taft urged a bureau in the Department of the Interior to coördinate the management of all national parks. If one man owned forty-odd grocery stores he would certainly unify the management of them instead of letting each manage itself without regard to the others. For exactly the same reasons the management of the national parks ought to be unified. Clearly Congress should create a park bureau to study and oversee the parks as a whole.

Farm-to-Railroad Haulage

A RECENT report by the Department of Agriculture suggests that the wagon haul from farm to shipping point of the marketed portions of the average corn, wheat and cotton crops costs farmers something like fifty million dollars a year. The crops referred to furnish, of course, but a comparatively small part of the total farm-to-market haulage. Besides other grains, there are vegetables, fruit, poultry, dairy products and livestock to be hauled.

Statistics gathered by township and county correspondents and field agents of the Bureau of Crop Estimates over the country give six and a half miles as the average distance from farm to market. Nine years ago—though the figures are not strictly comparable—the distance was somewhat greater. As railroad mileage increases in settled regions the wagon haul will grow shorter; and in nine years improvement of country roads has enabled farmers to haul more in a day. Thus, in 1906 a day's haul of wheat was a fraction over fifty-six bushels, while in 1915 it was a hundred and twelve bushels—not because each load was heavier, but because more trips could be made in a day.

Of course the shorter haul had something to do with this; but, on the whole, roads must have been better too. An average day's haul of cotton has increased from seventeen hundred pounds to three thousand.

These gains have been more or less offset by higher cost of horses, of feed and of farm labor; but there is undoubtedly room for greater gains in the same direction. First of all, it is a question of better roads—a question of more real concern to farmers than to everybody else put together.

IS GERMANY HUNGRY?

WILL the ultimate issue of the war be reduced to gastronomical terms? and can Germany be starved into submission? The numberless debates on this question are seldom free from a pronounced pro-German or anti-German coloring, either leaving the land of the Kaiser in the act of going down for the third time or showing it up as flowing with milk and honey. In reality, up to the present time I think the food situation has never been critical. Nor is it now critical; but—mark this—certain visible and invisible factors are at work which might lead to a crisis in the future. How near a possible crisis might be, may be judged only by those who have the gift of omniscience or a "thee-and-I" friendship with the emperor.

That Germany feels the results of the shutting-off of her world commerce is obvious. A country having a population of nearly seventy millions just before the war, she has faced a great problem in feeding her subjects. Her thoroughness and system, coupled with national frugality, up to now have enabled her to meet the situation successfully. Even in normal times her people exercise an economy that is admirable. Since the war began this trait has been developed to the nth power, so far as the table is concerned. Nothing is wasted, nothing is thrown away. Even the brain of a fish finds its way into some article of food; the head and feet of a fowl are cooked and scraped and form the chief ingredient of many an appetizing soup. Every scrap of bread, every small piece of fat meat, is saved for a following meal; every bone is valued for its marrow. Hash is common if not popular.

Germany could never have occupied the strategical position she does to-day had not the Imperial Government taken unto itself the solving of the food question for the entire monarchy. Provincial and municipal authorities would have been unable to master the situation. Coldly and methodically the government issued its decrees, withdrawing some articles from the market, prohibiting the sale of others except under specified conditions, advising a greater consumption of certain staples and educating its people along the systematic lines necessary to the end in view—that of ultimate survival. The government dictates, the people obey unquestioningly, and the occasional few who voice their doubts in a disturbing manner are given a touch of the mailed fist.

Germany's position would be better to-day had she fewer small peasant farmers and more of the producing, well-to-do class which strengthens our own nation's backbone and incidentally enables it to feed the world. Little farms of a few acres are the rule. Their owners are a rugged, thrifty people, the kind who make good butter for sale and themselves use oleomargarine. The small farmers are the subjects of frequent attack in many quarters, as lacking patriotism. They it is who hoard the gold that the government is trying to secure in exchange for paper money; they have been blamed for the fact that potatoes, formerly costing less than one dollar per hundredweight, now cost three times as much for the same quantity—and this, too, in a year when Germany is reaping an unusually good harvest; they it is who are accused of having driven prices of farm products so high in the air that government regulation was the only possible relief. The wage-earners in the cities have retaliated in a summary manner. Their protest against what we should term plain graft has been effective.

In nearly all cities and towns there are certain days when the small farmers and truck gardeners bring their produce to the open-air market, usually situated in some advantageous public square. Bright and early in the morning they begin to arrive, these men and women, some driving horses, some pushing or pulling nondescript hand-wagons, the carts heaped high with all manner of seductive country products.

Innocent Bystanding a Perilous Sport

THE foodstuffs are placed in temporary booths and presided over by the peasant women, arrayed in bright costumes and wearing unusual headdresses, and by wooden-shod men. In the old days these markets were pleasant, colorful, kaleidoscopic affairs, crowded with eager buyers, fresh-looking servant girls, calculating housewives who did their own purchasing and exchanged gossip with their neighbors, the throngs plentifully sprinkled with men. Then one might bargain and haggle good-naturedly to the last pfennig over a firm red cabbage, a toothsome country cheese covered with real cream or a nosegay of rural blossoms. The complacent *Schutzmann* on the corner would have time to give you a friendly greeting.

Now too often one sees a pushing, elbowing, excited crowd of buyers, intent upon getting to some particular booth before a desired commodity is sold out, each eager to secure what he wants before his neighbor has an opportunity to get ahead of him; and instead of a single policeman one sees several helmeted and be-sabred officers quelling incipient riots, forcing the people to keep order, or guarding the booth of some seller who has incurred the wrath of the public. In many cities there has been serious rioting at the markets, and numberless grasping venders who demanded exorbitant prices for their wares have been severely punished by the irate purchasers. Whole stands have been torn down, umbrellas and canes have been wielded over the heads of the luckless proprietors, and spectators have been forced to flee the rain of potatoes, cabbages and venerable eggs. Innocent bystanding at a German market is as dangerous as singing Die Wacht am Rhein in Hyde Park, and is not to be classed as a parlor sport.

The buying public is, however, itself largely responsible for scenes such as the above. Customers are not contented with small quantities of a commodity at a time, but continually try to corner a stock for future consumption. This excites the cupidity of the merchants, and prices are pushed up away beyond reason. The spectacular rise in the price of butter, which reached an almost unheard-of altitude in October, is illuminating.

In the first week in September prime butter cost about forty-five cents a pound. The public, thinking that the customary fall increase of a few cents was due, began to buy all the good butter it could procure. In one week the price had advanced five cents, and from that time it rose by jerks until, in the second week in October, it cost nearly eighty cents in some parts of Germany, or five cents more than the highest price demanded during the war of 1870–71. The butter booths on market days were crowded; policemen kept the buyers in order. Single purchases were limited to one pound, customers stood in long lines leading to and from the stands, and if the exact change was not ready the venders refused to make the sale. A case of "Watch your step" and "Fare ready, please."

At the same time butter substitutes, always popular among the working classes, had phenomenal advances. Oleomargarine doubled in price and in October reached fifty cents a pound. Fats of all kinds were at a premium and pure lard was a luxury for millionaires.

Germany hoped to alleviate the situation by importations from Holland and the Scandinavian countries. For a while considerable quantities of fats and provisions were brought in over the Dutch border. Agents of the Allies watched the situation closely, and in a short time England and France brought such pressure to bear that the Dutch Government, already harassed by the efforts and appropriations demanded to feed the millions of Belgian refugees within Holland's borders, found itself seriously embarrassed. The cost of living increased materially and Holland was, and is, in an unenviable position. German agents are continually working in Holland to secure any supplies that may be had, while representatives of the Allies are bending every effort toward limiting the exportations from that country. The Dutch Government is like the man who, chased by a grizzly, takes refuge on

"Drop That Stuff, Young Feller, and Take This Instead"

"Swift's Premium" Calendar for 1916

4 Fairy Tale Pictures

By Jessie Willcox Smith

This is one of the best and most novel calendars we have published. It is arranged in four leaves—each leaf picturing a scene from a popular fairy tale with a brief word story on the back. The scenes are from the following fairy tales:

Jack and the Bean Stalk :: Goldilocks

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Every child will delight in seeing these favorite fairy tale characters attractively illustrated in brilliant colors. Everybody will appreciate the artistic conception of these child like myth children so masterfully painted by this famous artist. No advertising appears on them to prevent framing. The calendar will be a daily reminder of the satisfaction given by

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How to Get the Calendar

This beautiful calendar will be sent to any address in United States for 10 cents in coin or stamps

or—Trade mark end of five "Swift's Premium" Oleomargarine cartons
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the extreme end of a log suspended over a deep chasm. His only chance is to wait until the bear retires—if the limb holds out. Queen Wilhelmina's government could not gracefully permit the Allies to dictate the limitations of exports to Germany, nor could it afford deliberately to ignore the wishes of Great Britain and France.

The formation of the "Not," as it is termed, or Netherlands Overseas Trust, gave Holland an excuse for withholding supplies from Germany. The origin of this trust, the creation of which was undoubtedly one of the best strategical moves of the war, is clearly traceable to Allied sources. Under its provisions Dutch merchants are permitted to import practically unlimited quantities of foodstuffs, but reëxportation of the latter is not countenanced. The customs officials on the Dutch-German border are zealous in ferreting out infractions of the law, and the writer was recently informed in Holland—by a German sympathizer—that all travelers to Germany are subjected to personal search, and that any quantity of copper, even copper coins, must be left on the Dutch side, and that sandwiches containing meat may not be taken out of Holland even in a private lunch basket. I was unable to verify this statement by personal experience.

The situation is fairly comfortable for everyone except Germany, which is tantalized by the horn of plenty just across the western border. The German Government has expressed its displeasure to some extent by holding up shipments of phosphates and manufactures desired by Holland.

The Dutch Government recently announced a partial removal of the embargo on butter for eight days, during which time fifty per cent of the amount on hand might be exported. I attempted to buy a small quantity of butter in Holland for consignment to American friends in Germany, but ran against the usual joker, discovering that only certain specified dealers were allowed to export the commodity and with the special consent of the government. That this consent is difficult to procure is clear. This is one way of doing a thing without doing it.

Smuggling is, of course, frequent, but not to the extent one might infer. The temper of the Dutch working and middle classes, who have been living in constant intercourse with the thousands of Belgian refugees still in Holland, unquestionably exerts great influence and causes would-be exporters to be less willing to run the risk of detection for the sake of assisting Germany.

Well Soaped and Seasoned

From Denmark Germany expects and receives but little assistance, so far as I could learn. The relations of the two countries since the transfer of Schleswig-Holstein have not been conducive to brotherly love. Nor has Norway shown a pronounced desire to incur the enmity of the Allies. German vessels make not infrequent trips to Sweden, and although the cargoes they bring home do not usually overstep the iron-bound export regulations, small contributions are thankfully received.

When war was first declared the whole country brought out the old stocking and dived headlong into an inconsistent and wild buying bee. The one idea was to buy something, to buy anything, and as much of it as possible. All wanted reserve stock on hand for the hard times they knew were coming. I know personally of one man who bought thirty pounds of salt, several boxes of soap, and enough common pepper to make the German Army sneeze its way clear to the Suez Canal and back with stop-overs of two months for side trips down the Mediterranean and points east. He imagined he had provided lavishly for his family's welfare. In one city this buying resulted in a shortage of salt within two weeks after the war opened, and this commodity, of which Germany has unlimited supplies, jumped to thirteen cents a pound. Unscrupulous merchants took advantage of the public frenzy until sanity returned, and the price dropped back to twelve pfennigs, or about three cents.

The use of bread cards and official regulation of bakeries have proved one of the shrewdest and most farsighted moves the Imperial Government has made. No bakery, except in filling government contracts, may do night baking; fresh bread may not be sold. All doughs must be prepared according to prescribed formula. No pure white flour may be used except from privately owned small stocks received from abroad under specified conditions. Potato meal is a principal ingredient; rye and Graham flour are extensively used. The regular *Kriegsbrot*, or war bread, is an unappetizing, soggy, dark-gray composition, so moist it is difficult to digest. It is cheaper than other breads and its chief recommendation is durability—people eat less of it because they are never able to get riotously enthusiastic over it. This war bread has been responsible for small epidemics of indigestion, heartburn and general debility. Everywhere one goes, in the railroad stations, in street cars, in stores, one sees such signs as: "Eat war bread and help our brave soldiers to win"; "Every person who eats war bread is fulfilling a duty to the Fatherland."

The problem of feeding prisoners of war is vital. Great Britain has such a poor idea of the Teutonic system of feeding that her subjects have been sending five thousand loaves of bread to Germany daily for consumption by British prisoners.

Wartime Humor in Germany

In one of the prisoners' camps that I visited I learned of a peculiar case. At this camp only Russians were imprisoned. One evening as the Russians, heavily guarded, were returning from a day's work on the barren moorlands, one of the prisoners, a huge, healthy-appearing man, threw up his arms suddenly and fell over dead. A cursory examination of the body failed to disclose the cause of death and camp surgeons decided to hold a *post mortem*. One of the doctors told me afterward that when the Russian's stomach was removed it was found to contain the undigested heads of sixteen herrings, which the man had evidently found in the waste from the kitchen and had literally devoured whole.

At the same camp, a few days later, a second prisoner died from the effects of eating poisonous roots he had found on the moor. Whether the unusually hungry condition of these two men was due to the slenderness of their diet before or after being taken prisoners I could not say; but I know that the incidents, which were widely published, made the German people more ready to believe the story of the soldier who said that in the thick of a fight with the Russians it was only necessary for the Germans to throw a few loaves of bread into the ranks of the enemy to get them to drop their arms and scramble for the food, after which they were easily taken prisoners. Photographs of whole companies of Russians voluntarily surrendering in exchange for provisions are common in Germany, as are pictures of tender-hearted German soldiers doling out generous quantities of rations to inhabitants of conquered districts; but many of the scenes are so obviously posed they are a severe tax on one's credulity.

German humorists have found excellent material in cartooning the bread cards. "Give me your bread card or your life!" was popular. Ferocious bandits were pictured as relinquishing fortunes in gold and jewels in order to steal bread cards; cautious heads of families were depicted as mounting guard at night over the safe in which reposed the family tickets. Dinner invitations, instead of "R. S. V. P.," bore the legend: "Please bring your own bread."

The scarcity of fodder is serious enough to make the supply on hand almost prohibitively dear. At any cost the cavalry and artillery horses at the front must be well fed, and civilian-owned equines have to take what they can get. Most of the best animals have been requisitioned by the government, and in the city streets one sees so many bony, spavined, tired animals that a really good horse is a thing of unusual interest. The stay-at-home animals are poorly nourished, and it is not uncommon to see some wornout, ill-fed cab horse collapse in the street, his driver standing solemnly by while the nearest policeman holds up traffic long enough to see whether the animal can regain its legs or has to be carried away feet foremost.

The lack of grains for feeding brought about a peculiar situation in the first months of the war. Small farmers, with a view to economy in feeding, began a wholesale slaughter of swine, with the result that the market was flooded with fresh pork for a brief period. The municipal authorities at once placed restrictions on the killing. The pork was either placed in cold storage or made up into *Dauerwaaren* and sausages. Fresh meats of all kinds are very dear in comparison with normal times, while bologna, formerly costing twenty-five and

thirty cents a pound, in some districts costs seventy-five and eighty cents. This is a genuine hardship for the working people, who depend for at least two of the daily meals upon bread and bologna. On the meager wages which many laborers are getting as a result of little employment and general cutting of expenses on the part of employers, meat is a luxury they enjoy infrequently. In many cities municipal authorities are relieving the situation by purchasing limited quantities of meat at wholesale and selling them to the public at cost. The meat so bought is not always of the best quality and may be purchased only by those who have secured tickets in advance. These sales, however, are eagerly awaited and always crowded.

Municipal fruit and vegetable booths have been introduced advantageously, made possible by the plentiful harvest this year. In fertile South Germany the apple crop is unusually good, and along the wonderful valley of the Rhine grapes and hops are abundant. For the latter the people singly and collectively give thanks, for all over the country the price of beer has been greatly advanced, which came close to touching the Germans right where they live. It is traditional that the Bavarian troops especially, almost the hardest fighters in the German Army, would not relinquish their national beverage without a struggle. If they should have to dispense entirely with beer, the Germans say, and become really angry, the Allies' cause would be doomed.

Since Italy's entrance into the war the commonest of fruits, the banana, has disappeared. In a recent trip, including five of the most important cities in Germany as well as many less notable, I was unable to procure a single specimen of the fruit. Some American apples and oranges are still to be obtained, but at prices that make patriotism expensive.

Utilization of prisoners of war to work the farms and to transform the dreary moorlands into tillable acres is being carried out methodically. Particularly the Russians are "loaned" to farmers needing assistance. They are also made to build irrigation systems through barren country. The prisoners do not appear to be overworked, and the employment serves to prevent them from brooding and distracts their thoughts from the loved ones at home—or so the Germans declare. One has no opportunity to hear what the Russians say as they rake the meadows sweet with hay.

The effective system of supplying troops at the front is well known, and although during the progress of a long battle it is sometimes impossible to get sufficient rations to the men in the foremost trenches, this is a difficulty the overcoming of which would require something more omnipotent than mere man. The food served the men in the interior garrisons is not always the most desirable. The feeding, as a rule, is in the hands of private concerns holding government contracts, and it is perhaps but natural that the quality of the food should bear at least a distant relation to the amount of dividends the contractor decides to share with himself. In some garrisons the food is sufficient, but to others a dollar-and-a-half boarding house would be preferable. During the period of instruction for recruits, usually about three months, I have known of many cases in which men from average homes had unusual difficulty in accustoming themselves to the fare. But they all do it finally—the government requests, expects and enforces it. One circumstance which makes the situation more endurable for men of family is the fact that they are permitted to receive as many packages of provisions from relatives as the latter desire to send. Probably the government counts this as an asset, for postal regulations have been changed materially to admit of easier communication between soldier and family. Letters up to fifty grams in weight are transported gratis, and packages of food and clothing not exceeding certain limits are sent at reduced rates.

In nearly all hospitals the food is fairly good, although in those just behind the front there is sometimes much to be desired. The wounded are sure of at least one substantial meal a day, and the only complaints I ever heard were regarding the shortage of bread. Even this condition is being alleviated, now that the new wheat crop is harvested.

Where the German sword carves the way the German plow is sure to follow. Likewise the ambulance and muffled drums—which is beside the question. Where the Teutons have come into possession of territories in Belgium, France and Russia they have immediately started in to do farm work, particularly harvesting the crops so kindly started by absentee landlords. Sometimes the crops were already in the barn, but even then the Germans have gone out of their way to lend a hand. The quantities of grain, fruits and vegetables which have been exported to and imported into Germany by the Germans themselves have been of great help in easing the situation.

If the war lasts long enough Germany may not be starved out, for she understands, perhaps better than any other country in the world, the art of making every product reproductive, and cultivates every resource to the utmost; but she may be so seriously embarrassed that she will become almost amenable to reason when the final peace terms are concluded.

OUT-OF-DOORS

You Walk; How About It?

A GRUESOME ignorance of human anatomy is often shown by artists who depict scenes of violence. In Wild West illustrations and in war pictures the artist will usually show a mortally wounded man as falling backward. As a matter of fact, a man mortally smitten always falls forward. The first thing he did when he began to walk and the last thing when he ceased to walk were to fall forward. All walking—indeed, all life—is but a perpetual falling forward. We have been falling ever since the time of Eden.

It is a matter of fact that man is a very badly made animal. Mechanically he is all wrong, as any tailor will make plain to you. Where he ought to be thin in the flank, like any other animal, he grows thicker as he grows older, which ought not to be. This is because he used to go on all fours, like any other quadruped. His body was built for that and since that time has never been adjusted to any other posture. Set him upright on his two hind feet instead of all four and he becomes disarranged by the unvarying force of gravity. Hence, he does not remain so healthy as other animals—he has never recovered from the mistake he made when he began to use two feet instead of four. From that time on he has walked rather badly.

In military science the human walk is most important and has been studied very carefully. This study has not resulted in the development of the perfect walk—indeed, perhaps that was not its main purpose. The main desire of discipline is to wipe out the individual—his customs, his tendencies, his habits—and to make all men alike.

The best walkers in the European armies, to my own notion, are either the French Chasseurs Alpins or the Italian Bersaglieri. They have a very long marching step and cover ground rapidly. They are smart walkers because of the extreme rapidity of their steps.

How long they would last, how long they could maintain that rapid tempo, is something I cannot answer.

The heavy-booted and heavy-loaded German soldier can do thirty miles a day under full equipment, which may weigh sixty pounds—that is to say, he can do it for one day, perhaps two or three. Whether he could do it for a week is very doubtful. A pack of thirty pounds is more than the average man is apt to carry all day, unless he is obliged to. A trained woods cruiser will carry eighty pounds in his pack rather steadily; but he does not average thirty miles a day in his walking.

Overload a man, extend him to his limit, make him step a little longer than is natural for him to stride, pull his muscles all out of balance, strain him against himself—and

"I'll give them the best!"

"I'll be Santa Claus tonight.
And everywhere I go
I'll leave this nourishing delight—
The finest gift I know!"

And *he comes every day.*

This merry little Santa Claus is always ready to bring you

Campbell's Tomato Soup

He carries on his capable shoulders all the burden and bother of soup-making, while you get only the enjoyment and satisfaction.

Why not have the full benefit of all this? Why not order this wholesome soup by the dozen at least, and have it always at hand?

You can't have it too often. It will do your family good every time they eat it. It improves their digestion, adds to their pleasure, promotes their health and vitality.

Why not phone or send to your grocer for a dozen right now?

21 kinds **10c a can**

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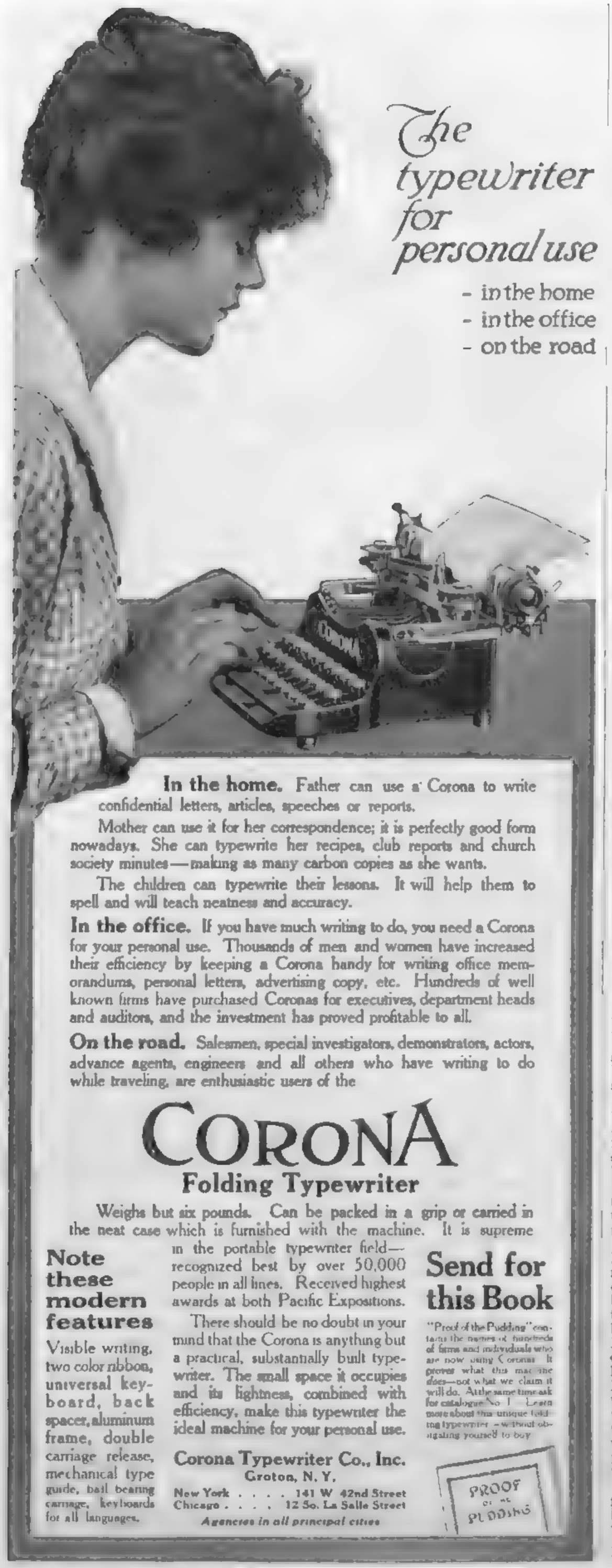
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



In the home. Father can use a Corona to write confidential letters, articles, speeches or reports.

Mother can use it for her correspondence; it is perfectly good form nowadays. She can typewrite her recipes, club reports and church society minutes—making as many carbon copies as she wants.

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Weighs but six pounds. Can be packed in a grip or carried in the neat case which is furnished with the machine. It is supreme in the portable typewriter field—recognized best by over 50,000 people in all lines. Received highest awards at both Pacific Expositions.

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Visible writing, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, back spacer, aluminum frame, double carriage release, mechanical type guide, ball bearing carriage, keyboards for all languages.

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"Proof of the Pudding" contains the names of hundreds of firms and individuals who are now using Coronas. It proves what this machine does—not what we claim it will do. At the same time ask for catalogue No. 1. Learn more about this unique folding typewriter—without obligating yourself to buy.

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Agencies in all principal cities

in a week you will have a wreck instead of a man. Never—unless you are a soldier—allow yourself to be crowded out of your natural gait by any foolish pride about keeping up. Let the pacemakers go—they will come back in a week.

In actual outdoor walking, in sport or recreation, a vigorous man can travel thirty or even forty miles a day in good going and in a good climate for a limited time. Carrying gun and ammunition, a sportsman rarely walks so far as that in a day. On the Western high plains a horse or man can cover more distance than in the Middle or Eastern States. On the high prairies men have walked from forty to forty-five miles a day—for one day at a time. A trained pedestrian, traveling light, can rather steadily accomplish thirty miles a day. In the Rockies a man has traveled fifty miles a day on snowshoes. In the far Northern countries some of the dog runners, half-breeds, have made wonderful journeys—sixty, seventy-five and even eighty miles a day.

We may perhaps subtract a certain percentage from these distances to cover exaggerations; in fact, nearly all men think they have gone farther than they have at the end of a day's march. I have known a pedometer, carried in my packet while on a quail hunt, to record thirty-five miles in a day. Usually a sportsman does not go more than half that far.

The woodsman who lives in a country where it is impossible to use horses learns how to walk fast and far, because he must. His gait is one that troubles a city man to follow. He can do from four to four and a half miles rather steadily. We all think we can do that; but really three miles an hour is about as fast as the average man walks, and he is apt to take time out while he sits down and rests. The city man is trained to walk on flat surfaces. In the woods his guide will tell him that he "cannot get his feet up" over the logs and sticks. A professional pedestrian can cover six miles an hour in trackwork. All these distances, however, are out of the question for the average amateur worker under average outdoor conditions.

Our ordinary impression in taking physical exercise is that we should hold the shoulders back and push out the chest. If you will go to a really skillful physical director he will teach you to do nothing of the sort, but will teach you to stand with your shoulders dropping naturally, as you breathe and as you walk. No really good walker squares his shoulders back and puffs out his chest so that he looks like the pictures in the fashion plates. The stick and the top hat go well with the long strut and the outturned toe. None of these specifications is desirable in the actual business of walking out-of-doors.

Barclay's Slouching Walk

The first man to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours was an Englishman named Captain Barclay. He had to walk his mile and take his eating and sleeping in snatches. Barclay walked with a loose, low leg position, his knees bent and his ankles slouching. He relieved himself from all the pounding possible. His heels did not take the blow of his weight as he continued mile after mile, hour after hour. He knew that in this long trial he must remove all strain, so far as possible; but Barclay's walk was by no means what is called the typical English walk. He did not stride along, reaching as far as he could. On the contrary, he rather slouched along—but he finished his walk.

Who are the best walkers in the world? I presume we could get the answer by research among some of the Northern Indians or half-breeds on this continent. The best runners in the world are a Mexican tribe of Indians; but the best walkers I have ever known have been these Northern Indians or half-breeds. If you will watch one of those men you will see that he travels loosely, easily, with a catlike sort of gait. If you hear him, moccasined, coming over the leaves you will think his feet patter like those of a wild animal. So they do. The word patter leads us back to the French word *patte*, which means paw or pad. And your wild man walks with the pads of his feet, whereas the city man uses his heels.

A great many of those Indians would be good long-distance pedestrians. Any of the latter gentry will tell you that you must not walk with your knees but with your hips. If you try to keep pace with a professional walker you will see that he steps continually an inch or two farther than you do, though you stretch your legs as far as you can. The truth is he walks with a little sidewise roll of the hips, sliding and swinging; and this sidewise slipping of the hips allows him to extend his foot easily an inch or two farther than you can if you keep the plane of your hips at right angles to the course of your progress. It is difficult to learn this, but all scientific walkers have learned it. With some men it is natural. I think it is more or less natural with many men of the Northern woods tribes.

Sometimes you will see this sort of gait surviving in a bunch of infantrymen. I was once looking through a window at a parade of American troops in one of our large cities, in common with an Englishwoman, who had nothing but contemptuous comment for our amateur soldier boys as they slouched by, their rifles not all at the same angle and some of them not keeping step any too well.

"You call those soldiers?" exclaimed she. "They surely do not look the part."

They were not soldiers in one sense of the word, because they were only National Guardsmen; but not all of them had forgotten how to walk. Among them you could see some easy walkers, as well as a great many others who were pounding and striding and laboring as they went along.

Suppose you look at the unending procession of walkers on the city streets. Not many of them walk well. This is partly on account of their being so tightly shod. It is a wonder that women can walk at all—no man could if his feet were crowded into such shoes as theirs. Sometimes women make very good walkers when properly shod; but, taking men and women together, the city proposition is one of bad walkers.

The Thirty-Inch Pace

Examine the shoes of the average city walkers and you will find them worn down at one corner. Very likely you would find the ball of the shoe little worn, if any. Ergo, you would not call that walk a patter by any means. And if you look at the faces of these walkers you will find that they are anxious, strained. The stress of civilization itself is against good walking. Most of these men step too far—they hurry too much—they crowd and strain—they pound their feet to pieces with their own weight.

Once in a while you will find among them the self-satisfied man, who is not hurried, but entirely content with himself. Such a man will step long—deliberately do so. Put forty pounds on his back and give him a week of it in the woods, and he would shorten up a great deal.

On the other hand, some men have too short and choppy a gait as they walk. There is—or ought to be—some sort of average length of human step. Your own stride, if you be not in the army, may be perhaps thirty inches. Again, it may be twenty-five inches or less—less as you grow older. The American marching step of the Civil War was twenty-eight inches. Usually when you pace off a distance, for want of better measurement, you think you are stepping thirty-six inches at each stride. Probably you will be obliged to reach considerably to do that.

If you wish to stake out the side of a mining claim or get at any other outdoor distance exactly, when you have no other means of measuring, you will find, if you are an average man, that you will step just about five feet in each two paces if you exert yourself just a trifle more than is normal. That means you are stepping at each pace half of sixty inches, or thirty inches. This is just a little overstepping for the average city man.

Wilderness men and mountain men perhaps average slightly more than this distance. The original American type was a rather thin, lanky chap—climate, environment, food and one thing or another made him so. He was a sinewy sort of man, loose of build; hence he walked well, stepped long. But there is no such thing as the American type to-day. Moreover, there are few good American walkers to-day.

It is rather banal to say that walking is good exercise, because everybody knows that so well—or thinks he knows. But is it? Relatively speaking it surely is, since it is so much better than no exercise at all, and since it is universal and natural. Positively speaking, however, there might be many better things for the converted quadruped, man. Walking does not harden up those abdominal muscles that alone can

keep in shape man, the biped—those muscles he inherited from his ancient quadruped position. For the purpose of health—not to mention the demands of personal pulchritude—horseback riding is much better for a man than walking. Sawing wood is perhaps better than either. Swimming helps some.

In good walking—that is to say, loose and relaxed use of the muscles as the weight recurrently falls forward—we are not using those difficult abdominal muscles; but walking is the exercise usually prescribed by doctors, and usually self-prescribed, because it is the everpresent and natural exercise of the human animal. We always have been walking. We first began to walk away from the cave in order to get something to eat. We have been walking ever since.

There are some walking clubs—or hiking clubs, as they are sometimes called—which private persons join for the pleasure of pedestrianism. The other day, when in search of the last of the official army shoe for the purpose of having some hunting boots made, I saw a row of natty-looking tan boots which the salesman pressed on one for hiking purposes.

"Are those made on the army last?" I asked the salesman.

"Oh, yes, sir," he replied.

As a matter of fact those shoes were not within a thousand miles of the United States Army shoe. They were neat and probably quite easy to sell. The soles of all of them were narrow. Without exception, the inner edge turned in at the front. Without exception, it would have been impossible for any of them to have been worn on a normal human foot.

I took pains to reprove that salesman and to teach him what I could of the doctrine of the United States Army—which is, that a normal shoe makes a normal foot, and a normal foot makes a good soldier. He sold shoes; but he knew little about his own business.

The doctrine of the United States Army shoe has been spreading like wildfire all across the country. The wise sporting-boot maker might well put his ear to the ground. Light, good calf—few hobnails—no waterproofing—no bellows tongue—what sporting-boot maker will put that hunting boot on the market? It would soon supplant a lot of the goods now sold to tenderfeet as hunting boots. Also, it would make the best of street shoes.

How the Indians Walk

The sole of an intelligently made boot will somewhat resemble that of the parfleche or rawhide sole of the moccasin of the old Plains Tribes. It is slightly curved on the inside, and on the outer side swings round in a wide curve, which allows all the toes to lie perfectly flat—gives the foot room to lengthen its due half inch every day. The man or woman who wishes to walk comfortably should keep this type of shoe in mind. It is by no means a clumsy or ill-looking model.

To-morrow morning or next Saturday evening, when you are in your bathroom, step your wet foot on the mat and note the curve; then put your wet bootsole on the mat alongside and compare the two prints. Are they the same shape? Is the thin, connecting middle line of the mark almost no mark at all? Good instep. Is the middle of the print wide and full? Flat foot. Are the toes pointed like a wedge? Bad foot—and needing a long, wide shoe.

When buying your shoes make a tracing of your foot. Have the shoe three-quarters of an inch longer than the picture of your foot. Have your last number wide enough. Have two pairs of stockings on when you fit the shoe—and whenever you have a long walk ahead. The heel should be medium low and long—that is, well forward, so that it will catch the line of the center of gravity, which runs down below the round end of your shin bone. A short heel or a high heel will allow that line of gravity to come over the arch. That is why so many women have deformed feet. It is a shame, too; for an undeformed woman is rather an attractive object, whereas a mincing, hobbling woman is a sight and a fright.

At the beginning of the day your smart walker, who advances flat-backed and chin up, his feet at a wide angle, his heels pounding down positively, makes a very eye-filling picture perhaps. At half past four in the afternoon he does not fill the eye so well. By that time he is using an entirely different gait; in fact, he is feeling about, searching round, for the natural gait of the walking animal. Probably now he does not walk in a straight line, but zigzags. Soon he will take to drinking cold water at every chance he gets. Then he is gone; for nothing shows a man up more on a march than drinking cold water—especially in the winter.

I remember a very beautiful picture from my own boyhood days. I used to hunt and trap along a certain grassy river bottom, a mile or so in extent; and it was there that I learned something about walking as a real art—or rather as a real industry, perhaps. In those days the Musquakie Indians sometimes came to that river to hunt and trap and fish. I remember seeing them walking in little parties, single file sometimes, dressed in leggings and moccasins. They walked along in silence, in perfect alignment, so rapidly, softly and easily that I remember the picture even to-day.

I recall that they were thin-legged men, almost all of them, and that they walked with the toe not turned out, but turned straight ahead or slightly in. In pictures—and in the military drill—men do not walk with the toes turned in. These Indians did so because they had learned that was the easiest way to get through tangled grass. And that is the natural position of the Indian foot to-day—either straight ahead or slightly turned in.

How Nature Makes Good Walkers

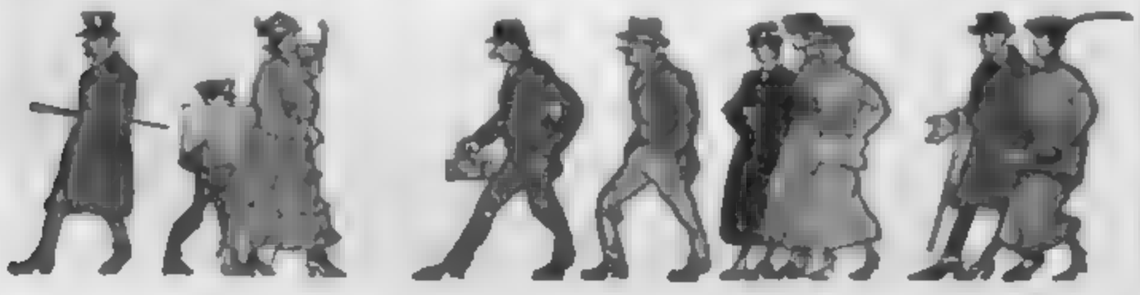
You will find at the end of two or three months in the open, where you have walked a great deal, that you are walking more and more on the ball of your foot, and that you are toeing in more and more all the time—that is, more and more you are using the row of short bones on the outer edge of your foot, and not walking diagonally across your foot. Nature is slowly and insistently trying to make a walker out of you. Your city life does all it can to ruin you as a walker.

If you wish to pick out in the procession of the city streets a man who seems a good walker, look for one with a rather rolling stride, who seems to slip along easily. If you walk behind this man for a time, watching him, you will probably see that he is not a thick-legged man—and very probably not a thick-waisted man, either. His toes will not turn out very far and he will not pound his heel down in tempo far in advance of the ball of his foot.

Watch your own walk, and very likely you will find that you are pounding your heels. Your worn shoeheels will prove that. But this man, who slips along through the crowd, slouching and easily, getting a little ankle action as he goes, showing a strongly bending foot as he steps up from pavement to curb once in a while—this man in some way probably has learned or else never has forgotten the art of natural walking.

On a rainy morning in Chicago not long ago, fourteen thousand street-car employees walked out. As a result, fourteen hundred thousand Chicago citizens walked in. Among these were a great many who had not walked for some time, a number who never could walk, and an additional number who had forgotten how to walk. About the second day they exchanged jiu-jitsu for jitney.

On the whole, the episode served to disclose the truth that not very many city people to-day are entitled to be called good walkers. The poor, high-heeled women suffered terribly, and many a man found ten miles a day an ordeal of sore feet and aching legs.



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The fountain pen has come to be an earmark of the progressive, efficient man who wants a writing instrument always at hand, always ready.

Think, too, of the unique fitness of the fountain pen as a gift because of its personal character, its close everyday association with the user.

It's a *perfect* gift for man or woman, boy or girl.

Of course, the fountain pen to give is

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

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It is the pen that you know will last because it is the original self-filler—*the only one proven by 18 years' use and over a million satisfied users.*

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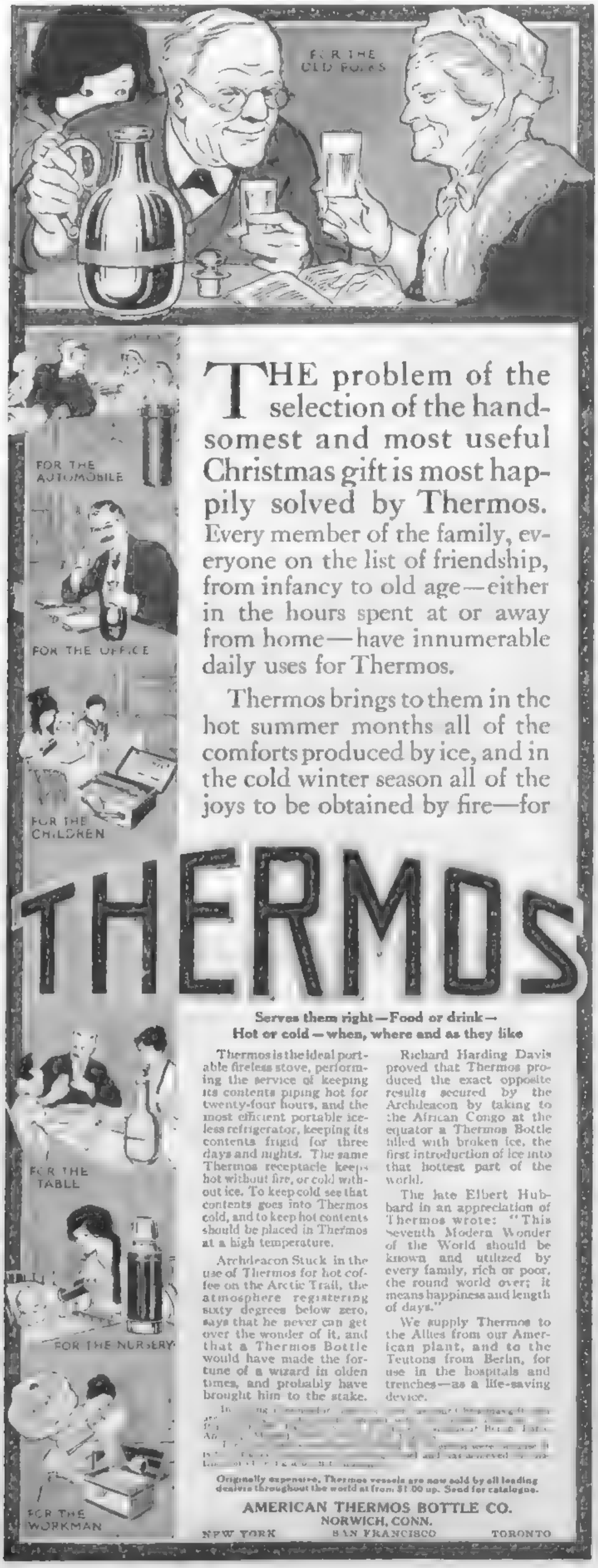

THE problem of the selection of the handsomest and most useful Christmas gift is most happily solved by Thermos.

Every member of the family, everyone on the list of friendship, from infancy to old age—either in the hours spent at or away from home—have innumerable daily uses for Thermos.

Thermos brings to them in the hot summer months all of the comforts produced by ice, and in the cold winter season all of the joys to be obtained by fire—for

THERMOS

Serves them right—Food or drink—
Hot or cold—when, where and as they like

Thermos is the ideal portable fireless stove, performing the service of keeping its contents piping hot for twenty-four hours, and the most efficient portable iceless refrigerator, keeping its contents frigid for three days and nights. The same Thermos receptacle keeps hot without fire, or cold without ice. To keep cold see that contents goes into Thermos cold, and to keep hot contents should be placed in Thermos at a high temperature.

Archdeacon Stuck in the use of Thermos for hot coffee on the Arctic Trail, the atmosphere registering sixty degrees below zero, says that he never can get over the wonder of it, and that a Thermos Bottle would have made the fortune of a wizard in olden times, and probably have brought him to the stake.

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The late Elbert Hubbard in an appreciation of Thermos wrote: "This seventh Modern Wonder of the World should be known and utilized by every family, rich or poor, the round world over; it means happiness and length of days."

We supply Thermos to the Allies from our American plant, and to the Teutons from Berlin, for use in the hospitals and trenches—as a life-saving device.

Originally expensive, Thermos vessels are now sold by all leading dealers throughout the world at from $1.00 up. Send for catalogue.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
NORWICH, CONN.
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THE MACHINEONIAN CRY

(Concluded from Page 9)

that is what they say. I did observe, however, in certain of the newspapers in New England, remarks to the broad, general effect that it will be quite impossible to nominate a former banker and broker—especially broker—for President on any ticket except that of the American Bankers' Association; remarks which were ascribed to the jealousy of certain financial interests not in the Weeks group of former days. However, Mr. Weeks is undeterred by this, and is making throughout the country as much of a whirlwind campaign as so imposing and dignified a personage may make, and he is creating an excellent impression. It is quite reasonable to suppose that he will have a good support from New England in the convention.

One interesting item of Eastern political information is that former President Taft is making preparations to go to the convention as a delegate at large from Connecticut. I do not make this statement on the authority of Mr. Taft. I heard it variously in New England, and there seems to be no reason why it should not be so. Mr. Taft certainly must have a keen desire to meet the delegates from Utah and Vermont, representing, as they do, his two loyal constituencies of 1912. Furthermore, it may be that this ambition on the part of Mr. Taft may lead to Mr. Roosevelt's trying the same thing from New York, even as district delegate perhaps. This would add a certain piquancy to the occasion, the more so because along early in November Mr. Taft publicly gave Mr. Root a very good recommendation, thereby stealing a little of Mr. Roosevelt's thunder, if he still is thundering that way, and likewise making quite pointed what I have said about all the Old Guard having Mr. Root as the tip.

And speaking of Mr. Roosevelt, the Progressive Party naturally comes to mind. The recent election in Massachusetts is held by many to indicate that over there the Progressive Party is rapidly ceasing to exist. At any rate, Mr. Charles Sumner Bird, who chirruped valiantly in years gone past as the boss of the Massachusetts Progressive aviary, hopped back to a twig on the parent tree in this campaign, and the Progressives, as such, didn't do much. Mr. Samuel W. McCall was elected governor, thereby defeating Governor Walsh, a Democrat, and giving the Republicans a chance to exclaim that Massachusetts has returned to her own again, while the Democrats sturdily held it meant nothing nationally, inasmuch as Mr. Walsh received more votes than he did the year before. Likewise, this election of Mr. McCall caused certain people to think he thereby became a presidential possibility. It may be so. Mr. McCall has had a large experience of candidacy for public office, and has been on the pay roll for many years. He is what may be termed a peripheral Progressive—all round the outside.

The Bulwark of the Progressives

In the East the Progressives are not displaying any particular activity, although Mr. Victor Murdock, before he left for the trenches in France, said that the party would hold a convention and nominate candidates next year. So far as has been publicly announced up to the time of writing, Mr. Roosevelt has maintained a discreet silence on this matter, and the bulwark of the party remaining appears to be George W. Perkins. It does not seem to be time as yet for Mr. Roosevelt to say anything on this candidate phase of the situation, although he may break out at any moment. Still, until the Progressives show something their silence must be construed as strategic.

There is no opposition, that I could discover, to the renomination of President Wilson. That is considered as a settled thing. Thus, all the politics of a Democratic sort and a presidential sort concern not the man but his policies and performances. So far as many of the determining factors in politics go, the President has had an unusual up-and-down shift in the East. He was rather coldly regarded when he took office, but came into high favor after the war began. He continued in high favor until quite recently, when a sort of slump—psychological perhaps—was observed in his popularity. He is strong, and will continue strong so long as the war holds. If there had been no war he would be fighting now for his very political existence, for the East, considering him in the view of many of his domestic policies and remembering the business depression that followed his tariff bill, would be actively against instead of passively for him. By this I mean the political East and the business East, not the people, for I have been unable to discover any serious waning of the President's strength with the people.

The assumption among the well informed is that if the President should, or could, run at this time he would be elected handsomely, notwithstanding the claims of the Republicans, predicated on the Congressional elections of 1914 and on some scattering events this year. Where the President's trouble will come, if he has any trouble, will be in the Congress that is now assembled. His fortunes will largely depend on what he is able to get this Congress to do, for though he will be given credit for any successes he may have in forcing through his program, he likewise will take on the discredit that will come to his party should Congress operate in a manner not in accord with the popular idea.

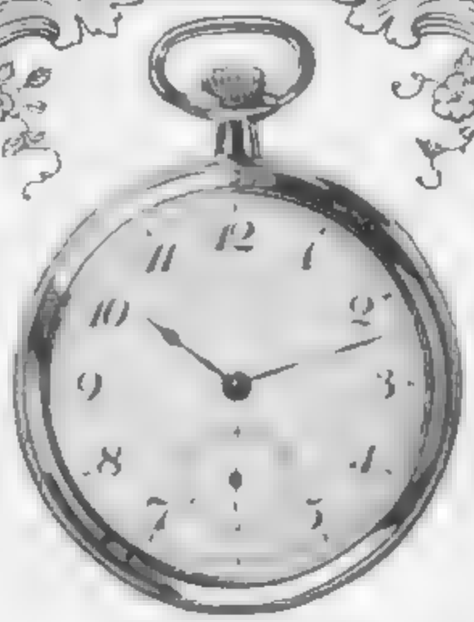
The Outlook for Mr. Wilson

Past performances will count for little. The war has intensified issues that will play a great part in our next presidential campaign. The President is preparing for these issues shrewdly and with much forethought. However, he has a Congress with a narrow margin of majority on his hands, and he will have active opposition, which he has not heretofore had. He will be in much better case if the war continues than if it stops. In reality, if he wins he will win personally, and if he loses he will lose because of the failures of his party. The Democracy will give him no strength. He will give the Democracy strength.

There was great joy among the Republicans over the reported dissension of Mr. Bryan, and stories were circulated that Mr. Bryan intends to be an active worker against the President, not only on the preparedness issue but by opposing his nomination and fighting his election, and possibly by running himself as a candidate of the Prohibitionists and the women. It has been reported that Mr. Bryan, or friends of Mr. Bryan, using national prohibition as their medium, are already trying for delegates in the South. Mr. Bryan rather put a damper on all this by his statement before he left for Florida in the middle of November, but the Republicans still have hope that there will be a Democratic split greater than the one that will come in Congress over preparedness and allied issues, if that amounts to anything. It is recognized that, as things are at present, Mr. Wilson will have no opponent in the convention. He will be nominated. If he achieves a popular measure of preparedness in the Congress he will have gone a long way toward election.

New York occupies a particularly important place in this situation, and Tammany New York at that, for Tammany Hall controls enough members of the House of Representatives to defeat any presidential proposition, even if all the rest of the Democratic members voted for it, and provided the Republicans are solidly against it. To that end it is possible that the President, as has already been shown, will try very hard to keep his preparedness program on a nonpartisan basis while it is in course of construction. Of course if he carries it it will be his, no matter how it was obtained. And in that connection, too, it will be interesting to watch his appointment of a postmaster in New York City, where he will have a chance to show his regard for Tammany, if he chooses, early in December, when the term of the present Republican incumbent expires.

The politics that is now being played is mere piffle to the politics that will be played when Congress gets into its swing, beginning after the Christmas vacation, say. It is quite likely that the next President of the United States will be made during that session. It may be that the good, strong man the Republicans are seeking so earnestly will develop; but, in the meantime, if any citizen has a good, strong man concealed about his person, or secluded in a cave, or in the high grass, that citizen will confer a lasting favor on all concerned if he will produce him. The need is very great.



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THE FAMILY FRIEND

(Continued from Page 6)

another cross in the catalogue and went on, with the light shining on his red hair and his soul clearly as uplifted as his chin.

"You needn't worry about Henry," I said. "He's a friend of the family, and I'll just call him up and tell him not to say anything."

"I used to think he was fond of you."

"That's all over," I said casually. "It was just one of the things that comes and goes. Like this little—acquaintance of ours."

"What you mean, goes?" he demanded almost fiercely.

"They always do, don't they? Awfully pleasant things don't last. And we can't go on meeting indefinitely. Someone will tell father, and then where will I be?"

That was a wrong move about father.

"That reminds me," he said. "Are you sure your father dislikes me such a lot?"

"Don't let's talk about it," I said, and closed my eyes.

"Because I met him to-day, and he nearly fell on my neck and hugged me."

Can you beat that? I was stunned.

"The more he detests people," I managed finally, "the more polite he is."

Then I took off my gloves and fell to rubbing the fingers of my left hand. And he moved round and put it in the other coat pocket without a word, with his hand over it, and the danger was past—for the time anyhow.

Mother came round that evening about the elopement.

"Perhaps you are right, Katherine," she said. "A lot of people will send things when the announcement cards go out. And Russell can afford to buy you anything you want anyhow."

Madge was a nuisance all that week. She was always at the telephone first when it rang, and I did not like her tone when she said it was Herschenrother again. Once I could have sworn that I saw her following me, but she ducked into a shop when I turned round.

She had transferred her affections to Henry, and he took her to a cotillon or two for the school set, and played round with the youngsters generally, and showed her a sweet time, as she said.

But once when mother and I had been shut in my room, going over my clothes and making notes of what I would take with me, if the thing came to an elopement—I was pretty sure by that time, and we planned a sort of week-end outfit without riding things—I opened the door suddenly, and Madge was just outside.

Well, we got her back to school finally, and Henry took her to the train. I remember mother's watching them as they got into the car together.

"That wouldn't be so bad for Madge," she said reflectively. "She is bound to marry badly anyhow, and Henry would be a good counterweight. He is so dependable."

"She would make him most unhappy," I said. "Probably Henry would be all right for Madge, but how about Madge for Henry?"

Mother looked at me and said nothing.

Russell proposed at the end of the next week, and I refused. He proposed in a movie. We'd had to give up the Art Gallery because Henry was always taking people through it. He took Toots one afternoon, and that finished us.

There was a little talk that Henry and Toots were getting rather thick. The army man's leave was up, and she had to have somebody. There was probably something to it. We saw them in the park one afternoon sitting on a park bench, and I could have sworn she had her hand in his coat pocket!

Well, I refused Russell.

"Why?" he said. "You're crazy about me, and you know it."

"I'm not going to marry a past," I said. "You'd make me horribly unhappy."

"I'd never bore you, that's one thing."

"No, but you might find me dull."

"Dull! Darling girl, I've never had as interesting a month in my life."

I said nothing. After a minute:

"Do you remember the first night we really met?"

"In the pantry. Yes."

"Do you remember what you said about being cold? And I told you it was a question of the right man?"

I remembered.

"Well, I'm the man," he said triumphantly. "Don't fool yourself—that little hand of yours slips into my coat pocket as if it belonged there. And it does."

He pulled it out and kissed it. Luckily the theater was dark.

Two days later I consented to elope with him. Mother was quite delirious when I told her. She came over and kissed my cheek.

"You've never disappointed me, Kit, never," she said. "If only Madge would do as well."

She sighed.

"Madge will probably marry for love, and be happy," I snapped. It was a silly speech. I haven't an idea why I made it.

"And shabby!" said mother.

I turned on her sharply. The strain of the last month was over, and I dare say I went to pieces

"It's all very well for you to be satisfied," I cried. "You're not going to marry Russell Hill, and have him call you 'girlie,' and see his hat move every time he raises his eyebrows. I am."

She went out very stiffly, and sent her maid in with hot tea.

I was out at a theater party that night, and mother was in my room when I got back.

"I want to talk to you, Katherine," she said. "I've been uneasy all evening."

"If you mean about what I said this afternoon, forget it, mother. I was tired and nervous. I didn't mean it."

"Not that. I don't want any mistake about this elopement. Now and then those things have a way of going wrong—trouble about a license or a minister."

"Send father ahead," I said flippantly.

"Not father. But someone really ought to look after things. Russell is—is not the sort to arrange anything in advance. I thought perhaps Henry ——"

"Henry!"

"He is reliable," said mother. "And he has your well-being at heart. He is more like a brother than a good many brothers I know."

I could scream my head off when I think of it now. For we fixed on Henry, and I telephoned him to come round to dinner. He seemed rather surprised when he heard my voice.

"Honestly, Kit," he said, "do you want me?"

"I want you to do something for me."

"Then I'll come. That's all that's necessary."

But it wasn't as easy as it had promised after all. There's something so downright about Henry. He was standing in front of the library fire after dinner when I told him.

"Henry," I said, "I am going to be married."

He did not say anything at first. Then:

"Well?" he asked.

"Do you know to whom?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you going to say anything?"

"I don't know what I can say," he said very slowly and carefully. "If each of you cares a lot, that's all there is to it, isn't it? The point is, of course, why you are doing it. If it's to cut out somebody else, or to get money or anything like that, I'm not going to wish you happiness, because you won't deserve it. If you're in love with him, that's different."

Did you ever try to tell a lie to a red-headed young man with blue eyes? It's extremely difficult.

"I'm not in love with him, Henry," I said. I was astounded to hear myself saying it.

"Then you're giving him a crooked deal."

"He's not in love with me either. So that's even."

"Then—why ——"

"Because he thinks he can't have me," I said. "I'm marrying him because he's the most marriageable man I know, and I have to marry money. I've been raised for that. And he's marrying me because I'm the only girl whose people didn't fling her at him."

"Then I wish you joy of each other!" he said hoarsely, and slammed out of the room and out of the house.

I haven't the faintest idea what came over me that night. I went upstairs and cried my eyes out.

A few days later, after a round of luncheons, dinners and dances until I was

(Continued on Page 36)

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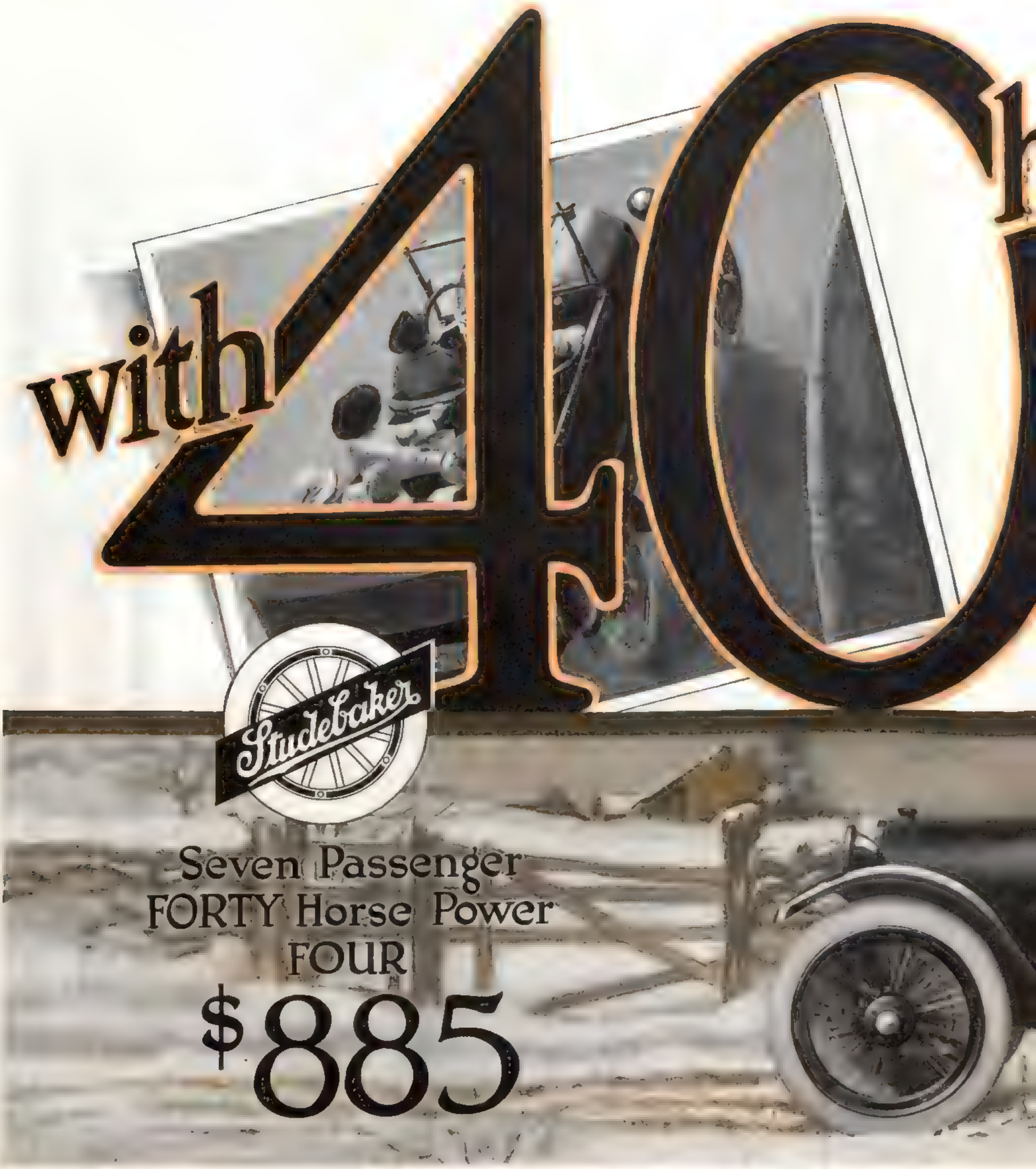
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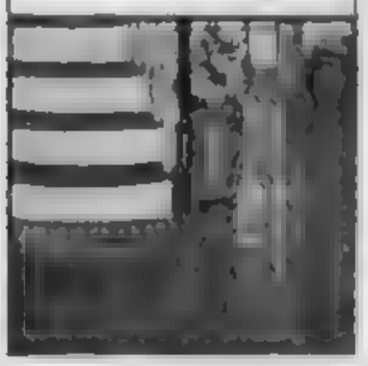

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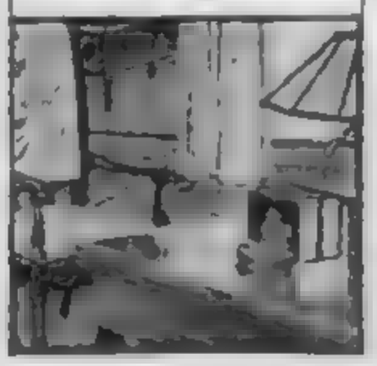

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(Continued from Page 33)

half dead, I had a free evening. The elopement had been set for Friday, and it was Wednesday. Mother and father were out, and I went downstairs for a book. I had got it and was just going out when I saw Henry's red head over the back of the leather chair by the fire.

I went over. He was not reading. He was just sitting, his long legs stretched out in front of him.

"Hello, Kit," he said calmly. "I knew this was an off night. Sit down."

I sat down, rather suspicious of his manner. Henry can't dissemble.

"About the other night," he said, "I was taken by surprise. Just forget it, Kit. Now, when are you going to pull this thing off?"

I told him, and where.

"Russell made any arrangements?"

"I haven't asked."

"Probably not. He'll expect to get out of the train and find a license and a preacher on the platform. I'd better be best man, and go down there a day before to fix things."

Well, it wasn't flattering to see him so eager to get me married. There had been a time when I thought —— However

"Oh!" I said.

"Better do it right while you're about it," he said. "You might give me one of your rings, and I'll order a wedding ring. Platinum or gold?"

"Platinum," I said feebly.

"Anything inside?"

"The—the date, I suppose."

"No initials or anything like that?"

I roused from a sort of stupor of astonishment.

"I like a very narrow ring," I said. "There won't be room for much inside. The date will do. But I'm sure that Russell ——"

"All right if he does. Perhaps I'd better not put in the date. Then, if he takes one along, I can return this and have it credited to him."

"You're very thoughtful."

"Not at all" he said with the first atom of feeling he'd shown. "I don't approve of anything about this business; but if it's going to happen, it's going to happen right!"

He got up and stood in front of the fire.

"The thing to be sure of, Kit," he said soberly, "is that you don't love anyone else. It's bad enough as it is, but that would be worse."

"I wouldn't dare to be in love with anyone who wasn't eligible," I said, not looking at him. "I've been raised for just what I'm doing. I'm fulfilling my destiny."

"There's nobody else, then?"

"Who could there be?"

"That's twice I've asked you a perfectly simple question, Kit, and you have evaded it. The plain truth, of course, is that you are in love, absolutely single-heartedly in love, but not with Russell."

"Then who?" I demanded furiously.

"With yourself," he said, and picked up his hat and went out.

Russell and I eloped on a Friday morning. Mother and I packed my dressing case and a bag, and I gave her an itemized list of what was to be sent on in my trunk when I wired for it. She was greatly relieved to know that Henry was looking after things, especially the ring.

"I do hope he gets a narrow one," she said. "Wedding rings are nonsense at any time. You can never wear other rings with them. But if it is platinum you can have it set with diamonds later on."

I think she was disappointed when I refused to leave a note on my dressing table for her.

"That's out of date, mother," I said. "You needn't know anything until you get my wire that it's over. Then you can call up the newspapers and deny it. That's the best way to let them know."

Then she went out, per agreement, after kissing me good-by, and I called a taxicab and eloped.

Did you ever have a day when things went wrong with you and when you knew that the fault was somewhere in you? Well, that was that sort of day. The minute I was in the taxicab I was uncomfortable. All at once I didn't want to be married. I hoped Russell would miss the train, and I could go back home and be a spinster lady and be on committees.

No, he did not miss the train. He was there, waiting. He had on a very ugly necktie and an English ulster that made his chest dish in, although he has a good figure.

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"Hello, girlie," he said. "Stuff all here? Any excitement at home? No? Nice work."

My lips felt stiff.

"Train's waiting," he said. "What do you think of Henry? Big lift, that is. I've never been married before. I'm fairly twittering."

We got into the train. There was no Pullman. Not that it mattered, but it helped to upset me. I hated eloping in a day coach. And a woman with a market basket sat across the aisle, and the legs of a chicken stuck out.

Russell squeezed into the seat beside me.

"Gee, this is great!" he said. "Aren't you going to put your hand in my coat pocket, honey?"

Quite suddenly I said:

"I don't want to."

He drew away a trifle.

"You're nervous," he said. "So am I, for that matter. D'you mind if I go and smoke?"

I didn't mind. I thought if I had to see that ulster dishing in and that tie another minute I'd go crazy.

I grew calmer when he had gone. Here was the thing I had worked so hard for, mine at last. I thought of Toots, and her face when she saw the papers. I thought of Ellie Clavering and Bessie Willing and Margaret North and the others, with their earrings and the imitation of Toots and all the rest of it. I felt rather better. When Russell came back I could even smile at him.

"I wish I could have a cigarette," I said.

He turned and put a hand over mine.

"You're going to cut that out, you know, girlie," he said. "I can't have my wife smoking."

Yes, that's what he said. For ten years he'd sent girls cigarettes and offered them cigarettes and sat with them in corners while they smoked cigarettes. But he didn't want his wife smoking. Can you beat it?

Oh, well, I didn't care. I'd do as I liked once we were married. Then about half way, without the slightest warning, I knew I couldn't marry him. Marry him! Why, I didn't even like him. And the way he made me sit with my hand in his coat pocket was sickening.

"I don't think I'll marry you after all," I said.

"Eh? What?"

"I said I've changed my mind. I won't do it."

"I haven't changed mine."

"I'm not really in love with you."

"You're nervous," he said calmly. "Go ahead and talk. It's the new psychology. Never bury your worries. Talk 'em out and get rid of 'em."

"I was never forbidden to see you."

"All right," he said contentedly. "I knew that all along. What else?"

"Even my hand in your coat pocket is a trick."

"Sure it is, but it's a nice trick. What else?"

"I'm not going to marry you."

"Oh, yes, you are. You can't very well go back, can you? Mother's probably called up the papers already."

Then he sat up and looked at me.

"Now, look here, young lady," he said, "I'm no idiot. I knew before you were born some of the stunts you pulled. I've never been fooled for a minute about them. But you're going to marry me. Why? Because I'm crazy about you. That's why. And that's enough."

It was terrible. And there was no way out, none. The train rumbled on. There was a tunnel and he kissed me. It was a short tunnel.

Somebody behind chuckled.

And then at last it was over, and we were there, and I was being led like a sheep to the altar, and Henry was on the platform with ring and license and all the implements of sacrifice.

"Behold," said Russell from the train platform, "the family friend is on hand. Whose idea was Henry, anyhow? His or yours or mother's?"

Henry came up. He looked cheerful enough, although I fancied he was pale. I liked his necktie. I always liked Henry's ties.

"Hello," he said. "Everything here? Where's your luggage?"

"Baggage car," said Russell. "Look after Kit, Henry, will you? I'll see to it."

He hadn't taken two steps before Henry had clutched my arm.

"I knew you wouldn't," he said. "I can see it in your face."

"Henry!" I gasped. "What am I to do?"

"You're to marry me," he said in a sort of fierce whisper. "Don't stop to argue. I've always meant to marry you. Quick, into the taxi!"

That's all I remember just then, except hearing him say he had the license and the ring, and an uproar from where we'd left Russell and all his money on the platform.

"Wha-what sort of license?" I asked with my teeth chattering from pure fright. "If it's in Russell's name it's not good, is it?"

"It's in my name," said Henry grimly.

"But the ring -that's Russell's."

"Not at all," said Henry, still without an atom of tenderness. "I bought it and paid for it. It's got 'From H. to K.' inside of it. Very small," he added hastily. "It's quite narrow, as you requested."

"Henry," I said, sitting up stiffly, "what would I have done if you hadn't been round?"

"You needn't worry about that. After this I'll always be round. I don't intend to be underfoot," he volunteered, "but I'll be within call. As a matter of fact," he added, "I've been within call practically all of the last month. It's taken a lot of time."

If only he had said something agreeable or yielding, or looked anything but grim and efficient, I could have stood it. But there we were, on our way to be married, and he looked as sentimental as a piano tuner.

All at once it came over me that it was Henry, it always had been Henry, it always would be Henry. And he looked calm and altruistic and rather hollow round his eyes.

"If you're only doing this to save me," I said, "you needn't, you know. I can go home, even if the papers have got it."

"Don't make me any more nervous than I am, Kit," he said. "I'm about evenly divided as to beating you up or kissing you. Any extra strain, and it's one or the other."

"Don't beat me, Henry."

"I'm damnably poor, Kit," he said.

For reply I slid my hand into his coat pocket. He melted quite suddenly after that, and put his arms round me. I knew I was being a fool but I was idiotically happy.

"Henry," I said, "do you know that verse in the Bible, that as a partridge sits on eggs and fails to hatch them, so too the person who gets riches without deserving them?"

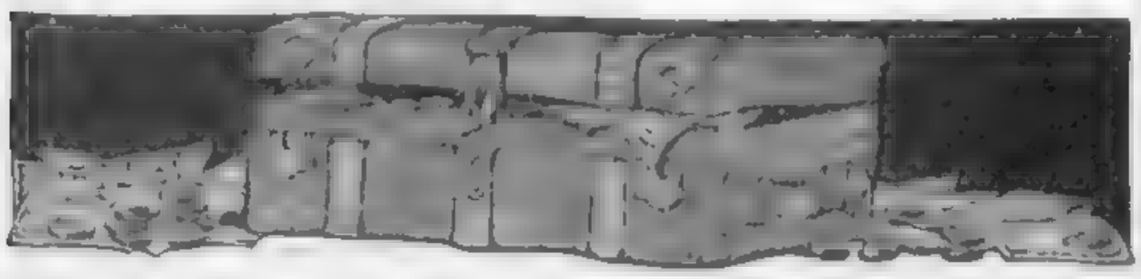
He held me off and looked at me as if he suspected my sanity. Then he kissed me.

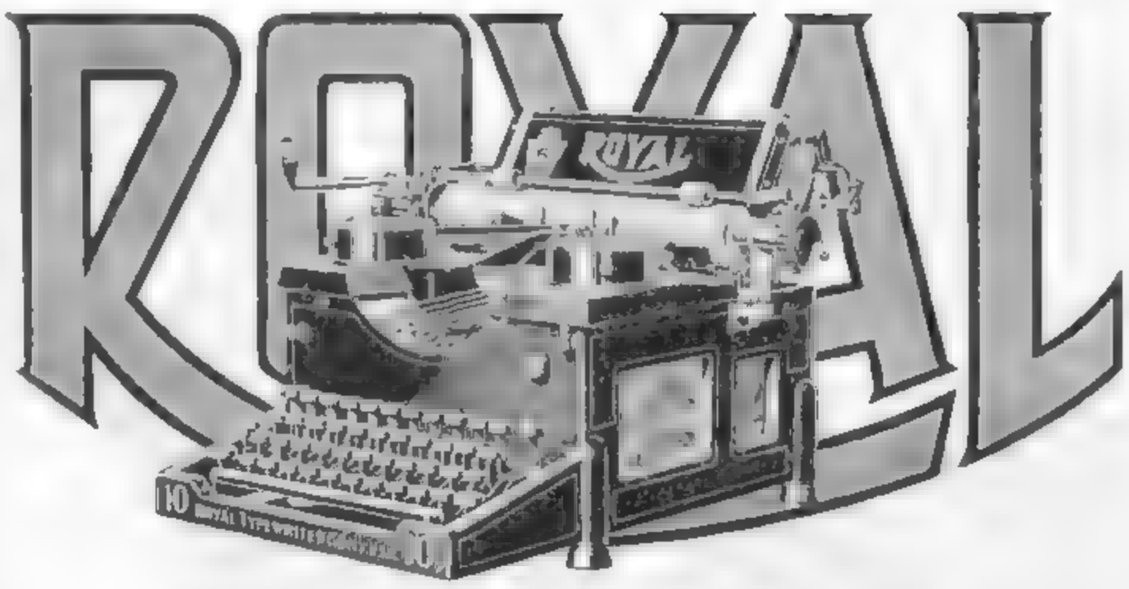
Mother has never really forgiven me. It put her in so awfully wrong, of course. For she called up the newspapers, and said that if they received a report that I had eloped with Mr. Russell Hill, they were please to deny it.

Of course they sent reporters everywhere at once. And they traced me to the station. About the time mother was reading the headlines "Society Bud and Well-Known Clubman Elope," and wiring Madge, she got Henry's telegram.

She thinks I threw away the chance of a lifetime. But since the day before yesterday I've been wondering. I was going over Henry's old suits, getting them ready to be cleaned and pressed. We have to be very economical. And in a pocket I came across this letter:

"*Dear Boy:* We have decided on the eleven-o'clock train. For the love of Mike don't miss meeting it! And after thinking it over carefully, you're right. When I go to see after the luggage will be the best time. Yours, "RUSSELL."





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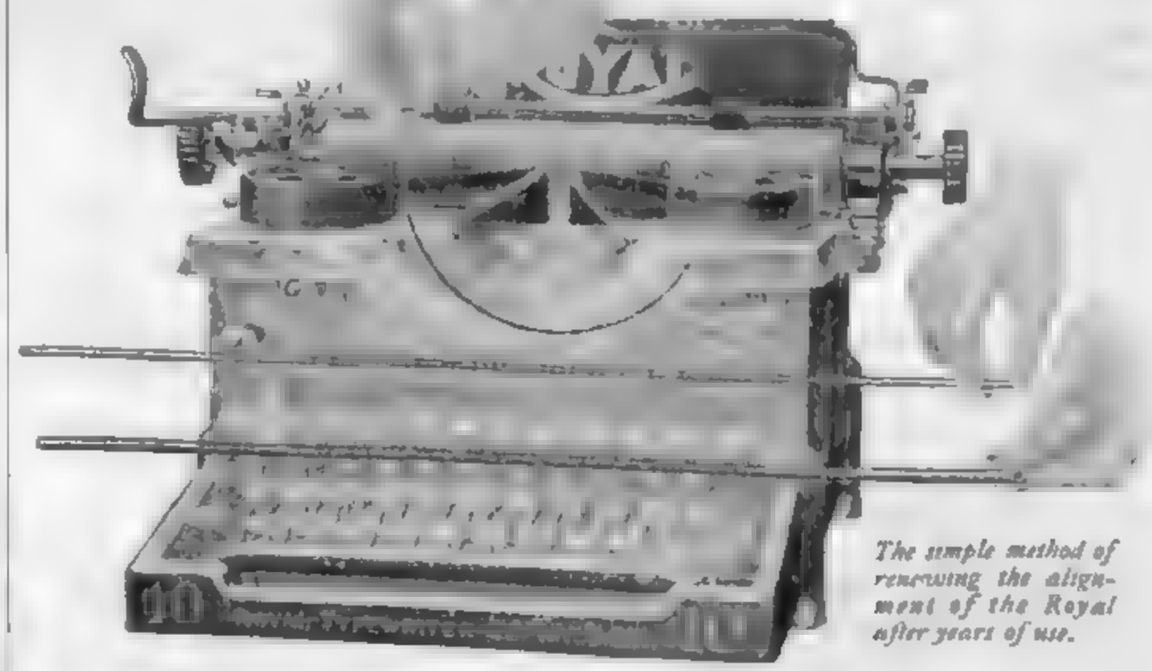

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UNEASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 19)

Perhaps it was hereditary. Perhaps her father had been a circus giant and her mother the strong woman of the troupe. And for the unrestraint of her manner defective training in early girlhood would account. He began to regard her with a quiet, kindly commiseration, which in its turn changed into a sort of brotherly affection. He discovered that he liked her. He liked her very much. She was so big and jolly and robust, and spoke in such a clear, full voice. He was glad that she was patting his hand. He was glad that he had asked her to call him Bill. He was glad—for it showed that he had won her confidence—that she had twice told him the rather long story of how badly the stage director had treated her by leaving her out of the Bully, Bully Summer Time number.

People were dancing now. It has been claimed by patriots that American dyspeptics lead the world. This supremacy, though partly due no doubt to vast supplies of pie absorbed in youth, may be attributed to a certain extent also to the national habit of dancing during meals. Lord Dawlish had that sturdy reverence for his interior organism which is the birthright of every Briton, and at the beginning of supper he had resolved that nothing should induce him to court disaster in this fashion. But as the time went on he began to waver.

The situation was awkward. Nutty and Miss Leonard were repeatedly leaving the table to tread the measure, and on these occasions the Good Sport's wistfulness was a haunting reproach. Nor was the spectacle of Nutty in action without its effect on Bill's resolution. Nutty dancing was a sight to stir the most stolid. Six months' abstinence had keyed him up, and he was throwing himself into the thing in a way that recalled the gentleman in the poem who had fed on honey-dew and drunk the milk of Paradise:

Beware, beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair.
Weave a circle round him thrice.

A stimulating spectacle!

Bill wavered. The music had started again now, one of those twentieth-century eruptions of sound that begin like a train going through a tunnel and continue like audible electric shocks, that set the feet tapping beneath the table and the spine thrilling with an unaccustomed exhilaration. Every drop of blood in his body cried to him "Dance!" He could resist no longer.

"Shall we?" he said.

Bill should not have danced. He was an estimable young man, honest, amiable, with high ideals. He had played an excellent game of football at the university; his golf handicap was plus two; and he was no mean performer with the gloves. But we all of us have our limitations, and Bill had his. He was not a good dancer. He was energetic, but he required more elbow room than the ordinary dancing floor provides. As a dancer, in fact, he closely resembled a Newfoundland puppy trying to run across a field.

It takes a good deal to daunt the New York dancing man, but the invasion of the floor by Bill and the Good Sport undoubtedly caused a profound and even painful sensation. Linked together they formed a living projectile which might well have intimidated the bravest. Nutty was their first victim. They caught him in midstep—one of those fancy steps which he was just beginning to exhume from the cobwebbed recesses of his memory—and swept him away. After which they descended resistlessly upon a stout gentleman of middle age, chiefly conspicuous for the glittering diamonds which he wore and the stoical manner in which he danced to and fro on one spot of not more than a few inches in size in the exact center of the room. He had apparently staked out a claim to this small spot, a claim which the other dancers had decided to respect; but Bill and the Good Sport, coming up from behind, had him two yards away from it at the first impact. Then, scattering apologies broadcast like a medieval monarch distributing largesse, Bill whirled his partner round by sheer muscular force and began what he intended to be a movement toward the farther corner, skirting the edge of the floor. It was his simple belief that there was more safety there than in the middle.

He had not reckoned with Heinrich Joerg. Indeed he was not aware of Heinrich Joerg's existence. Yet fate was shortly to bring them together, with far-reaching results. Heinrich Joerg had left the Fatherland some three years before with the prudent purpose of escaping military service. After various vicissitudes in the land of his adoption—which it would be extremely interesting to relate, but which must wait for a more favorable opportunity—he had secured a useful and not ill-recompensed situation as one of the staff of Reigelheimer's Restaurant. He was, in point of fact, a waiter, and he comes into the story at this point bearing a tray full of glasses, knives, forks and pats of butter on little plates. He was setting a table for some new arrivals, and in order to obtain more scope for that task he had left the crowded aisle beyond the table and come round to the edge of the dancing floor.

He should not have come out onto the dancing floor. In another moment he was admitting that himself. For just as he was lowering his tray and bending over the table in the pursuance of his professional duties, along came Bill at his customary high rate of speed, propelling his partner before him, and for the first time since he left home Heinrich was conscious of a regret that he had done so. There are worse things than military service!

It was the table that saved Bill. He clutched at it and it supported him. He was thus enabled to keep the Good Sport from falling and to assist Heinrich to rise from the morass of glasses, knives and pats of butter in which he was wallowing. Then, the dance having been abandoned by mutual consent, he helped his now somewhat hysterical partner back to their table.

Remorse came upon Bill. He was sorry that he had danced; sorry that he had upset Heinrich; sorry that he had subjected the Good Sport's nervous system to such a strain; sorry that so much glass had been broken and so many pats of butter bruised beyond repair. But of one thing, even in that moment of bleak regrets, he was distinctly glad, and that was that all these things had taken place three thousand miles away from Claire Fenwick. He had not been appearing at his best, and he was glad that Claire had not seen him.

As he sat and smoked the remains of his cigar, while renewing his apologies and explanations to his partner and soothing the ruffled Nutty with well-chosen condolences, he wondered idly what Claire was doing at that moment.

Claire at that moment, having been an astonished eyewitness of the whole performance, was resuming her seat at a table at the other end of the room.

VII

THERE were two reasons why Lord Dawlish was unaware of Claire Fenwick's presence at Reigelheimer's Restaurant: Reigelheimer's is situated in a basement below a ten-story building, and in order to prevent this edifice from falling into his patrons' soup the proprietor had been obliged to shore up his ceiling with massive pillars. One of these protruded itself between the table which Nutty had secured for his supper party and the table at which Claire was sitting with her friend, Lady Wetherby, and her steamer acquaintance, Mr. Dudley Pickering. That was why Bill had not seen Claire from where he sat; and the reason that he had not seen her when he left his seat and began to dance was that he was not one of your dancers who glance airily about them. When Bill danced he danced.

He would have been stunned with amazement if he had known that Claire was at Reigelheimer's that night. And yet it would have been remarkable, seeing that she was the guest of Lady Wetherby, if she had not been there. When you have traveled three thousand miles to enjoy the hospitality of a friend who does near-Greek dances at a popular restaurant, the least you can do is to go to the restaurant and watch her step. Claire had arrived with Polly Wetherby and Mr. Dudley Pickering at about the time when Nutty, his gloom melting rapidly, was instructing the waiter to open the second bottle.

Of Claire's movements between the time when she secured her ticket at the steamship offices at Southampton and the moment when she entered Reigelheimer's restaurant it is not necessary to give a detailed record. She had had the usual experiences of the ocean voyager. She had fed, read and gone to bed. The only notable event

in her trip had been her intimacy with Mr. Dudley Pickering.

Dudley Pickering was a middle-aged Middle Westerner, who by thrift and industry had amassed a considerable fortune out of automobiles. He could accommodate you with an automobile suited to every stage of your growing prosperity. When you were young and struggling you bought his Little Pick at four hundred dollars. Becoming older and more opulent you put down eleven hundred for his Pickering Gem. And it might be that in time, having passed through the intermediate stages and being in a position to blow the expense, you found yourself the possessor of a Pickering Giant, the best car on the market. Everybody spoke well of Dudley Pickering. The papers spoke well of him, Bradstreet spoke well of him, and he spoke well of himself. On board the liner he had poured the saga of his life into Claire's attentive ears, and though by the end of the voyage she had forgotten that he had started life with half a dollar she still remembered that he was ending it with twenty or thirty millions, and there was a gentle sweetness in her manner which encouraged Mr. Pickering mightily, for he had fallen in love with Claire on sight.

It would seem that a schoolgirl in these advanced days would know what to do when she found that a man with thirty million dollars was in love with her; yet there were factors in the situation which gave Claire pause. Lord Dawlish, of course, was one of them. She had not mentioned Lord Dawlish to Mr. Pickering, and—doubtless lest the sight of it might pain him—she had abstained from wearing her engagement ring during the voyage. But she had not completely lost sight of the fact that she was engaged to Bill. Another thing that caused her to hesitate was the fact that Dudley Pickering, however wealthy, was a most colossal bore. As far as Claire could ascertain on their short acquaintance, he had but one subject of conversation—automobiles.

To Claire an automobile was a shiny thing with padded seats, in which you rode if you were lucky enough to know somebody who owned one. She had no wish to go more deeply into the matter. Dudley Pickering's attitude toward automobiles, on the other hand, more nearly resembled that of a surgeon toward the human body. To him a car was something to dissect, something with an interior that it was interesting to explore and fascinating to talk about. He revealed the internal mechanism of his Pickering Giant in a way that was almost indecent. He laid bare its vital organs and lectured on them. He spoke freely of things that a modest automobile hides from view. Claire listened with a radiant display of interest, but she had her doubts as to whether any amount of money would make it worth while to undergo this sort of thing for life. She was still in this hesitant frame of mind when she entered Reigelheimer's restaurant, and it perturbed her that she could not come to some definite decision on Mr. Pickering, for those subtle signs which every woman can recognize and interpret told her that the latter, having paved the way by talking machinery for a week, was about to boil over and speak of higher things.

At the very next opportunity, she was certain, he intended to propose.

The presence of Lady Wetherby acted as a temporary check on the development of the situation, but after they had been seated at their table a short time the lights of the restaurant were suddenly lowered, a colored spotlight became manifest near the roof, and classical music made itself heard from the fiddles in the orchestra.

You could tell it was classical, because the banjo players were leaning back and chewing gum; and in New York restaurants only death or a classical specialty can stop banjoists.

There was a spatter of applause and Lady Wetherby rose.

"This," she explained to Claire, "is where I do my stunt. Watch it. I invented the steps myself. Classical stuff. It's called the Dream of Psyche."

It was difficult for one who knew her as Claire did to associate Polly Wetherby with anything classical. On the road, in England, when they had been fellow-members of the number-two company of The Heavenly Waltz, Polly had been remarkable chiefly for a fund of humorous anecdote and a gift, amounting almost to genius, for doing battle with militant landladies. And renewing their intimacy after a hiatus of a little less than a year Claire had found her unchanged. The moment before the music started Lady Wetherby, ever a warm patron of sport, had been arguing forcefully in favor of the view—opposed, it seemed, by a bunch of bone-headed boobs on certain of the daily papers—that the Tennessee Bear-Cat, though eclipsed by showier rivals over the ten-round route, would be lightweight champion of the world to-morrow if he could only succeed in luring his most prominent rival into the ring for a forty-five-round contest. Claire found herself wondering how her friend could possibly shake off this mood and prepare herself at a moment's notice to give an artistic rendition of the Dream of Psyche.

As a matter of fact, Lady Wetherby did not. Perhaps it was the association of ideas, but it seemed to Claire that the Dream of Psyche, as interpreted in terms of the dance by her friend, was far less like a Dream of Psyche than a troubled nightmare of the Tennessee Bear-Cat, fallen asleep while brooding on how he should induce the lightweight champion to fight him to a finish. As the performance proceeded she could well believe that it was Polly Wetherby who had invented the steps.

It was a truculent affair, this Dream of Psyche. It was not so much dancing as shadow boxing. It began mildly enough to the accompaniment of *pizzicato* strains from the orchestra—Psyche in her training quarters. *Rallentando*—Psyche punching the bag. *Diminuendo*—Psyche using the medicine ball. *Presto*—Psyche doing road work. *Forte*—The night of the fight. And then things began to move to a climax. With the fiddles working themselves to the bone and the piano bounding under its persecutor's blows, Lady Wetherby ducked, side-stepped, rushed and sprang, moving her arms in a manner that may have been classical Greek, but to the untrained eye looked much more like the last round of an open-air bout at Ebbet's Field.

It was halfway through the exhibition, when you could smell the sawdust and hear the seconds shouting advice under the ropes, that Claire, who never having seen anything in her life like this extraordinary performance had been staring spellbound, awoke to the realization that Dudley Pickering was proposing to her. It required a woman's intuition to divine this fact, for Mr. Pickering was not coherent. He did not go straight to the point. He rambled. But Claire understood, and it came to her that this thing had taken her before she was ready. In a brief while she would have to give an answer of some sort, and she had not clearly decided what answer she meant to give.

Then while he was still skirting his subject, before he had wandered to what he really wished to say, the music stopped, the applause broke out again, and Lady Wetherby returned to the table like a pugilist seeking his corner at the end of a round. Her face was flushed and she was breathing hard.

"They pay me money for that!" she observed genially. "Can you beat it!"

The spell was broken. Mr. Pickering sank back in his chair in a punctured manner. And Claire, making monosyllabic replies to her friend's remarks, was able to bend her mind to the task of finding out how she stood on this important Pickering issue. That he would return to the attack as soon as possible she knew; and next time she must have her attitude clearly defined one way or the other.

Lady Wetherby, having got the Dance of Psyche out of her system and replaced it with a glass of iced coffee, was inclined for conversation.

"Algie called me up on the phone this evening, Claire."

"Yes?"

Claire was examining Mr. Pickering with furtive side glances. He was not handsome, nor, on the other hand, was he repulsive. "Undistinguished" was the adjective that would have described him. He was inclined to stoutness, but not unpardonably so; his hair was thin, but he was not aggressively bald; his face was dull, but certainly not stupid. There was nothing in his outer man which thirty million dollars would not offset. As regarded his other qualities, his conversation was certainly not exhilarating. But that also was not, under certain conditions, an unforgivable thing. No, looking at the matter all round and weighing it with care, the real obstacle, Claire decided, was not any quality or lack of qualities in Dudley Pickering—it was Lord Dawlish and the simple fact that

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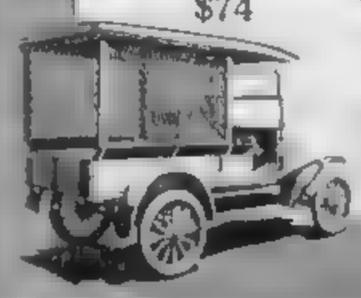

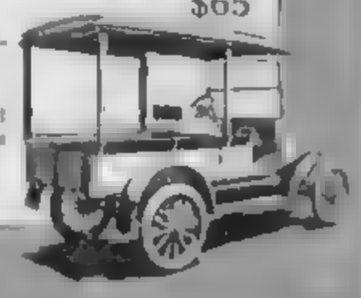

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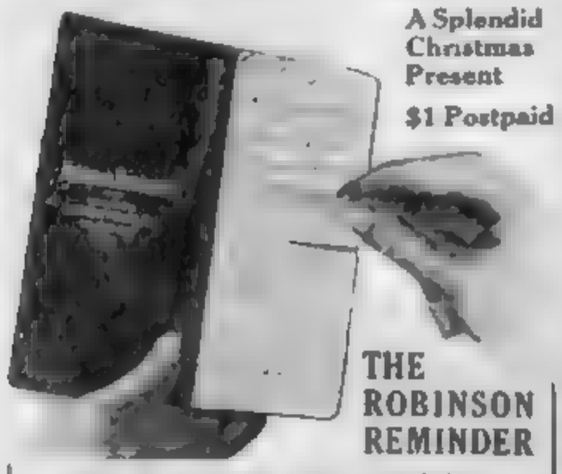

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it would be extremely difficult, if she discarded him in favor of a richer man without any ostensible cause, to retain her self-respect.

"I think he's weakening."

"Yes."

Yes, that was the crux of the matter. She wanted to retain her good opinion of herself. And in order to achieve that end it was essential that she find some excuse, however trivial, for breaking off the engagement.

"His voice was quite hollow, poor dear! You know, Claire, I'm wild about Algie, but it would never do to let him think he could boss me. He's the kind that if you give him a thingummy he'd take a what-d'you-call it."

"Yes?"

A waiter approached the table.

"Mr. Pickering?"

The thwarted lover came to life with a start.

"Eh?"

"A gentleman wishes to speak to you on the telephone."

"Oh, yes. I was expecting a long-distance call, Lady Wetherby, and left word I would be here. Will you excuse me?"

Lady Wetherby watched him as he bustled across the room.

"What do you think of him, Claire?"

"Mr. Pickering? I think he's very nice."

"He admires you frantically. I hoped he would. That's why I wanted you to come over on the same ship with him."

"Polly! I had no notion that you were such a schemer."

"I would just love to see you two fix it up," continued Lady Wetherby earnestly. "He may not be what you might call a cut-up, but he's a darned good sort; and thirty millions helps, doesn't it? You don't want to overlook that thirty millions, Claire!"

"I do like Mr. Pickering."

"Claire, he asked me if you were engaged."

"What!"

"When I told him you weren't, he beamed. Honestly, you've only got to lift your little finger and —— Oh, good Lord, there's Algie!"

Claire looked up. A dapper, trim little man of about forty was threading his way among the tables in their direction. It was a year since Claire had seen Lord Wetherby, but she recognized him at once. He had a red, weather-beaten face with a suspicion of side-whiskers, small, pink-rimmed eyes with sandy eyebrows, the smoothest of sandy hair, and a chin so cleanly shaven that it was difficult to believe that hair had ever grown there. Although his evening dress was perfect in every detail he conveyed a subtle suggestion of horsiness. He was one of those English aristocrats who seem just to have missed being grooms, and who escape the groom type only by their shiny cleanliness and the extreme excellence of the fit of their clothes. He reached the table and sat down without invitation in the vacant chair.

"Pauline!" he said sorrowfully.

"Algie," said Lady Wetherby tensely, "I don't know what you've come here for, and I don't remember asking you to sit down and put your elbows on the table, but I want to begin by saying that I will not be called Pauline.

"My name's Polly. You've got a way of saying Pauline, as if it were a gentlemanly cuss-word, that makes me want to scream. And while you're about it, why don't you say how-d'you-do to Claire? You ought to remember her, she was my bridesmaid."

"How do you do, Miss Fenwick. Of course, I remember you perfectly. I'm glad to see you again."

"And now, Algie, what is it? Why have you come here?" Lord Wetherby looked doubtfully at Claire. "Oh, that's all right," said Lady Wetherby. "Claire knows all about it—I told her."

"Ah! Then if Miss Fenwick has heard of our little tiff ——"

"Don't call it a little tiff. It was a scrap!"

"My dear! Really!"

"A scrap!" repeated Lady Wetherby firmly. "A regular all-in scrap, which you began. And if you think you're going to wriggle out of it by calling it a little tiff, take one additional guess!"

"I am not trying to wriggle out of it. I think I was justified in taking the attitude I did toward your snake Clarence. I appeal to Miss Fenwick, if, as you say, she knows all the facts of the case, to say whether it is reasonable to expect a man of my temperament, a nervous, highly strung artist, to welcome the presence of snakes at the breakfast table. I trust that I am not an unreasonable man, but I decline to admit that a long, green snake is a proper thing to keep about the house."

"You had no right to strike the poor thing."

"In that one respect I was perhaps a little hasty. I happened to be stirring my tea at the moment his head rose above the edge of the table. I was not entirely myself that morning. My nerves were somewhat disordered. I had lain awake much of the night planning a canvas."

"Planning a what?"

"A canvas—a picture."

Lady Wetherby turned to Claire.

"I want you to listen to Algie, Claire. You hear the way he pulls the art-yard stuff? A year ago he didn't know one end of a paint brush from the other. He didn't know he had any nerves. If you had brought him the artistic temperament on a plate with a bit of watercress round it, he wouldn't have recognized it. And now, just because he's got a studio in Washington Square, he thinks he has a right to be a sort of dopeless dope fiend, going up in the air if you speak to him suddenly and running about the place hitting snakes with teaspoons as if he were Michelangelo!"

"You do me an injustice. It is true that as an artist I developed late —— But why should we quarrel? If it will help to pave the way to a renewed understanding between us, I am prepared to apologize for striking Clarence. That is conciliatory, I think, Miss Fenwick?"

"Very."

"Miss Fenwick considers my attitude conciliatory."

"It's something," admitted Lady Wetherby grudgingly.

Lord Wetherby drained the highball which Dudley Pickering had left behind him and seemed to draw strength from it, for he now struck a firmer note.

"But, though expressing regret for my momentary loss of self-control, I cannot recede from the position I have taken up as regards the essential unfitness of Clarence's presence in the home."

Lady Wetherby looked despairingly at Claire.

"The very first words I heard Algie speak, Claire, were at Newmarket during the three-o'clock race one May afternoon. He was hanging over the rail, yelling like an Indian, and what he was yelling was 'Come on, you blighter, come on! By the living jingo, Brickbat wins in a walk!' And now he's pulling stuff about receding from essential positions! Oh, well, he wasn't an artist then!"

"My dear Pau—Polly. I am purposely picking my words on the present occasion in order to prevent the possibility of further misunderstandings. I consider myself an ambassador."

"You would be shocked if you knew what I consider you!"

"I am endeavoring to the best of my ability ——"

"Algie, listen to me! I am quite calm at present, but there's no knowing how soon I may hit you with a chair if you don't come to earth quick and talk like an ordinary human being. What is it that you are driving at?"

"Very well, it's this: I'll come home if you get rid of that snake."

"Never!"

"It's surely not much to ask of you, Polly."

"I won't!"

Lord Wetherby sighed.

"When I led you to the altar," he said reproachfully, "you promised to love, honor and obey me. I thought at the time it was a bit of swank!"

Lady Wetherby's manner thawed. She became more friendly.

"When you talk like that, Algie, I feel there's hope for you after all. That's how you used to talk in the dear old days when you'd come to me to borrow half a crown to put on a horse! You ——"

This excursion into reminiscence appeared to embarrass Lord Wetherby. He indicated Claire with a gesture.

"My dear!" he said deprecatingly. "Miss Fenwick!"

"Oh, Claire's an old pal of mine. You can't shock her. She knows all about us."

"Nevertheless ——"

"Oh, very well. Listen, Algie, now that you seem to be getting more reasonable: I wish I could make you understand that I

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STYLE preferred by men of particular taste, with the comfort of "Natural Shape" lasts, makes The Florsheim Shoe the popular choice.
A Style for Every Taste
$5 to $7
Look for Name in Shoe
"Styles of the Times" free booklet—on request.
The Florsheim Shoe Co.
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The Piccadilly—tan or black calf. Style 1960

That Christmas Gift Had Best Be Ordered Now

Send $1.50 (or $1.75 for a Canadian subscription) for a year's subscription for *The Saturday Evening Post*, give us your friend's name and address and we'll do the rest.

On Christmas morning he will receive from us a lovely illuminated announcement in your name stating that *The Saturday Evening Post* is to come for the ensuing year.

Box 192

The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia, Pa.

don't keep Clarence for sheer love of him. He's a commercial asset. He's an advertisement. You must know that I have got to have something to ——"

"I admit that may be so as regards the monkey Eustace. Monkeys as aids to publicity have, I believe, been tested and found valuable by other artists. I am prepared to accept Eustace, but the snake is worthless."

"Oh, you don't object to Eustace then?"

"I do strongly, but I concede his uses."

"You would live in the same house as Eustace?"

"I would endeavor to do so. But not in the same house as Eustace and Clarence."

There was a pause.

"I don't know that I'm so stuck on Clarence myself," said Lady Wetherby weakly.

"My darling!"

"Wait a minute. I've not said I would get rid of him."

"But you will?"

Lady Wetherby's hesitation lasted but a moment. "All right, Algie. I'll send him to the Bronx Zoo to-morrow."

"My precious pet!"

A hand, reaching under the table, enveloped Claire's in a loving clasp.

From the look on Lord Wetherby's face she supposed that he was under the delusion that he was bestowing this attention on his wife.

"You know, Algie darling," said Lady Wetherby, melting completely, "when you get that yearning note in your voice I just flop and take the full count."

"My sweetheart, when I saw you doing that Dream of What's-the-girl's-ballyname dance just now, it was all I could do to keep from rushing out onto the floor and hugging you."

"Algie!"

"Polly!"

"Do you mind letting go of my hand, please, Lord Wetherby?" said Claire, on whom these saccharine exchanges were beginning to have a cloying effect.

For a moment Lord Wetherby seemed somewhat confused, but, pulling himself together, he covered his embarrassment with a pomposity that blended poorly with his horsy appearance.

"Married life, Miss Fenwick," he said, "as you will no doubt discover some day for yourself, must always be a series of mutual compromises, of cheerful give and take. The lamp of love ——"

His remarks were cut short by a crash at the other end of the room. There was a sharp cry and the splintering of glass. The place was full of a sudden, sharp confusion. They jumped up with one accord. Lady Wetherby spilled her iced coffee; Lord Wetherby dropped the lamp of love. Claire, who was nearest the pillar that separated them from the part of the restaurant where the accident had happened, was the first to see what had taken place.

A large man, dancing with a large girl, appeared to have charged into a small waiter, upsetting him and his tray and the contents of his tray. The various actors in the drama were now engaged in sorting themselves out from the ruins. The man had his back toward her, and it seemed to Claire that there was something familiar about that back. Then he turned and she recognized Lord Dawlish.

She stood transfixed. For a moment surprise was her only emotion. How came Bill to be in America? Then other feelings blended with her surprise. It is a fact that Lord Dawlish was looking singularly disreputable. The unwonted exercise of the dance had flushed his face, rumpled his hair and imparted a damp untidiness to his collar. He had not yet become aware that there was a pat of butter clinging to his left shoulder, and that did not tend to lessen the dissolute nature of his appearance.

Claire's eyes traveled from Bill to his partner and took in with one swift feminine glance her large, exuberant blondness. There is no denying that, seen with a somewhat biased eye, the Good Sport resembled rather closely a poster advertising a burlesque show.

Claire returned to her seat. Lord and Lady Wetherby continued to talk, but she allowed them to conduct the conversation without her assistance.

"You're very quiet, Claire," said Polly.

"I'm thinking."

"A very good thing, too, so they tell me. I've never tried it myself. Algie, darling, he was a bad boy to leave his nice home, wasn't he? He didn't deserve to have his hand held."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Christmas Smoke

Let "St. Nick" put some

GIRARD CIGARS

down the chimney

And watch the fragrant smoke-wreaths of gratitude go up!

Give a box of Girards as a Christmas gift to some of your faithful friends and customers, your loyal employees, and the smokers in your own family circle—and see the joyous smiles and sincere good will that are sure to follow.

You can make no mistake in giving Girards. They are known and approved throughout America as a richly satisfying smoke. Made from genuine Havana tobacco and *mellowed by age alone.* "A mild combination of solace and good cheer." *A cigar that never gets on your nerves.*

Go to the nearest Girard dealer today and order the Girards you want for Christmas.

Or we will deliver them if you wish.

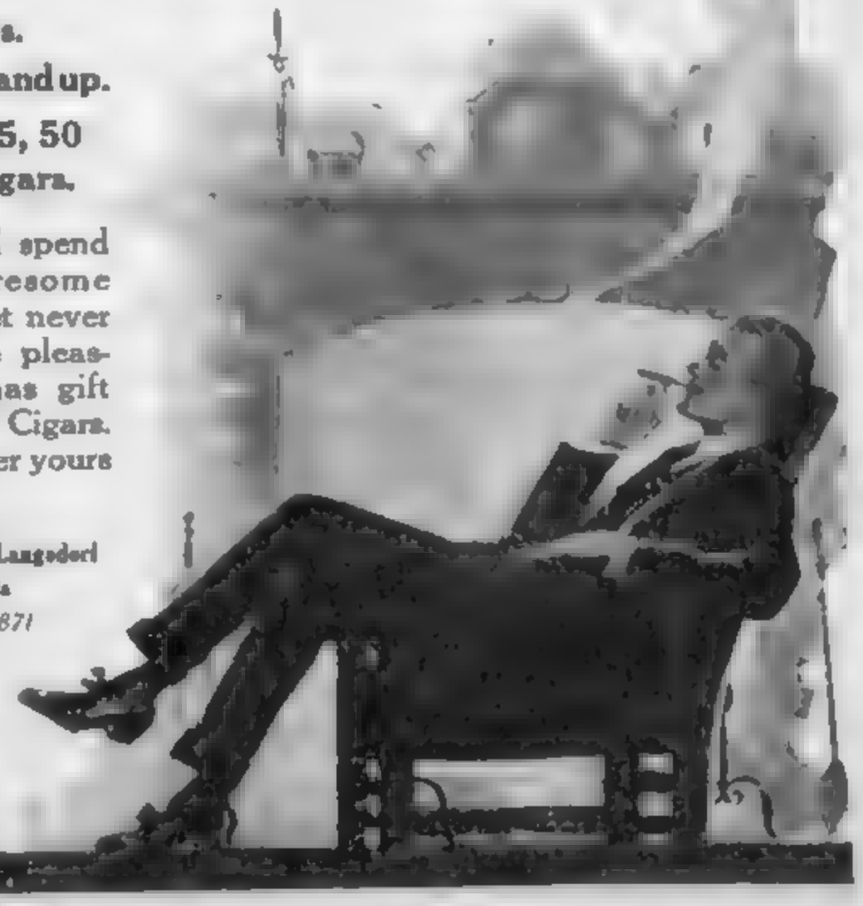
Just send us a list of those to whom you want to give Christmas Girards. Indicate the shape and color wanted (Light, Medium or Dark). Enclose your check or money order for the total amount. And we will have each box promptly delivered, prepaid, on the date you name.

THESE ARE THE 10-CENT SIZES:

14 sizes.
10c straight, and up.
Boxes of 25, 50 and 100 cigars.

You could spend hours of tiresome shopping, yet never find a more pleasing Christmas gift than Girard Cigars. Why not order yours right *now?*

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871



The Great Prudential

First founded for the POLICY HOLDERS; then builded for the

This is a page big with history.
It is for YOU to read.

NEVER was a page written directly appealing to so many millions of people.

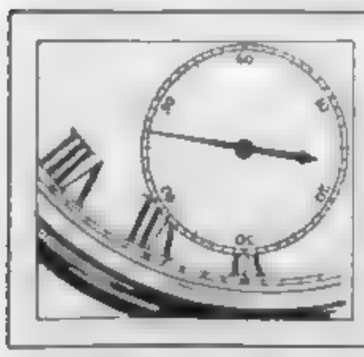
Do great sums of money impress you? The amounts here involved reach into the billions.

Are you a lover of high principles in business? You never will read a brighter chapter of devotion to honorable ideals.

Do you find inspiration in great success, efficient organization, management and financing? Look for it here.

Do you believe that the day is due when those mischances of life will be overcome that now create so much poverty and misery? Renew your faith from this page.

For this is the story of The Prudential Insurance Company of America, leading up to the supreme event of its history—the *mutualization* of this great institution.



The Prudential averages 78 payments of claims each working hour—one every 47 seconds.
Claims paid in 1914, 141,515.
Total amount paid policyholders in 1914, $39,000,000.

Looking Back Forty Years

The original office of The Prudential was in a basement in Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey. The first policy, dated November 15, 1875, was the first Industrial Policy issued in this country. Before making this small beginning, however, John F. Dryden, the Founder of the Company, had spent years in putting into practical working shape the idea he had conceived. The soundness and thoroughness of his preparation was the essential thing which made the enterprise successful from the start.

Prudential policies in force equal one for every eight persons in the United States—the total amount exceeding 2 Billions, 700 Millions of dollars.

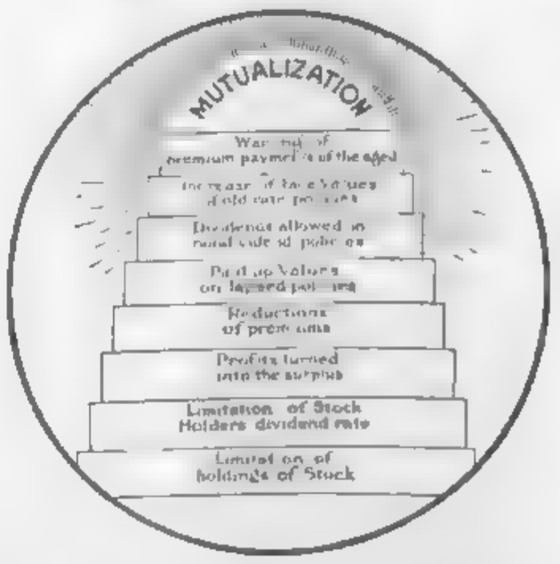
Even more was it due to the spirit of the Founder's policy. At that early time he was so convinced that the interests of policyholders were paramount, that there was a clause in the original charter stating that they should be members.

His idea of always doing the best for the policyholders so dominated the policy of the Company that The Prudential has continually been a leader in measures of liberality toward its patrons.

Before The Prudential could start, it had to have capital. It was a departure into unknown waters, and the risks could not be clearly foreseen. With the growth of the business, more and more capital had to be subscribed. By the letter of the law capital so invested was entitled to all that it could earn *and its earnings earn* for all time. But such was not the spirit of the policy of the Founder of The Prudential.

Time came when no additional capital was necessary. The Prudential was self-supporting.

The Stepping Stones to Mutualization



As The Prudential grew, it turned out that the earnings were far greater than had been expected. The first essential in the fixing of rates was a margin of safety for the payments to policyholders and the protection of the capital. Due to efficient administration, this margin grew to be excessive.

Then the first great step was taken which finally led to mutualization.

John F. Dryden and his associates placed a limit on the rate of dividends.

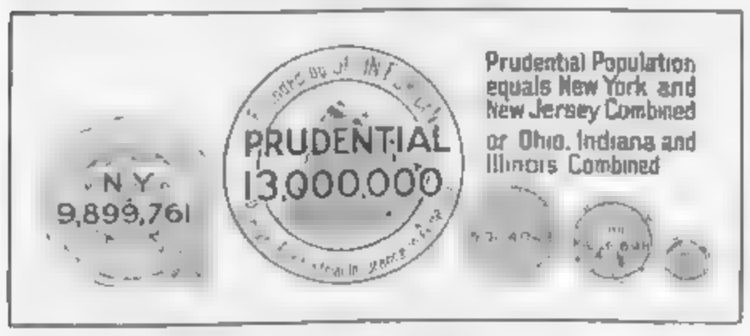
Excess earnings were then largely diverted to the surplus for even greater security of the policyholders.

In many other ways these earnings were turned back to the policyholders. Premiums were so reduced that Prudential preëminence for low rates was established.

Republic

POLICY HOLDERS: now owned by the POLICY HOLDERS.

Paid-up values were allowed on lapsed policies.

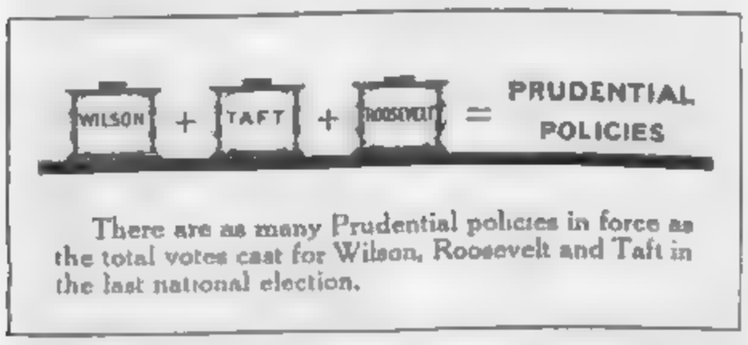


Dividends were allowed on policies into which no dividend clause had been written.

The face values of old policies were raised to equalize them with new policies.

Holders of industrial policies were relieved of premium payments after reaching a certain age.

All these steps were dictated by that same principle, not of all for a few, but of all for all, which actuated



the Founder and his associates, and which was the sacred heritage of his successor, Forrest F. Dryden, and his associates.

Just Before Mutualization

A new generation had come into the administrative control of The Prudential. This brought about recognition of the fact that the relinquishment by stockholders to the policyholders of the growing wealth of The Prudential was a matter of moral choice, not legal enforcement.

This was benevolent; it was philanthropic. The Prudential was the policyholders', to have and to hold, to every intent and purpose, save in one respect. The policyholders had no legal title to their property. And conceivably, without this title, their property might in some way become jeopardized.

Under the leadership of President Forrest F. Dryden it was determined by the Board of Directors that the time had come to bring about the complete mutualization of The Prudential.

It was a herculean task. There had to be litigation with a small minority.

There had to be legislation that would give the stockholders power to legally deliver The Prudential to the policyholders.

When the directors formally voted the solemn decision to mutualize, the law provided that the Chancellor—the highest judicial officer of New Jersey—should appoint and preside over an appraisal board of disinterested men to determine the basis on which the stock should be purchased for the policyholders and paid for out of the surplus.

This done, the great act was at last completed.

The holders of Thirteen Million Prudential policies became its moral and its legal owners.

For all time the policyholders of The Prudential will own and control the Company for their own benefit.

Thus was established a Republic of mutual protection with a government of the policyholders, by the policyholders, for the policyholders.

The Greater Future

Great has been the work and growth of The Prudential, but greater is its future destiny in extending protection to millions of

homes added to those millions it already protects.

To Insure in The Prudential is to Insure in Your Own Company.

In 1916, Newark will celebrate its 250th Anniversary with pageantry, music, a great industrial exposition and sports of all kinds.

The Prudential

extends a cordial invitation to you to visit the Home Office when you are in or near Newark in 1916.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

"Colonna" Bath, Plate No. K-64 "Emmet" Lavatory, Plate No. K-332

The KOHLER trade-mark appears on every piece of KOHLER enameled plumbing ware. It is incorporated in faint blue in the enamel, at the points indicated by the arrows.

The attractiveness of your bath room will be enhanced by

KOHLER
Enameled Plumbing Ware

One quality—the highest. The enamel is purest white.

Every KOHLER bathtub, lavatory and sink is cast in one piece.

With this hygienic construction there are no plates to be adjusted, no joints to spring apart, no cracks to collect dirt and make cleaning difficult.

The "Colonna"

This regular style bathtub is an excellent example of KOHLER ware.

With the "Emmet" lavatory it completes an attractive combination for the modest priced home or apartment.

The trade-mark, permanently incorporated in the enamel of every KOHLER fixture, is our guarantee of quality and prevents substitution of inferior ware.

Send us the name of your architect and plumber, and let us mail you a free copy of our interesting illustrated booklet, "KOHLER OF KOHLER," the story of a community devoted to the manufacture of enameled plumbing ware.

"Viceroy" Bath, Plate No. V-12-A (Patent applied for)

"It's in the Kohler Enamel"

MAKERS OF Trade-marked, Enameled Bathtubs, Lavatories and Sinks

KOHLER CO
Founded 1873
Kohler, Wis. U.S.A.

BRANCHES
Boston New York
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Went Blind Over Night

because of ignorance and neglect 61,000 blind persons in United States 75,000 went blind after 21 years of age Buy the

FEATHERWEIGHT EYESHADE

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DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?
Cartoonists are well paid.

Develop your talent ... practical, and ... Make money ... positions as cartoonists ... full information.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
815 Leader Bldg. Cleveland, O.

To Automobilists

Why not pay a few cents more for brake lining and get Raybestos?

It wears

Look for Silver Edging

LO, THE POOR PIUTE

Continued from Page 12

"And the fathead made it a side bet with old Caudo too," says one of the tinhorns to his friends. "He could have backed the field against the pinto and got odds, but he insisted on betting on that thoroughbred skate to beat Caudo's horse. He can kiss his dough good-by right now!"

There were some other pretty fair quarter horses in the race. George Quito had one entered, and Injun Mary was starting a two-time winner at the meeting. Then there was a white pony from the Pahranagat Valley that they said was no slouch, but the wise ones agreed that the race would be a walkaway for the pinto. They figured us to be last, on the form that Headlight's double had been showing all week.

About one-thirty most of the crowd started to move out toward the flags that marked the finish of the quarter-mile course. Russian John went along with the judges—a couple of local cattlemen with reputations for being on the level, as I took pains to find out—and I stayed to watch the start.

The first real sensation came with the arrival of the pinto, the pride of Clark County, with a little Injun kid riding him bareback and Cap Caudo waddling alongside, uglier than ever in daylight and paying absolutely no attention to the cheering and the noise. The pinto wasn't much to look at, but he seemed tough as wire nails and he had a wicked eye in his head.

Last of all came Red Gilette and Mormon Frank with Headlight, and there was quite a buzz of comment when Hogan showed up, trimmed down to the regulation riding costume, silk pants, boots and all. Our other horse had been ridden by an Injun kid, so Hogan was in the nature of a surprise party. Red Gilette looked fresh as a daisy and he certainly was sober as a judge. This, coupled with the appearance of a new rider, gave the Moapa people something to think about.

Not much time was wasted in preliminaries. The starter pulled out a long forty-five and made a short speech:

"This is a quarter mile race . . . purse of one hundred dollars . . . no claim of foul to be allowed . . . first horse over the line gets the money. . . . Side bets will be decided as the horses finish. . . . Get up here on the mark, all of you! Come on, now!"

Well, there was the usual amount of skirmishing and jockeying for the best of the start, but Hogan didn't do much of it. He planted Headlight on the line and wheeled him only twice—and that was when the pinto had his tail pointed the wrong way of the track. Not knowing the starter, he wasn't taking any chances. I will say this for the little man, he knew his business and he knew his horse, and when I saw him sitting there, all humped up and ready to throw Headlight away from the mark, I was satisfied he was as good a rider as he claimed to be. The big thing about a quarter race is the start. Even a bad horse, if he gets away in front, has a chance to win; but as I watched Hogan, a cool, old veteran in with a lot of ignorant Injun kids, I knew that we had two aces in the hole—the best horse and the best rider.

It seemed a long time to me, but probably it wasn't more than a minute, before the five horses shifted into a line, and the instant they did, bang! went the starting gun.

It was then that the Clark County people got the big jolt of their lives, a jolt that simply knocked all the yell out and left 'em gasping for breath. I'll bet the bullet didn't leave the barrel of that forty-five any faster than our horse left the mark! Hogan lunged forward as the gun went off, and Headlight answered with a couple of jumps that put open daylight behind his tail. The pinto was no slouch on the start himself, but it was just the difference between a jackrabbit and a streak of lightning. In the first fifteen yards the drunkest Piute in the crowd could have seen that the spotted pony was not only outfooted but outclassed by the thoroughbred, and that it wasn't really a race but a question of how far Hogan wanted to win. Headlight was running away from the pinto and the pinto was running away from the others.

"Hey, you!" Red yells at Cap Caudo. "What d'ye think of him now, eh?"

The Piute didn't turn his head; he was watching the horses as they sailed down the road.

The race was half over in a flash, you might say, with Headlight six or seven lengths to the good and running in world's record time. I caught a glimpse of Hogan, looking back over his shoulder at the pinto—looking back and laughing at the Injun kid. It was the last laugh he had for many a day. The other horses sort of cut off the view just then, and the next I saw of Hogan he was at least twenty feet in the air, turning over and over like a trapeze performer and clawing for a bar that wasn't there. A horse with a racing saddle on him went ripping through the sagebrush at right angles to the track—and it was Headlight, running away. A spotted pony, not even jarred out of his stride by the accident, went bumping along to the wire—and that was the pinto, winning all alone. If there was any cheering I know of three fellows who didn't hear it: me and Mormon Frank and Red Gilette.

For a few seconds we stood there petrified, trying to realize what had happened to us. Then the crowd started on the run for the finish line, and we went part way with 'em. We found Hogan jammed head-first into the sagebrush and stunned by the fall. We fished him out and worked on him, and after a while he came to.

"What happened?" says he.

"You tell me!" says Red Gilette. "The horse throwed you off when you had the race won. Is this the double-cross or what?"

There was one sneer left in Hogan's system.

"That's the way with you card slickers!" says he, twisting his head from side to side and hanging onto his neck with both hands. "Never on the level yourselves, and you can't figure anybody else to be. The double-cross! If I live I s'pose you'll say I crossed you, but if I die you ought to call it an accident and let it go at that!"

"But what was it?" says I.

"How do I know?" says Hogan.

Just then Russian John came plowing through the brush. He had stayed to argue with the judges and claim interference, but they laughed at him.

"What did you look back for?" pants John, all out of breath. "While you had your head turned a yellow dog went streaking across the road right under the horse's nose, and Headlight sort of whirled and jumped sideways—to keep from hitting the dog, I guess. Now if you'd been watching ahead instead of ——"

"A yellow dog?" says Hogan, trying to sit up.

"Yes, he came out of the thick brush right over there and ran across the road."

"Yeller dawg, hell!" says a cow-waddie, who had just come up. "Don't you tenderfeet know a coyote when you see one?"

v

THAT night, while the Piutes were celebrating just as strong as if they'd won on the level and not lucked out on us, the ways and means committee held a meeting in Hogan's room to discuss ways of getting out of town and means to do it with. We were all busted, thanks to Red's borrowing campaign.

Hogan was propped up in bed with the demijohn beside him, as full of fight as a tarantula. I had told 'em about the coyote scaring Headlight over at Methuselem's place, and the sense of the meeting was that I should have told sooner.

Things got pretty warm, and I slipped out into the street to have a quiet think. After the beans are spilled, what's the use of fighting about how it happened? I sat down on the front steps in the dark and twisted a brown-paper brain capsule, and while I was lighting it I heard a sound like a woman crying. It wasn't a woman, though; it was a kid about ten years old. He was curled up on the edge of the sidewalk.

"Well," says I to myself, "you ain't got the only troubles in the world. There's others!"

I guess it's true that misery loves company. I went over and asked the kid what was the matter. He didn't want to talk at first, but I stayed with him until he quit crying and began to snuffle.

"I—I been bilked, mister," he whines. "An Injun gimme the w-worst of it!"

"That's nothing," says I. "It happens every day. But what did this Injun do to you, son?"

"He g-got Billy away from m-me!"

"Billy?"

"My pet coyote. I used to k-keep him in a cage in my b-back yard."

"Oho!" says I. "A pet coyote, hey? And did this Injun steal him?"

"He j-just the same's stole him, mister. He gimme two d-dollars for him—made outa lead!"

Did you ever stumble along in the dark, feeling your way, and bump square into the ray from a searchlight? It kind of dazzles you at first, because it makes everything so awful plain. I sat down beside the kid and took a good firm hold on the top of my head. So it wasn't luck after all that licked us? Somebody knew that Headlight was afraid of coyotes. Somebody had been laying in the sagebrush beside the track and had turned a coyote loose just when he could do us the most harm. Somebody had a great big ace in the hole all the time.

There was only one question I wanted to ask, one point that I wasn't quite certain about.

"This Injun—did you know him, son?"

"Everybody knows the ole thief!" snivels the kid. "He's Cap Caudo's father, an' he lives over to Logan. You want to see the two lead d-dollars he gimme?"

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Passing Show

A FRIEND of a friend of the writer's has always led a life of the most conventional sort imaginable, paying due regard to all the proprieties and sometimes paying them more than their due. Lately he began to fleshen up perceptibly, and on the advice of his friend he signed for a course in a well-patronized gymnasium.

The two finished their first afternoon in the main exercise hall and descended to the locker room in the basement, preparatory to taking a shower. Through the locker room ran a passageway leading to the swimming pool and the sweat room.

The modest young man was encasing himself in a bathrobe, when a pink-colored form flitted by him. He caught only a glimpse of it, but a glimpse was enough. He turned to his companion with a shocked and startled look upon his face.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "I thought for an instant I saw a naked man pass!"

Entirely Stopped

IT WAS at a big boxing show in Brooklyn that, at the time for beginning the third round of one of the bouts, the official master of ceremonies climbed through the ropes and from the center of the ring made this statement:

"Gentlemen, I wish to announce that in the last round Harry Pierce broke his hand and is compelled to stop. He is, therefore, unable to continue. And so he will not fight any more to-night."

Coals to Newcastle

THE favorite story of Vincent Bryan, the song writer, has to do with two chorus girls who were debating over a suitable birthday present for a third chorus girl.

"I tell you what," said one, suddenly seized with a bright idea, "let's buy her a book."

"No," said the other, "she has a book!"

Cain's Favorite

TO UNDERSTAND the force of this story one must first know that Cain's storehouse is the place in New York where the scenery and properties of most of the theatrical productions that meet an untimely fate on Broadway are sent for storage.

A group of members sat in the snuggery of the Lambs' Club on an afternoon not long ago. A somber gentleman, wearing his hair long and wide rubber rims on his eyeglasses, passed through.

"Who is that?" asked one of the party, addressing Hap Ward, the comedian.

Ward looked and recognized in the passer a playwright who wrote no less than three pronounced failures last season.

"Oh, that," said Ward—"that's Cain's favorite author."

Dry Feet—Without Rubbers!

Pour It On Uppers

Then On Soles

Then Rub It In!

MOTHERS: Start that boy on the healthy DRI-FOOT road. **He won't wear rubbers.** But here's a way to insure him against wet feet **for all time.** Just try a 10c. can of DRI-FOOT. Put it on thoroughly and send him out into the wet—rain or penetrating slush—it makes no difference. DRI-FOOT will have a real important place in your household after that first trial. You will never be without it. Thousands are using it year in, year out.

DRI-FOOT
The Shoe Waterproofing

10c.

Don't hesitate to use it on your brand new shoes, whatever they cost. It makes them wear longer and they'll shine just as good as ever. Easy to apply and two or three thorough applications will last a season. Guaranteed for black or tan—light or heavy shoes.

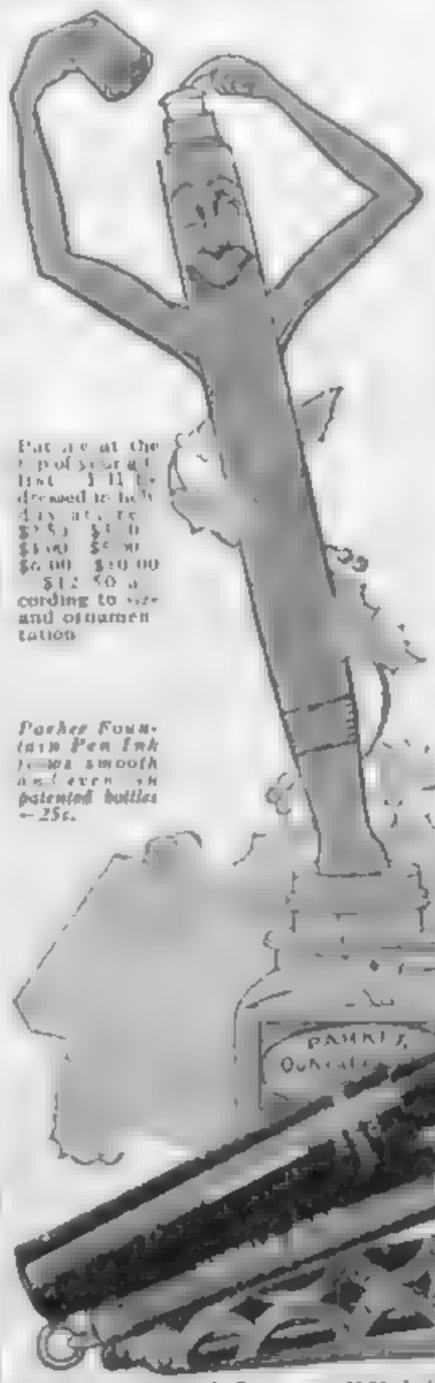
Ask for it at your shoe store, drug, grocery or hardware store

If your dealer does not have it send us his name and 10c. and we will mail a can postpaid.

THE FITZ CHEMICAL COMPANY
Phillipsburg, New Jersey

(ECONOMY: 25 cent can holds three times the quantity of a 10 cent can)

"I simply press the button and fill myself and drink like this"



Parker Fountain Pen Ink flows smooth and even in patented bottles—25c.

I Solve the Problem of What to Give

THINKING of me decides the question. What is there more appropriate for father, mother, sister, brother, sweetheart, uncle, aunt or cousin than a genuine Lucky Curve Fountain Pen—branded with my maker's name—the hallmark of quality? To receive the gift just drop a hint in the right direction.

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SAFETY, SELF-FILLING
FOUNTAIN PEN

I am popular because I am both a Self Filler and a Safety Pen. In two seconds I drink up enough ink to write ten thousand words. You "press the button"—that's all. My safety cap keeps the ink locked up tight. My smooth barrel removes danger of accidental spills and increases comfort of writing.

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Write for handsomely illustrated catalog free.

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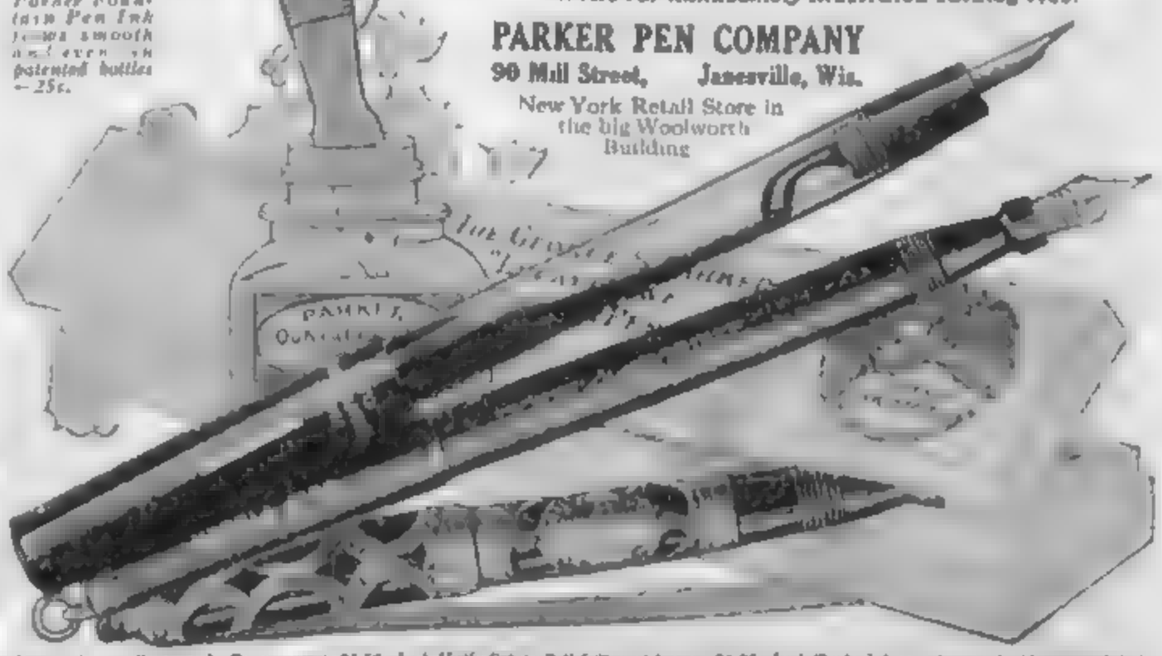
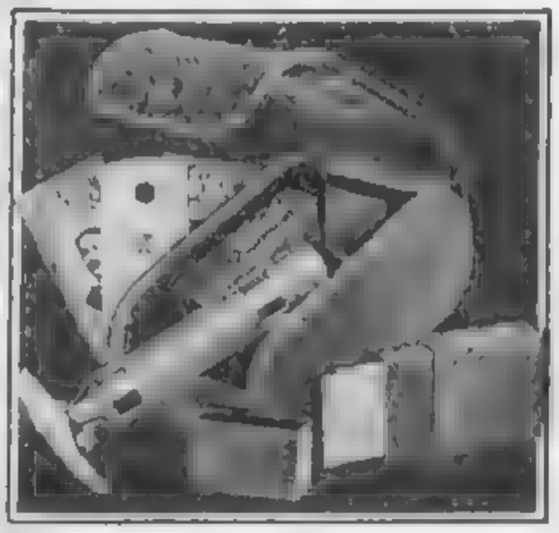


Prices of pens illustrated: Transparent, $3.50; Jack Knife Safety Self Filler with ring, $3.75; Jack Knife Safety—[illegible] $6.00. Lever Lock Clip on Standard Pens 25c extra. Other Parker Pens from $1.00 up.

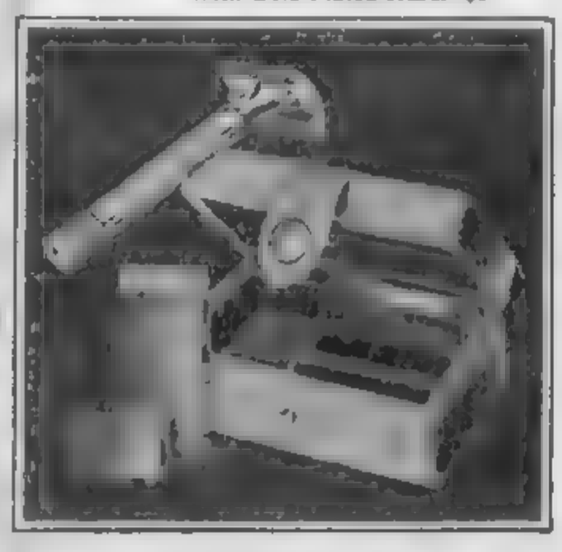
A Gillette for Christmas



The "Bulldog"

A new idea—the *stocky bulldog handle*, with extra weight, different grip, balance and swing to the stroke. Equally welcome to new Gillette users and old. Triple Silver Plated Razor, and two Blade Boxes with 12 double edged Gillette Blades *(24 Shaving Edges)* Case and Blade Boxes of Gray Antique Leather. $5

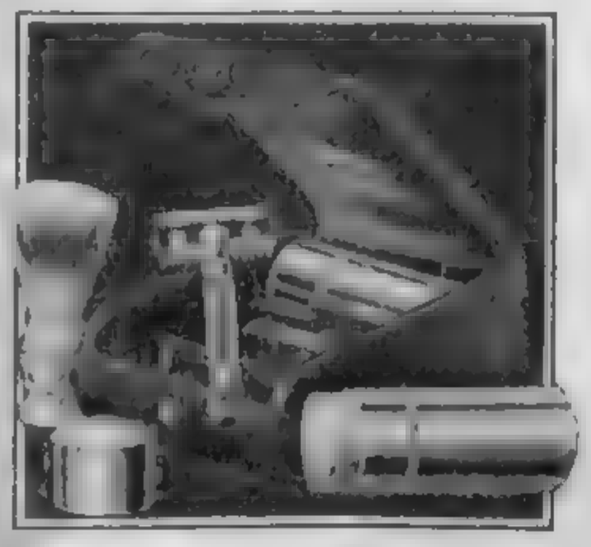
With Gold Plated Razor $6



No. 460—Standard Set

The original Gillette Set that introduced the modern way of shaving—no stropping, no honing—known the world over. Contains Triple Silver Plated Razor; Blade Boxes with 12 double edged Gillette Blades *(24 Shaving Edges)* The whole contained in Morocco Grain Case. $5

With Gold Plated Razor, $6



No. 00—Standard Combination Set

One of the most widely popular of Gillette Combination Sets. Has Triple Silver Plated Razor, Badger Hair Shaving Brush and Stick Gillette Shaving Soap in Triple Silver Plated Holders, and two Blade Boxes with 12 double edged Gillette Blades *(24 Shaving Edges)* Seal Grain Leather Case $6.50

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If the man you have in mind already owns a Standard Set or a Pocket Edition, he will be glad to have one of the *new styles*—the stocky-handled "Bulldog," the "Aristocrat" in French Ivory—or a Combination or Traveler's set.

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Gillette Dealers everywhere. They are all showing the Christmas stocks now.

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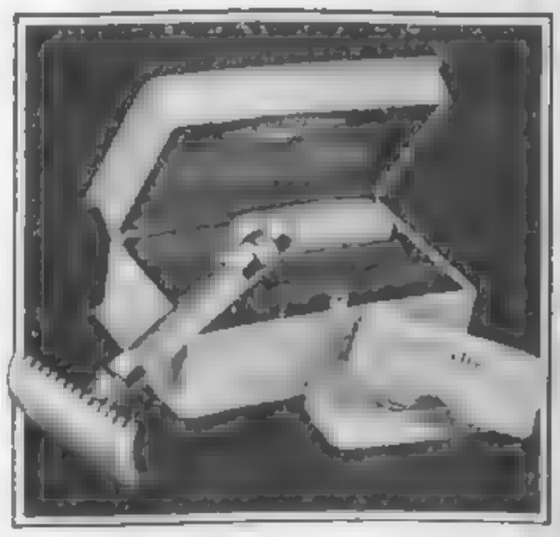
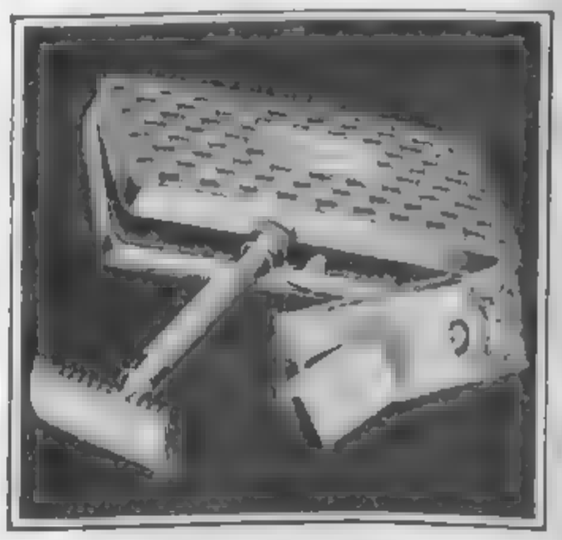


The "Aristocrat"

The Gillette Set in *French Ivory*, the material so much in vogue for men's brushes, combs and other toilet articles. Triple Silver Plated Razor, in beautifully designed case of French Ivory with Blade Boxes to match, containing 12 double-edged Gillette Blades *(24 Shaving Edges)* $5

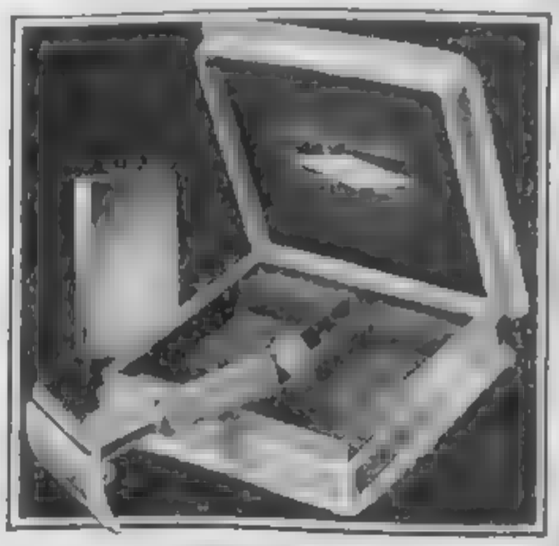
With Gold Plated Razor, $6.



No. 501—Basket Pattern Pocket Edition

Ever since it first came out, the Basket Pocket Edition has been a great favorite. It appeals to men everywhere. Metal Case, handsomely modeled in relief, and Triple Silver Plated—containing Triple Silver Plated Razor and Blade Box with 12 double edged Gillette Blades *(24 Shaving Edges)* $5

With Gold Plated Razor, $6



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THE SLACKER

(Continued from Page 16)

box and the lighter as his master liked them. Then, on tiptoe, he returned to bed.

In his quilted dressing gown before the fire Vane smoked and tried to read. The wind howled. The palm fronds in Antonia's garden lashed together with a sound like rain. His mouth was parched; his limbs ached as with cramp; very wretched all of a sudden, he pressed an inlaid button, and the top of the table—it was one of those clever English tables—rolled smoothly back, and there rose up smoothly from some secret depth a glittering spirit case of silver and crystal, half a dozen glittering square bottles that smiled and twinkled at him.

"I wish I was drunk," he said, extending his hand uncertainly.

But the thought of Antonia banished that shameful wish as soon as it was uttered. He pressed the button again. The spirit case disappeared in the black depths whence it had come. The thought of Antonia filled him with happiness; but, nevertheless, he could not help dreading the dangers that lay before him. Perhaps he would be killed. Perhaps he would be disfigured. Was it cowardly to dread death and disfigurement?

Vane laid his book on his knee and gazed into the fire with a frown. Was he a coward? Had his antiwar tracts been only a cloak to hide his cowardice? He frowned more deeply. Then he smiled and shook his head. No; he was not a coward. And yet

And yet it was the truth, it was unquestionably the truth, that up to the present he had not appreciated the bravery of all those millions of young men who, singing and cheering, with roses in their gun barrels, marched away daily to face death in battle. Was he a coward?

The wind howled, the sea broke on the pebbly shore with louder crash, the hours passed, and Vane cursed the war.

His life, until the war came, had been a poem, a real poem. He was rich. Women's eyes followed him. He had found at last a perfect bootmaker and a perfect tailor. He understood at last his appetites, knew how far he could indulge them, and might say, indeed, that he had almost become their master. And thus he had lived, temperate, honored, the cynosure of women's eyes, as serene and happy as a god, until suddenly war burst in his little paradise. He had dodged the war with antiwar tracts a long time, but now he must face it at last. He who had learned to withstand with beautiful composure the perils of women's eyes, of drink, of gambling, of all the temptations that beset rich youth, must now learn to withstand with beautiful composure the perils of 420's, gas attacks, poison bombs and vitriol sprays.

Vane cursed the war. He groaned. He lighted a cigarette and inhaled the aromatic smoke greedily. He remembered Antonia, her sweet mouth, her sad and tender eyes. He a coward? Nonsense!

"Nonsense!" he said aloud, springing to his feet. "Nonsense! I'll show them!"

And he opened one of the windows and walked out on the moonlit balcony. The balcony seemed to be made of snow. The white Villa de la Torre dreamed in the pale night. The wind howled. The dark palms rocked and their long fronds lashed together with a sound like rain. The sea was wild and foam-covered and desolate in the moonlight.

"Me a coward? Nonsense!"

And going in to bed, he fell asleep almost at once. He fell asleep amid pleasant memories of past bravery—his mountaineering, his tiger shooting, his fight at Eton with poor Royalheu.

And in due course he obtained his appointment as a stretcher bearer, put on the Red Cross uniform, and went to Marseilles to await his summons to the front.

For it was to the front, the very firing line, that Vane would go. Safe work in a hospital did not suffice for him. Vane purposed to rescue wounded soldiers under the snarling bullets of the enemy. He would risk, perhaps he would even give, his life.

"I'll show them!" muttered Hubert Vane. "I'll show them!" And in fancy, with a bitter smile, he performed rescue after rescue of unprecedented heroism. "I'll show them! A slacker, eh?"

Antonia de la Torre and he were engaged to be married. He had given her, the morning of his departure, a fabulous ruby that suited her warm, flushed beauty well. They exchanged long letters every day.

During the week Vane awaited his summons to the front, the proximity of death reduced his appetite and weight. It did not, however, hurt his sleep; nor did it hurt his health. He felt, indeed, unusually brisk and capable.

"I'd been eating too much before," he said.

The Marseilles hospital faced the sea. Its halls of marble and bronze had enormous windows of plate glass looking out on the blue water. In those splendid and beautiful rooms hundreds of soldiers lay in narrow beds, motionless on account of their dreadful wounds, while their young, clear, patient eyes now gazed pensively forth over the Mediterranean, and now followed with delight the graceful figure of a pretty Red Cross nurse hurrying in her white and coquettish uniform with a cup of broth, a fresh dressing, or a yellow packet of cigarettes. On the sun-drenched terrace and in the sun-drenched gardens lounged the convalescents with their bandages and slings, their sticks and crutches. Vane bathed these.

In the Marseilles hospital he learned to distinguish the soldiers with bullet wounds by their languid and listless air. He aided in the dressing of those bullet wounds. They seemed at first slight, unimportant, tiny red nothings in shoulder or side, but in truth they were deep, deep. Every day their cleansing yielded horrible quantities of pus and blood. He could not understand why a soldier with a mere nothing of a bullet wound might grow, week after week, more listless, somnolent and thin.

He learned to smile amid the cries of pain that sounded through the hospital when shrapnel wounds were dressed; for the soldier whose wounds made him shout lustily from pain was fast recovering health and strength, and in a few days might well be laughing and smoking and romping on his crutches in the sunshine.

He learned the joy of giving. He, who had never had to deny himself so much as a motor car—he, who had bought, without thought of the expense, every new car he liked—now saw about him convalescent lads whose days were actually made miserable for lack of a cigarette. To be recovering from a wound obtained in battle, to lie on a sunny terrace with book or magazine, and, instead of enjoying deliciously that well-earned and honorable repose, to suffer every moment the nibbling hunger for tobacco! To Vane this seemed incredible.

He had three motor cars in Nice which he sent for and put at the hospital's disposal. Thus a hundred rides of an hour each—a hundred daily rides in the pure wind and the splendid sunshine—to bring back the young soldiers' appetite and strength. He bought *scafferlati* from the government tobacco factory at the wholesale rate and, at a cost ridiculously low, saw to it that every soldier in the hospital got enough tobacco daily to roll ten or a dozen good, strong cigarettes—for your French soldier loves a black cigarette that tastes like a cigar. Vane came, indeed, to feel that it was his duty to be on the lookout to help the soldiers continually.

Thus, a little disgusted with the soap and hot water and wet flesh of the washroom, he leaned in his splashed apron from the window one afternoon when two girls approached the terrace with a basket of attractive cakes—brown, rich cakes warm from the oven. The girls passed down the rows of bandaged lads. Crutches and sticks were drawn back to make room for them; bandaged feet were lifted politely and carefully out of the way; but few were the cakes that were bought.

Here and there, to be sure, a soldier drew forth a huge purse, took from it a sou piece, and chose and consumed slowly a tiny cake; but most of the soldiers, though hungry from their long hours in the sea air and sunshine, declined, for the best of reasons, to buy.

Vane waved his sodden hand to the retiring girls. "Go back, please," he said. "Go back and tell the soldiers your cakes are free."

The girls smiled, suspecting a joke; but then they noted, above his splashed apron, his slender, ruddy face, his marvelously brushed hair, like pale brown satin, and the look of power and serenity, the millionaire-aristocrat look, in his eyes. Their manner

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Sweetest products of the soil from the far corners of the earth are gathered under the tree in the packages of Whitman's that make The Day complete
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CHOCOLATES & CONFECTIONS

changed at once. Thanking him gratefully they hurried back.

Vane leaned far out from his window. He watched the soldiers one by one take delicately with big, brown hand a cake from the basket that had, as by a miracle, returned. He watched them eating with that curbed, refined and decorous pleasure common to the lowliest of the Latins. And he felt ashamed of the joy, the cheap joy of giving, which possessed him. To obtain such profound joy at such little cost! It shamed him.

After a week of hospital training he was ordered to the front with the One Hundred and Seventy-second. In his wide red trousers, his enormous blue coat, his high-crowned and forward-slanting red cap with its black visor, he traveled to the front in a crowded third-class carriage, among elderly or misshapen stretcher bearers who had been assigned to Red Cross work because they were not quite strong enough to fight. And he had hardly left the train when he was under fire.

Under fire!

All the long train ride he had worried about his baptism of fire. He might be killed at once; he might lose a leg or both eyes; he might faint; he might turn and run. Yes; all the long ride he had worried. And he had wondered why his companions, weak-looking chaps beside himself, did not worry too. But perhaps they did worry. Who could say?

And then they all got out of the train in a snowstorm, and they all hurried together across a snow-blurred gray village amid a sound as of blasting, and lo, this sound meant that they were under fire. The village was already half destroyed. He saw a house front, amid a sudden roar and a sudden cloud, sag in and fall. He saw a wounded girl limp past on her mother's arm. And, of course, he was not frightened. Was he likely to be frightened when women showed no fear?

Their quarters were the cellar of a château that had been turned into a hospital. They threw their kits on their little beds. They partook of a good luncheon sparingly. Then, with their stretchers, they set off, like workmen going to their work, for the front-line trenches.

They entered, behind the village, a kind of trench street—or perhaps it would be better to say trench stream—and between high earthen walls they walked—or perhaps it would be better to say they waded—two miles through deep mud to the front. As they advanced they dispersed, little groups of half a dozen taking this trench byway or that trench byway. As they advanced, too, they halted—halted to let returning stretcher bearers pass with their full stretchers. Sometimes the wounded soldier on the stretcher lay motionless, covered to the chin, austere. Sometimes he reclined on his elbow, smoked a cigarette excitedly, laughed and joked. Sometimes, again, he was in great pain and wailed like a girl.

The snow fell steadily. The cannon thundered. Now and then a rifle volley cracked out. When Vane reached the front trench his legs were dripping with mud and water to the knees. Soldiers stood, their backs to him, taking pot shots at the German sandbags four hundred yards away. The air had the rather pleasant, bitter, exciting smell of gunpowder.

The bottom of the trench was a foot deep in mud, but there were boards to walk on. There were also, here and there, braziers—iron buckets punched with holes the size of half-dollars, and filled with glowing coals that burned splendidly. Soldiers, very ruddy, very stout under innumerable layers of woolen clothing, sat round the braziers and smoked and warmed their hands and feet; then they returned to their posts and began to fire intermittently again. Vane respected the fortitude of two soldiers whose duty required them to step off the dry boards and stand and fire up to their knees in mud.

Vane and the stolid, lumbering Falicon were led to a young sergeant who had been shot through the head. His head enveloped in a red-stained dressing, he lay on a wet mattress in a kind of cave or dugout. His eyes were closed. He was unconscious. Lifting him, they placed him on their stretcher. They covered him, for it was still snowing a little, with a blanket. Then, keeping step carefully, they set off down the trench road for the hospital in the village. They passed on their journey a number of cooks bearing dinner to the front lines. In great, steaming pots huge pieces of beef floated in a rich

(Continued on Page 53)

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Since Good Queen Bess' Day Virginia Tobacco Hath Brought Jollitie at Yuletide

Besides the regular packing, DUKE'S MIXTURE is also packed in attractive 8 ounce glass jars, convenient for den or office, which will be sent prepaid on receipt of 30c if your dealer cannot supply you.

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In DUKE'S MIXTURE we offer you this Virginia tobacco—"three hundred years good"—in a mixture that has been proved to suit the American taste to perfection.

If you are a cigarette smoker, if you enjoy Virginia tobacco in your pipe, or if you use Virginia tobacco in making your private blend, we say to you without any hesitation:

Try DUKE'S MIXTURE at our risk. Should it fail to satisfy your individual taste, the dealer will refund your money.

The "Roll" of Fame

(Continued from Page 50)

and savory sauce among potatoes, beans, onions and peas.

The soldiers fed well—no doubt about that. They had tobacco too. They even had, with their after-dinner coffee, a drop of cognac now and then. Vane smiled; but suddenly a shell exploded fifty yards beyond him, and amid the smoke he saw one of the cooks hurled, as by a giant hand, diagonally across the trench street. He struck the mud wall with his shoulder like a battering ram. How frail he seemed—as frail as a flimsy toy! He fell back from the wall in a crumpled, broken attitude. A little group bent over him. Heads were shaken gravely. As Vane passed they covered the corpse with a coat. Then, taking up their pots again, they went on their way.

So this was war! He was now in the midst of war. Well, it was nothing like what he had thought. And he wanted to pinch himself, to waken his numbed senses so that he might perceive war's grandiose horrors; for they seemed—those grandiose horrors—to be escaping him somehow. Yet he was pretty well shaken for all. He found, on his return, that he could eat no dinner. That night, too, he could not sleep. Yes; he was pretty well shaken.

But of course, in his letters to Antonia, he pretended that the horrors he had seen had left him calm. Though he despised himself for this pretense, he could not help it. "We must keep up the morale," he said.

Day after day he carried soldiers from the front-line trenches. Day after day in the field hospital he helped to dress wounds. Day after day he was under fire—not directly under fire like one who charges with the bayonet, but under fire like one who traverses a blasting zone, hears the blasts, and sees stones and rubbish falling close at hand.

And thus Hubert Vane, the supreme hater of war, became gradually accustomed to warfare. Its horrors no longer shattered his serenity. As a man comes from the pure, sweet air of an October morning into a crowded and foul-smelling restaurant with disgust, but gradually grows inured to that fetid atmosphere, so Hubert Vane grew inured to war. And of this change he was proud—as though the man in the restaurant, feeding hungrily, should be proud of the fact that he no longer minds the greasy restaurant smells.

Sometimes, through periscope or glass, he saw a German. The German, athletic, alert, shaven-headed, possessed a perfect efficiency that awed him. To shoot, to throw grenades, to charge and die—the German seemed made for such things as a knife is made for cutting.

"The efficient Germans! No dreamers any more in Germany! No more questioners, no more rebels! The Germans, thanks to their perfect efficiency, have ceased forever to produce Beethovens, Goethes and Heines." And so saying, Hubert Vane moistened and put on his respirator hastily as a green shred of poison gas floated down the wind.

He dined, the day before the charge, at the front. Thus he was present after dinner when the soldiers learned that they would attack the German trenches in the morning.

"At nine o'clock!" So the young captain read the conclusion of the colonel's message. "And our success is certain; yet some of you will meet in this charge a glorious death for France."

The young captain, folding his message, looked at the men with a pensive smile. He mused; he seemed about to say something; then, changing his mind, he saluted, turned on his heel, and strode briskly to his dugout. To enter the dugout's low portal he dropped down on hands and knees with skill, even with dignity, the result of long practice. The young captain was doomed to lose his eyes and his right hand in the morning.

The winter night was cold and clear and still. Over their pipes and cigarettes the ruddy soldiers, seated round the braziers, searched one another's faces as though to see whether they would find fear there. The news of the charge had hushed their laughter and talk.

Vane drew off his mittens and bent over a brazier, holding out his hands to the pleasant heat. He lighted a cigarette and blew a great cloud up toward the clear green sky with its throbbing stars. He looked from face to face. All those ruddy, young and healthy faces wore faint smiles, while the eyes had a grave and august look.

"They're not afraid," Vane thought. "They are awed, but not afraid. I'd be horribly afraid myself."

A blow on the shoulder interrupted his meditation, and Marcel Araigno said:

"You English! You smiling devils! No nerves!"

Above his cigarette Vane beamed. This was not the first time he had been complimented on his composure. Had he, indeed, already learned to front war calmly, as, in the past, he had calmly fronted all, or nearly all, the perils of wealth and youth?

"But," he said modestly, "I am not charging with you."

"No matter for that!" Araigno cried. "Before the day is over you'll be out there with your stretcher—you and Falcon—in a rain of bullets."

Vane beamed again; then he shook his head modestly, even a little doubtfully.

The soldiers passed the evening in sober talk. Here and there a hushed discussion of immortality went on. One youth cried: "Phut! It's a beautiful death, to die in battle. No pain; no fear. Phut, and it's all over. Beautiful!" Silence afterward fell on them, and in this silence they wrote letters home to parents, wives and sweethearts.

That night Vane, seated on his cot in the cellar of the château, wrote his last letter to Antonia. A sad letter. For he knew that in the morning, for the first time, he would go out from the shelter of the trenches as a volunteer to carry back the wounded amid a rain of bullets, and he believed he would be killed.

And fear, like an icy hand, squeezed his heart. He breathed with difficulty, as from a race. His pen shook.

"A verse," he wrote, "keeps running in my head: 'For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.' A beautiful verse, and one might well die for it in a good cause—in a war to end war, for example. But 'a war to end war'—how absurd! A drunk to end drunkenness—a theft to end thieving. No; reforms are never accomplished in that way. Yet I see plainly that all my antiwar talk was cowardice; and I thank you for setting me on the right path."

He frowned into the distance, endeavoring to evoke the lover's mood, so that he might end his letter in a gush of passion. But death seemed too near. With an icy hand squeezing his heart, the memory of Antonia's beauty failed to stir him. He even hated her a little, as he hated the Kaiser and all those others who had brought on the war, knowing that they themselves would never have to fight.

He went to bed with his letter unfinished. To his astonishment he fell asleep almost at once. But he was awakened long before daybreak by the dreadful roar of a thousand cannon.

"Already?" he said, and he rose. He felt calm, even cheerful. "'For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.'"

And his heart melted with love and tenderness—love and tenderness for Antonia, for himself, for all the millions of young soldiers fighting and dying. As he shaved he thought of a hundred things wherewith to conclude his letter; but when he took up the pen he found himself writing, as it were involuntarily:

"Morning has come. The charge begins soon. And now, with the guns roaring round me, I perceive that this cause of ours is good. Not perfect—no cause was ever perfect—nothing can be perfect—but a good cause; and they who die for it do die to end war. I shall die for it if I must; but oh, Antonia, life with you would be sweet!"

Vane, with the other bearers, regained the front a few minutes before the charge. The din was fearful; the din of thousands of huge guns pouring ton after ton of high explosive over their heads. The soldiers stood in sober and resolute attitudes, listening, waiting. Some had planks wherewith to bridge and cross the first-line trenches of the enemy.

Before the enemy trenches hung a curtain of smoke. Were the wire entanglements behind that curtain destroyed? A question of life and death.

The din redoubled. The smoke curtain became thicker. As nine o'clock approached the officers consulted their watches with exaggerated calm, while the soldiers turned up their coat collars, frowned, and lowered their heads, as though about to rush forth into a violent rainstorm.

Two minutes—one minute—nine o'clock!

The cannonade changed. The great guns were suddenly and simultaneously elevated.

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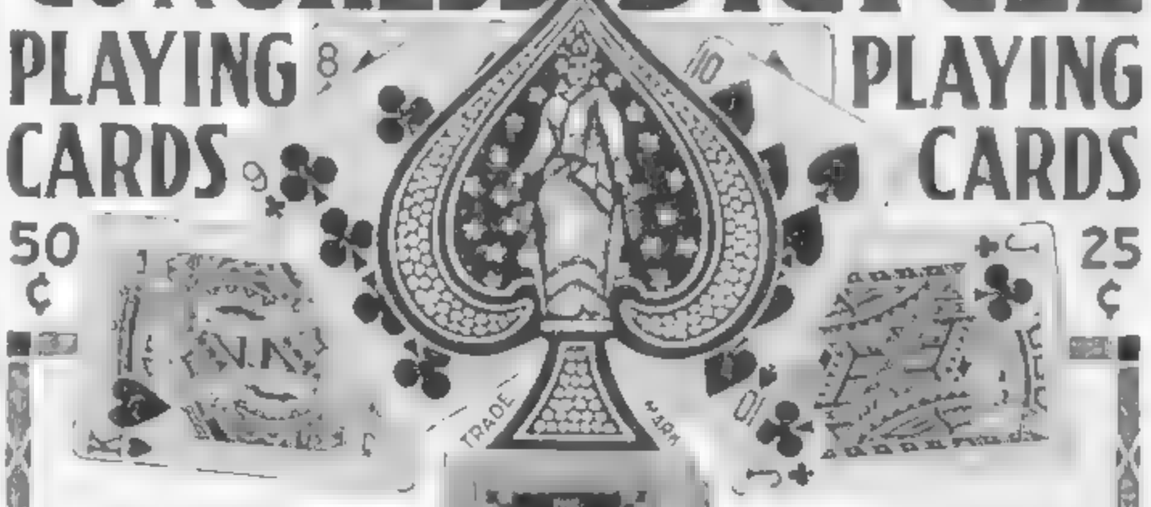

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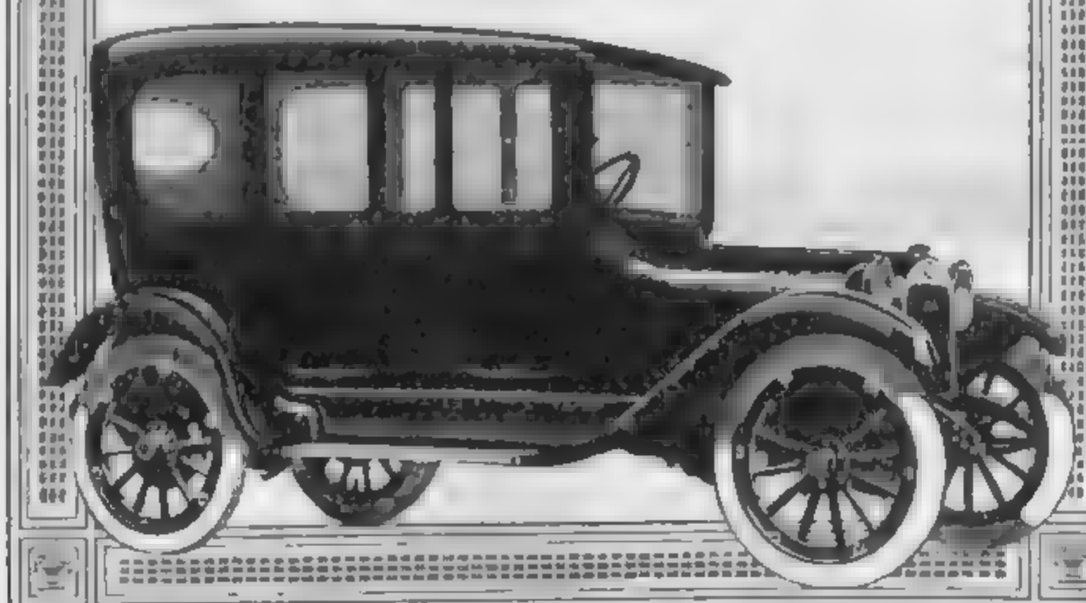

They left the way clear to the enemy's front trenches, behind which they would now throw a curtain of shell to hinder the approach of enemy reënforcements.

The soldiers watched their officers as an orchestra, about to commence, watches its leader.

"*En avant!*"

The soldiers, with turned-up collars and lowered heads, brows knit, lips compressed, climbed from their trenches and charged across the frozen field toward the smoke cloud at a heavy run. Here and there they fell. But for the most part they charged straight forward, heads lowered and shoulders hunched, and the smoke cloud soon swallowed them up.

"Brave lads!" said Vane. "Brave, brave lads!"

A soldier came crawling back on hands and knees; but some thirty or forty yards away his strength failed him and he lay down and began to shout, "Help! Help!"

Falicon climbed up the ladder with clumsy haste; and, though the field was swept by bullets, he ran to the wounded soldier, took him on his shoulder, and ran back to the trench again, unhurt. A dozen hands helped him to climb down with his burden. His burden, now quite limp, had six or seven balls in it. He laid it on a stretcher, and Vane and he carried it back to the château hospital.

The smoke cloud had thinned on their return, and a quarter of a mile away they could see, piled about the enemy's entanglements, a multitude of wounded. The wounded for the most part lay on the ground in motionless heaps. Some, however, crawled this way and that very, very slowly. Others hung amid the barbed wire in sitting postures and in leaning postures; they seemed to move feebly, like flies caught in a web. Faint, hopeless cries floated down the wind.

"Help!"

"Water, for God's sake!"

"*Au secours!*"

"What has happened?" said Vane. "Have we won?"

"Yes," said a surgeon. "We've won everything but the trench behind that wire. We were held up there."

Vane, through the thin smoke, discerned a number of figures—a dozen or more—crawling forward on hands and knees. Who were these? The surgeon told him they were French stretcher bearers who had volunteered to bring in the wounded. He watched the stretcher bearers. They crept on to within a few yards of their stricken brothers. Then they rose up in a body. A small Red Cross flag fluttered over their heads. And instantly the Germans began to fire on them. Some fell at once. Some threw themselves face downward. A few ran wildly round and round like frightened chickens. Soon all had been brought low.

Vane asked himself: "Am I glad I wasn't here when the call came for those volunteers?"

All day he carried stricken soldiers back to the hospital. All day, about the wire entanglements, the wounded stirred feebly and shouted faintly. Would volunteers again be asked for? He put that question to himself each time he returned with his empty stretcher. He told himself that if volunteers were asked for he would respond.

And an icy hand squeezed his heart again. He felt suddenly very weak. "I love life," he mused.

He had undergone no deadly danger as yet. He had, to be sure, been under fire every day. But the fact remained that he had not yet done any of those splendid deeds he had vowed to do when he enlisted.

Yes, if volunteers were asked for, he would respond. "But I love life," he said.

He looked forth through one of the trench periscopes gloomily. In the gray, cold light of the waning winter day the little figures caught in the wire now remained very still, now agitated themselves violently, like flies caught in a web. Faint and weary cries floated down the dusk. "Comrades!" "Comrades, help!"

"They, too, loved life," he thought. And this thought, somehow, strengthened him.

Night had fallen when Vane and Falicon, very wet—for a cold rain had set in—returned to the front on their last trip. A group of sober stretcher bearers met them. Captain Brell had asked for volunteers again.

"Have there been any volunteers?"

"Well—no; not yet."

Vane began to tremble. War was a leveler. What good were his millions and his

(Continued on Page 57)

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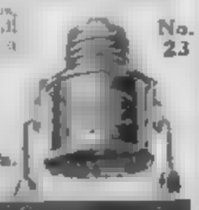

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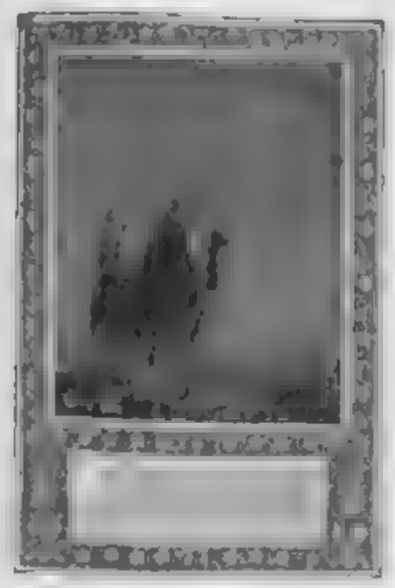

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(Continued from Page 54)

youth and his titled uncles now? Trembling, he advanced to Captain Breil, saluted, and said in a loud, jerky, bitter voice

"I am ready to go, for one, captain."

Falicon volunteered in his turn. Then others volunteered. The little band set out with their stretchers in the darkness across the mud.

A rainy, ink-black night. They moved very cautiously, crouching low, dragging their folded stretchers awkwardly behind them. They were guided by the cries of the wounded and by the occasional light of a German star-shell. They had covered about half the distance when a volley rang out and a hundred bullets whizzed over them.

Vane, lying in the mud, thought:

"This isn't what I'd expected. I'd expected to wander over the battlefield day after day and rescue hundreds. In the end I'd get winged, of course—a ball in leg or arm—but not before I'd rescued hundreds. This, though, is sheer murder."

He resumed his way on hands and knees, dragging his stretcher behind him in the rain and mud and darkness. He had no hope of success. Yet he would not turn back. His chief emotion was anger.

A searchlight picked up the little group, changing the cold rain to a golden shower all about them.

"Down!"

They flattened themselves on their faces; but the Germans, fearing a surprise, kept the searchlight on them and raked them with bullets and grenades.

It was only a minute, but it seemed to Hubert Vane an eternity—an eternity of bright light, golden rain, snarling bullets, bursting grenades—an eternity wherein he lay on his face and saw his friends being blown to pieces in a blinding light and a golden shower.

"A slacker, eh?" he thought.

He saw the dying Falicon try vainly again and again to raise himself up on his hands. Falicon's legs dragged powerless behind him. His head was thrown back. His long hair and beard dripped. He resembled a wet bronze figure in a fountain.

"Hurry! Get it over! Hurry!" prayed Hubert Vane.

And his prayer was immediately answered. A wild wind swept down on him, he was aware of a great roar and a great flash right before his eyes, and he seemed to be lifted up and carried back a long way swiftly and smoothly through the air.

IV

THE sun shone, the palms waved, and the whitecaps on the clear blue sea were like garlands. In her happiness Antonia decided to get out of the car and walk a little.

She was very, very happy. For to-day, for the first time, she would see Hubert Vane. Vane was at last out of danger after months of atrocious suffering. Furthermore, he was not disfigured. It was even probable that he would not be lame.

Smiling, flushed, her hand to her small, round hat to keep it on, she advanced against the sea wind. So they would be married, then, after all! After all their sufferings! For she had suffered as well as he. During the weeks his life was despaired of she had, in her grief and horror, accused herself of his murder. . . . And now they were to be married. On their honeymoon they would visit exotic and magnificent places—Persia, Madagascar, Bangkok—and at the end of their travels they would take up their abode at Vane's old castle, Castle Combe, in Devon; and there, no doubt—there ——

Her heart beat stormily. She saw herself with a beautiful babe in her arms. As she contemplated this picture a joy tender and soft shone in her dark eyes.

Antonia de la Torre, advancing in the sea wind and the sunshine to her lover, was dressed in a new fashion which recalled subtly the old fashion of the crinoline. She wore a black turban, a white walking suit and patent-leather boots with white tops. The turban was pulled down over her temple rakishly; the smart jacket was belted high; and her full skirt, as short almost as a child's, revealed the excellent cut of her boot tops, which laced with never a wrinkle or pucker up her slim, strong ankles.

Thus Antonia advanced joyously, her blown apparel molding her maiden contours, while on the left the blue sea sparkled, and on the right the young soldiers, lounging with their crutches on the terraces of the white hotel hospitals, called across the Promenade gay compliments to her beauty—harmless compliments, at which none could take offense. Behind her the long, low car followed slowly, chauffeur and footman superb in pale spring liveries.

At the gate of the American Hospital Oliver Morris, its American founder, waited.

"He's so weak," said Morris, leading the way upstairs, "so weak! Why, it's incredible! Of course you can stay only a minute."

"Yes; I know," said she.

"He can't lift his hand. He can't speak. Incredible!"

"Yes, yes; I know," she sighed.

Then the door opened. Vane, lying on his back beside the window, did not turn his head when Antonia entered. Nor did he make a sound. It was like entering a chamber of death. Not until she gained the foot of the bed, thus coming within the direct range of his vision, did her eyes at last meet his. And, even when their eyes met, Vane did not smile. Tears, on the contrary, big tears, began to roll down his hollow cheeks in the silence.

"Look at him!" cried Morris. "Tears! It's just his weakness," he hurriedly explained.

"Now, now!" said the nurse, wiping the tears away. "But he's so weak, miss. He's like a baby."

Antonia, leaning on the bed foot, regarded the young man with awe and wonder. She had never seen such bloodless, such translucent emaciation. It was worse than famine photographs. A soft beard added to his strange, ethereal look.

The nurse placed a small silken cushion on his breast. Then she laid his hands gently on the cushion side by side.

"He likes a change, miss, every little while."

Antonia, at the foot of the bed, nodded. Vane wept no longer now. His eyes were fixed on hers. And she was profoundly moved; floods of shame and pity and admiration overwhelmed her beneath those steady eyes.

"He has run the whole gamut," mused Oliver Morris, "the whole gamut. First, the—the hesitation. Then the plunge. Then the courage, the real courage, of stretcher bearing—for your soldier maintains his courage by keeping death and suffering out of sight; but your stretcher bearer must maintain his own in the very midst of death and suffering. Then the rescue party—the thing that won him his military medal ——"

"Oh, has he won the military medal?"

"Yes, indeed! General Pierrugues is coming here to pin the military medal on his chest next Thursday. We'll make a little festa of it."

"The military medal!" said Antonia. "And they called him a slacker, didn't they?"

"Well, you see, that was his own fault. That peace campaign of his, you know. For you must never talk peace when it throws the least suspicion on your own pluck. 'Too proud to fight'—you must never say that unless the other chap is very, very little."

"But I feel so guilty," Antonia faltered. "If he had been —— Oh, dear, I feel so guilty for sending him off to the war."

"Guilty? Nonsense! You made a man of him. He's a man now, with a man's proud memories, thanks to you. But otherwise he'd have had to apologize all the rest of his life, and he wouldn't have believed his own apologies. His example won over the yellow kid too. But the yellow kid didn't last long. He was killed in his very first engagement—one of those Gallipoli landings—Beach Five, I think."

"Time's up, Mr. Morris," said the nurse.

Antonia, leaning her elbows on the bed foot, shook her head at Vane and cried:

"You poor boy! How you have suffered!"

His steady gaze was his only answer.

"Suffered? Why," said the American, "he's got holes in him you could stick your fists in. Shrapnel, you know. But they're filling up," he continued gayly. "How young flesh heals! He's got a long siege, however, before him yet. Months on his back; dressings every day; more and more pain as he gets stronger. When he gets stronger he'll begin to howl."

"Don't," said the young girl.

"Oh," said Morris, "that's nothing. He likes that. He knows it's a good sign when they begin howling."

"Don't," she repeated.

And yet it almost seemed to her that those grisly words had brought the first faint glimmer of a smile to Vane's lips.

"Time's up."

Morris and the nurse withdrew, but Antonia seated herself beside Vane on a low ottoman.

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Catsup Plant at Rochester, N. Y.

Send 10 cents in stamps for the newest, most fascinating game—"Going to Market"—amusing and instructive and sure to interest the whole family.

THE real clincher of sales is the booklet—that's where the successful sales-maker puts his finest touches, because the public accepts your catalog as the official, accredited representative of your house and your product.

The portfolio shown above has two aims—first, to exhibit printer's-ink salesmanship at its best; second, to demonstrate visibly and convincingly the constant usefulness to you of Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

The portfolio is wonderfully helpful and suggestive as to engraving, type and color schemes, as to papers that give effects that can be obtained in no other way. It is an inspiring proof that business printed matter can be sumptuous and impressive, while thoroughly practical and commercial. Every advertiser, sales-manager and printer needs this portfolio—it is sent free as long as the edition lasts. Please write on your business letterhead.

Warren's STANDARD
Printing Papers

S. D. WARREN & CO., 162 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers of Standards in Coated and Uncoated Printing Papers
"Constant Excellence of Product—the Highest Type of Competition"

"Dear," she said, "I never believed you were a slacker."

And she lifted his helpless hand from the little cushion to her lips.

"Even if you hadn't gone," she said, her lips against his fingers, "I'd never have believed you were a slacker."

She pressed his palm to her flushed cheek.

"And you thought I never looked up! Why," she said, "I looked up all the time."

Tears filled his eyes again. She dried them with her filmy handkerchief. Then she kissed his pale brow and departed.

"Till to-morrow!"

Cotton in the Making

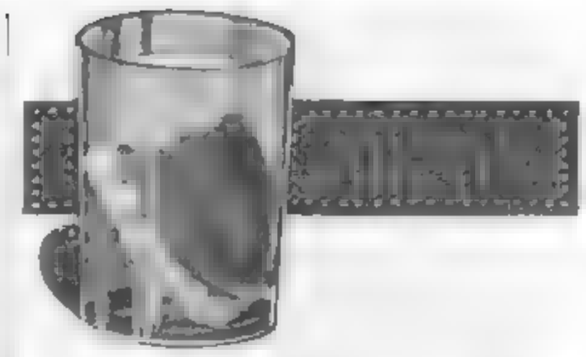
THE story of the cotton mill is similar to that of the woolen mill, the machinery being separated into two main divisions: First, we have the machines that gradually draw down the raw cotton from strips about the size of one's wrist to a small but strong thread. Second, we have the machines that weave this thread into cloth. Not long ago the writer went over one of these great mills, and truly it was an inspiring sight to see the bales of cotton being dumped into the machines at one end of the buildings and fine white cotton lawns and muslins coming out at the other end. The mill I visited was manufacturing piqués, a high grade of cotton goods for high-priced white dresses. The more I visit these mills from year to year, the more I am impressed with the fact that the Northern mills are continually manufacturing better and higher-grade goods. Whether they are being forced to do this to hold their own against the cotton mills of the South, or whether the American people are requiring a better quality of goods, I do not know. Mill men, however, tell me that at the present time the profits come from the manufacture of the finer grades of goods.

When men and women of to-day were children, calico was commonly used for house wear and to a considerable extent for street wear. In those days the many printed novelties in cotton fabrics and the extensive lines of fine and fancy woven cottons were limited. The price made them rather exclusive and available only for the rich, as our mothers and grandmothers were brought up to live within their means. As business expanded and ideas of dress and living went along with expansion, prices for the finer goods were reduced, women became more careless in their expenditures, and the use of these better-grade goods became more general.

Then the remarkable development of the printed cloth began, and the same period marked the beginning of the end for calicoes for domestic purposes.

While the richer people wore increasing quantities of fine and fancy fabrics, the poorer women imitated their wealthier sisters by appearing in printed cloth dresses exactly like the woven goods, and the cost of the printed goods was frequently less than half that of the woven goods. Calicoes have become a thing of the past, and in the average American home they are now but a memory. The finer grades of printed cloth are still good sellers in the cotton-goods market, and the quality is being bettered all the time; but at the present time even the printed goods, except in especially fine lines, are below the modern standard, and to a greater or less extent medium grades of woven-pattern goods are supplanting the printed fabrics for women's wear. Under such circumstances the large printers of cotton goods searched for other lines to keep their machinery in operation, and percales and shirtings were at first tried out with considerable success. Lately the tendency has been toward piqués, draperies, Hamburgs, as well as cotton blankets.

The fact that our domestic cotton-manufacturing properties are especially adapted to lines that are in best demand, and will abandon anything that is not a good seller, has kept American cotton goods at the front in the great markets. To be sure, our domestic goods up to the time of the war were not yet in great demand in foreign countries, particularly in comparison with the cotton fabrics of English manufacture; but home manufacturers are finding a larger market each year.



False Teeth are no Joke

They are a mighty serious reality to lots of people. And what else can *you* have if you lose your natural teeth?

Don't just think about it. *Do* something. Find out what is the cause of tooth-decay. Scientists say that, in nine out of ten cases, it is "Acid-Mouth." Find out if *you* have "Acid-Mouth." If so, use

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

It counteracts "Acid-Mouth" at the same time it is cleaning and whitening the teeth.

Your morning-and-night brushing of the teeth can be made their protection against decay if you use Pebeco.

Ten-day Trial Tube and Acid-Test Papers to Test Your Mouth for Acid—Sent FREE

Manufacturing Chemists

122 William St. New York
Canadian Office: 1 and 3 St. Helen St., Montreal

"SPUG!"
(Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving)

Let your Christmas Gifts combine sterling utility with artistic beauty. Delight your friends with the Special Christmas Set of

Marlex TURKISH .. TOWELS

Two Bath Towels Two Hand Towels
Two Wash Cloths One Bath Mat

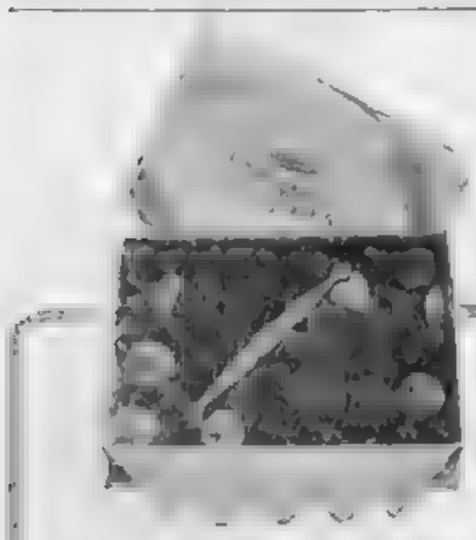
At all Department Stores.

"The Best Turkish Towels in the world, made in U. S. A."
Columbia Towel Mills
W. H. & A. E. Margetson & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sales Office—51 Leonard St., N.Y.

Snug Comfort for Tired Feet
in
Parker's Arctic Socks

Warm, restful, healthful, forced-circulation Arctic sock-tops. Easier than stiff-sole slippers. Worn in rubber boots absorb perspiration. Made of knitted fabric lined with soft white wool fleece. Washable unshrinkable. *Parker's name in every pair.* In all sizes at dealers' or sent postpaid for 25c a pair.
J. H. PARKER CO., Dept. F, 25 JAMES ST., MALDEN, MASS.



Ambrosia Chocolate Tixies

Wonderfully delicious. Rich chocolate confections that are so delightfully palatable, so entirely different from any other chocolates you can buy, that they make a distinctive holiday gift, and a rare treat for chocolate lovers.

Give them for Christmas

Your friends will be enthusiastically appreciative. Dainty and tempting boxes of assorted almond and fruit centers. No wasted space. Every box a delight. A dozen different boxes are all on show you and by mail $1.00 for three full pounds prepaid to your door in the two boxes or more ordered at one time. Only 25c per pound. Money back if not satisfied.

Ambrosia Chocolate Co., 335-7 Fifth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

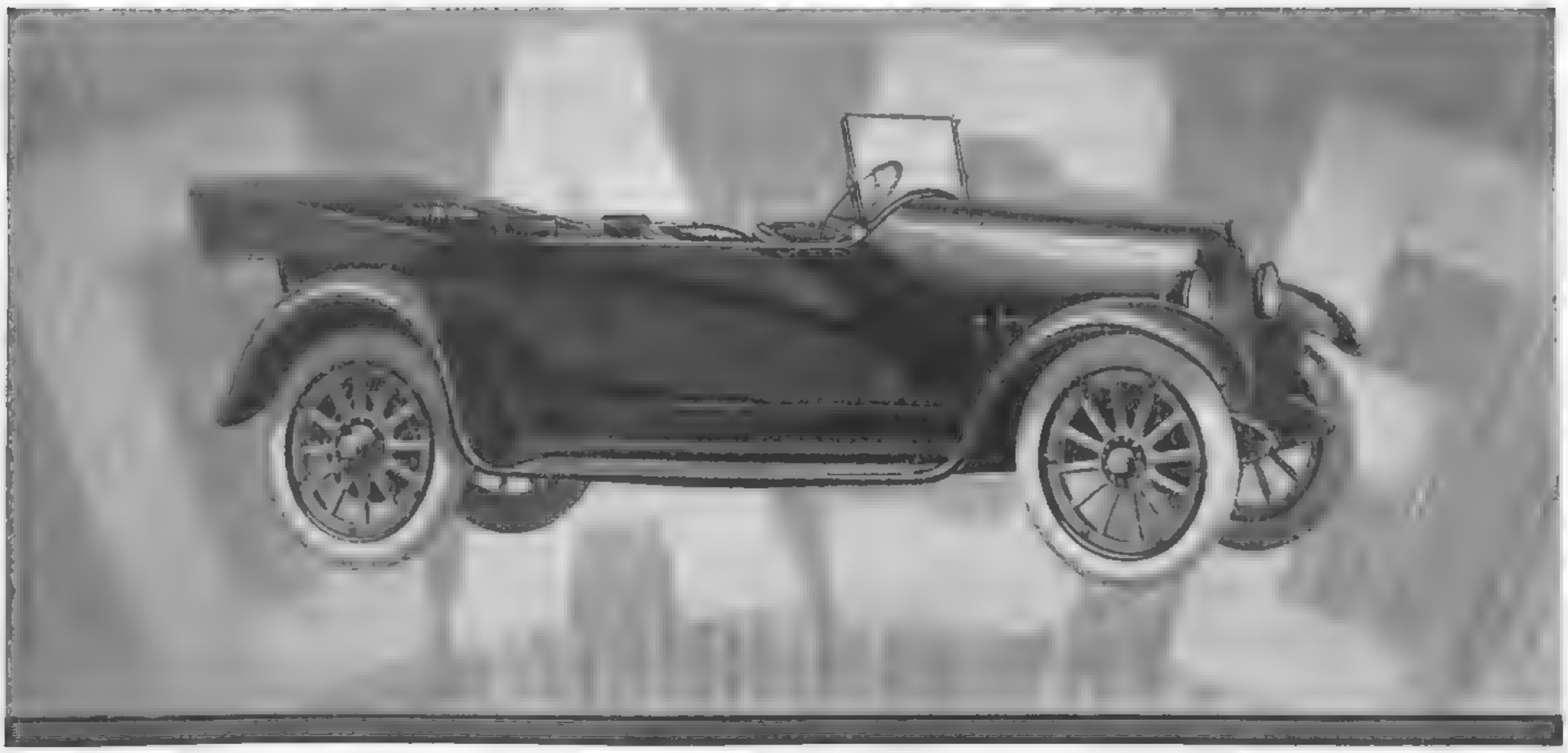
10c—Sizes—15c
(Except in far West)

The firm, white meat of freshly caught cod and haddock—cooked and mildly salted—packed in parchment-lined tins—ready for instant use, without boning, picking or soaking. No waste—no spoilage. Very economical—most convenient. B & M Fish Flakes make delicious Codfish Balls, Fish Hash, Fish Soufflé, Fish Chowder. For breakfast or lunch, just try Creamed Codfish on toast. Many other appetizing dishes easily made, with little time and no bother—with B & M Fish Flakes, the new and better kind of codfish.

Sold by most grocers. If not at yours, send his name and 10c for regular size tin.

Our recipe booklet, "Good Eating," free for the asking.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
2 Water Street, Portland, Me.



TOMORROW'S CAR TODAY

Now comes the new Case 40. Born and bred in the midst of Case ideals, it looms forth as a car that is bound to carry the Case standard even higher and higher.

While quite different—while lower in price—the new Case 40 does not plunge into eccentricities—it is designed for the substantial sort of man who is not swayed by passing innovations—the man who is cautious and wants a tried, riskless car. For 74 years Case executives and workmen have been building according to the Case standard—never leaving that straightaway path called Quality which has brought such world-wide reputation. The Case Cars are built entirely by Case trained workmen in the Case plants.

Our new Forty is a composite car—embodying all that is best in American and foreign motor practice, and welded together by Case experience.

"Friends of the Forty"

Everywhere are men who know the former Case 40—men who found it well worth $2300. These men particularly will welcome this announcement—for now they can recommend the new Case 40, with its obvious improvements, to their friends. Owners will tell of its serviceability—of its modest upkeep and how it resists depreciation. The splendid service of the former Case 40 can be expected of our new 40.

The refinements of this car are individual. Its combination of excellencies is bound to be appreciated and wanted by the motor-wise and discriminating. We predict a sensation for this car at the New York, Chicago and other Automobile Shows.

Inherited Merit

Our new 40 still has the basic engine that bestowed upon Case the title of "The Car with the Famous Engine." Yet there are many new features—many natural evolutions. So, more than ever, men may still place their absolute faith in this famous engine. Full power is there—likewise genuine simplicity, flexibility and economy.

As you go up and down the scale of prices, you can count on this car and the name behind it, as guaranteeing all that is sane and practical, a factor not to be overlooked in these days of innovations. For the car is deliberately built on a high mileage basis. We can justly call it the 100,000 mile car.

ANNOUNCING THE NEW

CASE 40

$1090

The Car of Curves

Only its long sweeping lines are straight. All other lines have been molded into curves. All corners are gone. This plastic modeling—this collection of unbroken lines—gives an air of distinction found only in cars of character.

The unmistakable beauty and many distinguishing characteristics of this new Case will make men spot this car and admire it—envying your ownership. So you'll enjoy driving a "different" car—one that stands out in quiet dignity from others.

Case dealers hunger for such a car as this. They know the value is there—that an industrial organization as large as this needs no long profit on Case cars—but can afford to enter this bettered car in the field at a very low profit per car.

Surprises Await You

A peep at the new car discloses many new and exclusive features. To go over its superiorities is to be filled with wonder and admiration. See how the Cantilever springs are mounted on a ball-like seat on the rear axle—thus removing all side sway and pitching. Case spring features, together with low center of gravity, give a road-hugging car that smooths out ugly stretches.

The "Observation Car" arrangement of seats gives more room—there is real comfort for seven. Another innovation is removable upholstery—in real grain leather. Throughout are luxuries usually found in cars costing double. The many, many features of this car can be but briefly outlined in the specifications below.

An Ovation is Certain

At $1090—over a thousand dollars less than our other 40—we offer this new Case 40—knowing that men who compare values closely and who look for long-lived cars will say, "Here is a car I must know." And we say—"The more you know of it the better."

To secure early deliveries we advise immediate inspection, comparison and decision. We shall be glad to send you a book describing the new Case 40. Or ask our dealer in your town to show you this Car of Tomorrow—today.

J. I. CASE T. M. COMPANY, Inc.
522 Liberty St. RACINE, WIS.

A Few Points for Your Guidance

WHEEL BASE: 120 inch.
MOTOR: Four cylinder, bore 3⅛ inch, stroke 6 inch, cylinders cast en bloc integral with crank case, L. Head, 40-45 B. H. P. Westinghouse ignition, starting, lighting.
Lubrication—Force feed to crank shaft and cam shaft bearings; splash to piston pins and cylinder walls.
Carburetor of special design, with feed by gravity from cowl tank, dash adjustment.
Radiator—Cellular type, with thermo-syphon circulating system.
CLUTCH: Cone.
TRANSMISSION: Selective, three speeds forward and one reverse; three point suspension, in unit with power plant, left hand drive, center control, Timken bearings. Spicer universal joint.
AXLES: Rear—Weston-Mott; ¾-floating, with spiral bevel gears; torque and drive thrust taken by torque tube to rear end of transmission through a ball and socket joint; pinion shaft provided with two Bock, roller type, bearings. Front—I-beam, designed and built by Case; Timken bearings; I-beam section, steering arms, steering knuckles and king pins all of special chrome nickel steel—forged, heat treated and machined in our shops.
FRAME: Designed with exceptionally deep section, greatest depth at center where front hanger of cantilever spring is suspended.
SPRINGS: Rear—Cantilever, 50 inches long, 2 inches wide, attached to rear axle by means of universal joints, which take all side play, allowing springs to do full spring duty—an exclusive feature in construction.
WHEELS: 34 x 4 inch, Artillery type, with Goodyear detachable, demountable rims.
BODY: All steel, with removable upholstery of genuine grain leather. Front seats divided, and are adjustable forward and backward, as are the clutch and brake-pedals. Finish—Brewster green, with ivory stripe.
EQUIPMENT: One-man top, with dust hood and quickly adjustable side curtains. Stewart-Warner Speedometer. Windshield—Rain vision, ventilating. Tires—Goodyear 34 x 4 inch, non-skid on rear. Motor driven horn. Regular tools, tire repair kit, etc., etc.
PRICE: $1090.00.

That

Waltham Watches

surpass all others is definitely established by the following tests:

At the World Expositions, wherever exhibited, Waltham Watches have received highest awards. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Waltham took the Grand Prize over all competitors.

At the great Kew Observatory more Waltham Watches receive the "A" rating than any other make. Only one other American manufacturer has ever received the "A" rating and then only on a single watch.

There are more Waltham Railroad Watches in use the world over than any other make.

Scientists recognize the superiority of Waltham Watches. All the American polar expeditions (where accuracy is essential) have taken Waltham timepieces.

These facts are more eloquent than any mere words.

Of all watches the Waltham

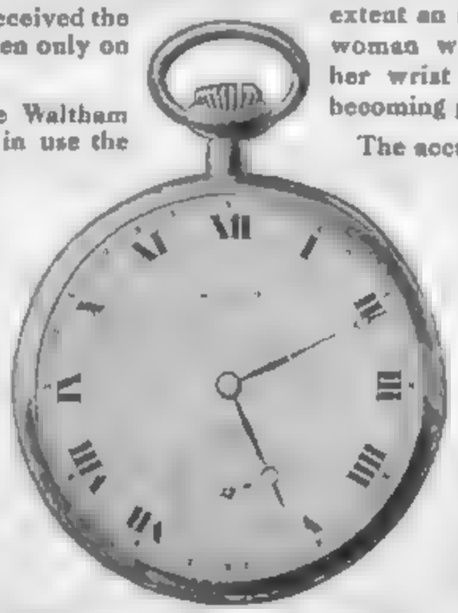
Riverside Series

are the most famous. There are various sizes and styles of Riverside Watches but they all have the Riverside character of fine accuracy, surplus strength and long life. Most of the improvements in watch making for a generation have first been incorporated in Riverside Watches.

The man who has one of these Riversides in his pocket is to that extent an aristocrat; and the woman who wears one on her wrist will find herself becoming punctual.

The accuracy of the Riverside Watches is vouched for by the watch company which is the oldest in America and the largest in the world.

The beauty of these watches you can see for yourself. Let your jeweler help you select one for Christmas.



Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.

Anglo-French Gold Bonds

Yielding an Income of Nearly 5½%
On Your Investment

Security These bonds are the joint and several obligation of the governments of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Republic of France. The ultimate security is the whole taxing power of the British and French governments and the financial morality of the British and French peoples.

Income Over one half of the issue of $500,000,000 was withdrawn for investment by members of the purchasing group. The balance is offered at 98 and interest, yielding an income of nearly 5½%. British Consols and French Rentes have usually sold in normal times at prices to yield only 2½% to 3½%.

Conversion Privilege In addition to the income of nearly 5½%, each bond carries with it a special privilege entitling the holder, if he does not desire to have his bond redeemed at par, to exchange it at or before maturity—which is five years from date—for a 4½% bond of the two governments, which will run until 1940, but redeemable at the option of the governments on and after October 15, 1930. Based on the yield of British Consols and French Rentes in past years, such a bond would have sold below 110 in only three years of the eighty years prior to the beginning of the present war and would have sold during this period as high as 126.

Convenience The bonds are issued in convenient denominations of **$100, $500,** and **$1000,** and in coupon and registered form, offering equal opportunity and return to all classes of investors. To offer a convenient market for their subsequent purchase or sale, they will be listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Their value, as a basis for loans, is already well established among the banks of the country.

Interest Payable October 15 and April 15

Make Application to any Bank, Trust Company, Bond Dealer or Broker

If you say "I WILL"

and really mean it, you'll probably be a success *provided* you have the preliminary training necessary to enable you to carry out your determination.

But you do need the training.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY has helped thousands of young men and young women to make successes. Through its Educational Offers it has equipped them to meet the competition encountered in business and professional life. And it will do the same for you.

IN RETURN for forwarding renewals and new orders for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in leisure hours it will pay for your course in any college, technical school or musical conservatory in the country.

The work doesn't require previous experience and the only expense to you will be your work in leisure hours. Let us tell you what has been done for so many others and what we can offer to you.

Educational Division, Box 191, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Hansenbilt Washable

MEN of fastidious tastes have set fashion's approval on this newest Hansen for semi-dress wear. It gives every effect of elegance with smooth fit and pliability. Made of beautiful "cape" leather, in all the newer shades, and can be washed in soap and water without affecting the soft texture or life of the grain.

The most immaculate dresser can be sure of fresh gloves with no "dry cleaning" delay. Ask your dealer or write us for particulars of this latest Hansen triumph and 500 other designs.

Automobile Gauntlets and Mittens

Exclusive styles covering the widest range of motoring demands.

Free book describes the special features that have made Hansen the irreproachable standard in material, fit and style. If your dealer is not supplied let us know. Please write for the book.

O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co.
100 D Detroit Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

HANSEN GLOVES

THE BLUE-SKY COMPANY

(Continued from Page 21)

And when the amateur pirate mentioned a book of blank stock certificates somethin' popped into his head. He remembered somethin' then.

"Ah-h-h, sure it did, Meesther Theodore Goss!" Wogan affirmed, wagging his head at that gentleman. "I know well enough because I know yer nature. Ye got out the old rusty key, Theodore Goss, and ye slipped into the old dusty, cobwebby, deserted office—where, so far as any of ye knew, no man had stepped for two or three years or more. Ye went into the old office here and ye opened the little door at the bottom of the secretary's desk on the right-hand side, and ye got out two books, which ye carried back to the other pirates. One of 'em was a fat little book bound in gray cloth. That was the Air Boat Company's stock ledger, with the names of the owners of the stock registered in it. The other was a long, narrow book with pasteboard covers. There was some blank stock certificates in it—the blank stock certificates which this amateur pirate had mentioned, and so put the book into yer mind. And there was a lot of stubs from which stock certificates had been detached. Also, folded into this book, mind ye, was a sheaf of stock certificates all duly made out and signed by president and secretary, and sealed with the company's seal."

Mr. Odell put his hand to a long whisker, Mr. Goss rubbed his hand over his brow, and Mr. Perry made an audible and shuddering intake of breath.

"Ah-h-h, yes! Scoundrels that ye are! It goes right home!" said Thomas Wogan with profound satisfaction. "These here stock certificates had been turned in to the secretary years ago for transfer. It was his duty in such case to issue a new certificate in place of the one that had been turned in, and to stamp the old one canceled with a rubber stamp provided for that purpose; in fact, it's decidedly my impression that a few of these certificates at the bottom of the heap were duly stamped canceled. But the rest of 'em was not stamped canceled. As the poor little company was welterin' down into ruin and the stock wasn't worth anything anyway, drunken Jim Wilkins or more likely Meesther Theodore Goss, here, who was really runnin' the office, didn't bother to stamp the certificates. He just chucked 'em into the book—probably thinkin' he'd cancel 'em all together some day when he felt more like it. So there they was—stock certificates duly issued, signed and sealed, that to all appearance represented valid and outstanding stock of the Air Boat Company. When that book was mentioned by the amateur pirate those stock certificates popped into Theodore Goss' mind, for he'd often seen 'em years ago—and what he might do with 'em popped into his mind too."

He wagged more particularly at Mr. Goss, proceeding:

"Ye says to Odell and Perry, ye says: 'There's no use lettin' this amateur pirate, Lamb, in on it—we might as well keep it for ourselves,' ye says; 'but here's stock certificates that nobody on earth—except maybe by a long and painful investigation and checkin' up the company's stock ledger—could tell wasn't perfectly good and valid. Here, also, is the company's stock ledger,' ye says, 'which we'll chuck into the furnace so nobody ever can check it up. Havin' chucked the stock ledger into the furnace,' ye says, 'we'll take enough of these certificates to represent the eighteen hundred shares we need; and we'll trot down to Partington & Giles with 'em,' ye says, 'and get our money. Who could ever find us out?' ye says. 'If that old blockhead, Tom Wogan, should hear that something or other happened about Air Boat, how could he ever trace it down?'

"And day before yesterday, ye pirates, ninety-nine hundred shares of Air Boat stock was duly deposited with Partington & Giles—eighty-six hundred and odd shares by the three old pirates and thirteen hundred by the amateur—and Partington & Giles duly paid down two dollars and a half a share on it; and another bloody deed was done!"

Mr. Wogan dropped back in the swivel chair, folded his arms across his mighty chest, pressed his lips back against his false teeth and glowered on them in judgment. No one said anything by way of reply.

Will you have a KING Christmas morning?

How would you like to see an air rifle waiting for you when you wake up on Christmas morning?
If you have never owned an air rifle you have missed one of the greatest pleasures a boy can have.

Target shooting is not only great sport, but is fine training for body and mind. Like baseball, it builds steady nerves and develops a quick eye and hand—gives you the straight manly look of a West Point Cadet.

You may get tired of some gifts, but you and your air rifle will always be good chums.

The King Air Rifle has for 30 years been known as the best air gun made. It is strong, handsome, accurate, and is perfectly safe in the hands of a boy.

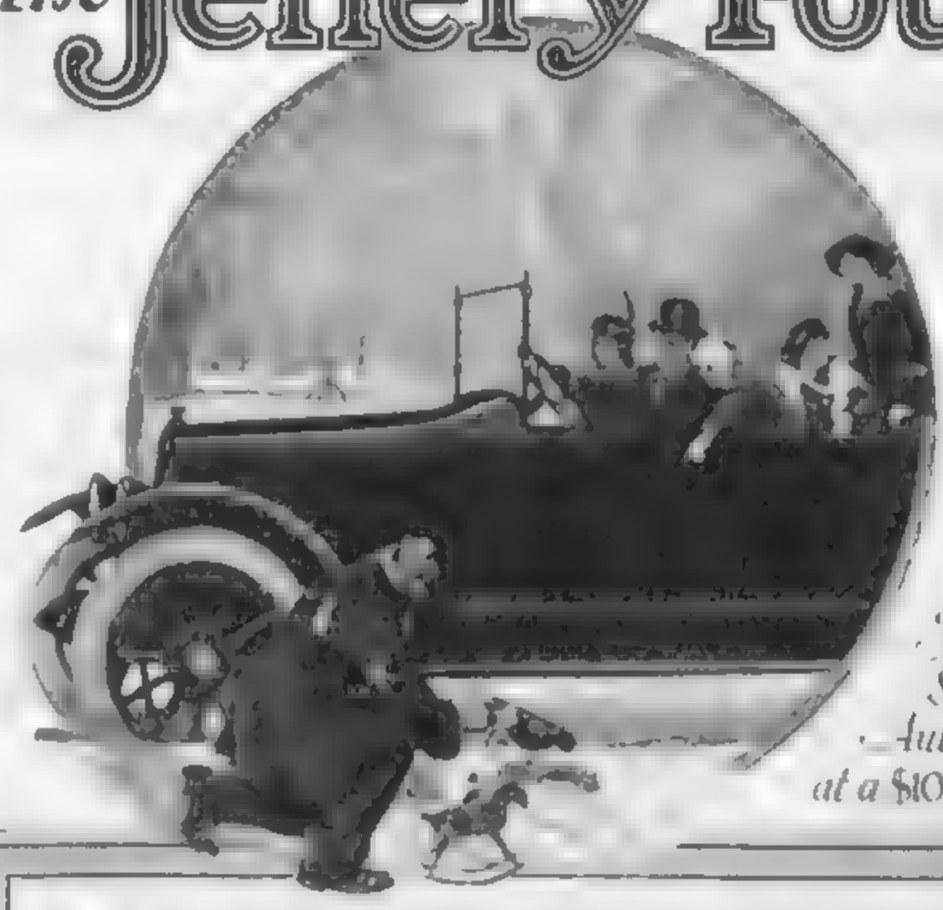
Write today for illustrated folder E and show it to father when it comes. He probably used a King when he was a boy.

The Markham Air Rifle Co.
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

Southern Representatives
Sand & Hulfish
11 Hanes Haus
Baltimore, Md.

Pacific Coast Office
Phil B. Bekeart Co., Mgrs.
717 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.

The Jeffery Four



"America's Standard Automobile at a $1000 Price"

You can invest your money in a Jeffery Four with the certainty of very small depreciation. The engineering, materials and workmanship are of that high-grade character which gives the average owner four or five seasons of perfect service—and the price is *standard*.

Cloth upholstery • Five-passenger Chesterfield type • Front seats, divided • Driver's seat, adjustable • Upholstery and trimmings [illegible] • Shipping weight, 2750 pounds • Motor, Jeffery high-speed high efficiency • Ignition, Bosch magneto • Starting and lighting system, Dijur electric • Equipment, complete • Entire car 95% Jeffery built.

STANDARD SEVEN-PASSENGER, $1075; [illegible] Auxiliary Seat, $1000 • THREE-PASSENGER ROADSTER, $1000
SEDAN [illegible] 2850 pounds, $1695 • JEFFERY SIX, $1350

Prices f.o.b. Kenosha, Wisconsin

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wisconsin

[illegible]

Prime Here Not Here

One drop of gasoline right at the spark is worth twenty drops anywhere else in your cylinders.

In a really cold cylinder, gasoline simply will not vaporize rapidly enough for the gas to *travel to the spark.*

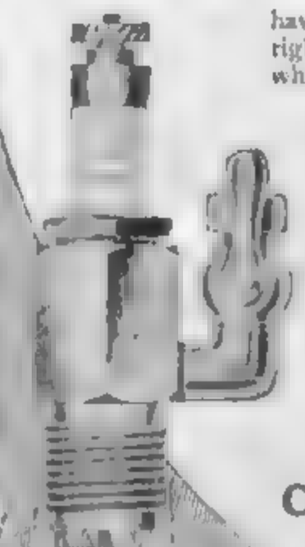
So priming through the priming cup, or by taking the spark plugs out, is not effective.

"All-in-One"

Champion

"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

Priming Plugs



have a priming cup right on the plug. The gasoline trickles right down the core and drips from the electrode—right where the spark jumps.

A spark and gasoline at one and the same point at the same time means an explosion—that's all there is to it.

You may not need them often, but when you do need them Priming Plugs are worth many, many times the few cents' additional cost

Your dealer will tell you which one is made to serve your motor

Get a set today and be *sure* that there will be no starting delays this winter, no matter how low the mercury drops.

The price is $1.25 each.

Like all Champion Spark Plugs, Champion Priming Plugs are uniformly dependable.

Be sure the name "Champion" is on the porcelain,—not merely on the box.

Champion Spark Plug Co.

102 Avondale Avenue

Toledo, Ohio

PATENTS WANTED Write for List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D.C.

Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $50. Save money. Print for others. [illegible] Write factory for catalog of presses, TYPE, cards, samples. The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

ALWAYS FRESH

There is the same marked difference between fresh Olive Oil and Olive Oil packed months ago as there is between a newly laid egg and an egg months old. Insist on

POMPEIAN

THE STANDARD IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

HUNT

The Pens You MUST Try

Perfect Pens [illegible] smooth work [illegible] as long as other pens. You must try them to appreciate their worth.

Try HUNT'S SILVERINE PENS

10 styles of Hunt's Silverine Pens mailed on receipt of 10c. Ask your dealer, or send $1.50 for gross of assorted Silverine Pens and [illegible] this [illegible] sample of stub inkwell FREE

C. Howard Hunt Pen Co., Camden, N. J.

Manufacturers of Hunt's Round Pointed Pens

Uncle Bill's Big Circus Toy

10c, 15c, 25c

On Sale at 10c Stores, Department Stores, Toy Shops

Monkeys, Lions, Tigers, Camels, Elephants, Hippopotamuses, Zebras, 13 animals in all, besides Clowns and Bare-back Riders. Boys and Girls are instantly delighted with it. [illegible] for hours entertaining and instructive. Animals [illegible] stand up. Tent is made of the same tough [illegible] material, and the top has flags of nations with real [illegible] flag for center. Height [illegible] inches. On sale at 10c stores, Department Stores and other Toy Stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 10c or 25c [illegible] for postage and packing and we will mail the [illegible] you want same day order is received. Buy them by the dozen—mail them to your children friends.

M. R. CHESNEY CO., Inc.

204 Graphic Arts Building Kansas City, Mo.

Also Mitzi Uncle Bill's Merry Go-Round, 25c. By mail, 30c

"And I come back this morning unexpectedly to ye, a good month before my vacation is up," Wogan proceeded. "My door's open and ye see me at my desk. And ye send the amateur pirate in here to see me and treat me to some hot air and some lies, and to ask me if I won't sell my eighteen hundred shares of Air Boat stock at about five or maybe ten dollars a share. A mild and genial chap the amateur pirate is. And I say to him: 'No, danged if I will—or at any other price just now. Fetch those three reprobates in here,' I says, 'for I want to have a little talk and a plain understanding with 'em. So he fetches ye in, and here ye are."

Mr. Goss, grinning slightly, took off his gold-bowed spectacles and rubbed his beady eyes.

"What do you want for your Air Boat stock?" he inquired in the nasal drawl that sounded rather sarcastic.

"What do I want for it?" Mr. Wogan repeated deliberately. "So far's I'm personally concerned, I don't want nothing at all. I'm satisfied with the situation just as it stands. But if ye really want my stock I'll take one hundred thousand dollars for the eighteen hundred shares—spot cash in certified checks. Ye can take it at that or go to the devil!"

Mr. Perry gasped.

"Of course I know the rest of the story," Mr. Wogan observed. "Monsoor de Morny goes into Partington & Giles' office this morning to look over his stock, and when he compares one certificate with another he notices something queer. Partington & Giles look it over with him, and then ye're notified that among the stock certificates which ye deposited there's some—representin' eighteen hundred shares and bein' the very ones, Theodore Goss, that ye found in the old book—are rank forgeries. At a glance they look like genuine certificates; but when ye come to compare 'em carefully the difference is plain enough. Some words that are in the genuine certificates ain't in the forged ones. The seal of the company is defective, and any expert could tell the signatures of the president and secretary are forged.

"Maybe somebody'd been tamperin' with the uncanceled certificates in that old book, Theodore Goss, since ye last looked at 'em some years ago. Maybe somebody'd taken out the genuine uncanceled certificates and slipped some forged ones in their place. Maybe so—but that's neither here nor there, so far's I'm concerned; for here ye are. Ye've deposited forged certificates and taken pay for 'em. And ye've got the ultimatum from the Frenchman, and Partington & Giles, that ye can deposit genuine certificates in place of the forged ones by three o'clock to-day or ye'll be prosecuted for the forgery.

"If ye like," Mr. Wogan added, "ye can stand pat and go into the criminal court and try to explain how ye got those forged certificates; but ye know what the newspapers'll say about ye, and ye know danged well any Chicago jury would convict ye of any crime from arson to murder on the testimony of a babe. Ye know this town would be tickled to death to get action on ye." He raised a large hand impressively. "May I be struck dead if I don't hope ye'll refuse to buy my stock and stand trial! So there ye are! It's now twenty-one minutes past two. Ye can hustle out and get me certified checks for one hundred thousand dollars in time to put my genuine stock certificates on deposit at Partington & Giles' by three o'clock—or ye can do the other thing."

"I'm going!" said a frightened voice from the corner, and Mr. Perry started for the door. In a moment Josiah Odell rose deliberately and followed him, his eyes on the floor. Mr. Goss, grinning slightly, lingered a moment. It was evident he ached to fight; but he rose and stepped into the hall. Lamb went last, closing the door of Mr. Wogan's office behind him.

"If we could only get hold of this Frenchman!" said Mr. Goss, frowning anxiously as the four drew together in the hall. "Of course this is a plant. Somebody planted those forged certificates there. The old blockhead in there never would have thought of that. It's ten to one this Frenchman put up the job. If we could only get hold of him now we might trip him up."

He turned to Lamb, who was listening with a look of sympathetic interest in his handsome blue eyes. His smooth cheeks still had a faint tinge of boyish color in them, though the silky brown hair was wearing a bit thin over his forehead. He had on a smart summer suit of steely-blue material with a fine stripe in it, and there was a carnation in his buttonhole.

"You left word at his hotel?" Mr. Goss inquired.

"Yes," said Lamb; "I've called up three times. It looks as though he was keeping out of the way."

"We can take a chance," Mr. Goss suggested. "We can tell old Tommy Wogan to go to the devil with his stock, and take a chance. This deal is phony and we may be able to kick a hole in it."

"The odds are too long," growled Josiah Odell. "That old pup, Wogan, would give a leg to have us indicted. No doubt about that! Partington & Giles have a good reputation. I don't propose to get into a criminal court—not for a third of a hundred thousand dollars. The odds are too long."

"Too long! Too long!" said Mr. Perry nervously. "And, say, we've got no time to waste, either."

It was, in fact, six minutes before three when they finished substituting the genuine stock certificates, which they had bought from Thomas Wogan, for the forged ones. About that time Thomas Wogan was looking down at three certified checks, each for one-third of a hundred thousand dollars, which lay on his desk.

"I'm sort of disappointed after all," he observed gravely to Lamb. "I hoped they'd stand trial. As ye say, there was the difficulty about producin' Monsoor de Morny to prosecute 'em; but just to see the dogs on trial would be worth a lot of money."

He turned two of the checks face down and took up a pen—ruminating with a grave face. Then suddenly he tipped back his big head and gave a roaring laugh.

"I handed it to 'em right, didn't I?" he demanded exultantly. "I made 'em sit still and eat it—eh? I crammed it down their danged black throats! It's been sort of festerin' in my heart for five years. I'll go back to the woods feelin' better."

He wrote his name on the back of the two checks he had turned face down.

"And I'm not layin' any blame to ye, lad," he added. "Ye did noble! It was a grand scheme. I take off my hat to ye. That little touch, now, of just bringin' the old stock certificates to 'Theodore Goss' mind, and then slippin' out and leavin' Satan to do the rest—that was a masterpiece, lad! Here's your two-thirds of the money." He handed up the two checks he had indorsed.

"As I told ye, it's retribution I wanted. I don't blame ye for takin' the money, mind; but I don't want it myself. For me, with those other poor devils standin' empty-handed, it would be no better'n blood money. I wouldn't feel right to keep it. After deductin' our expenses from this thirty-three-thousand-dollar check of Theodore Goss' I'll use the remainder to pay my subscriptions to the United Charities. And I can't help laughing, too, when I think the poor suckers, for all their smartness, never guessed who killed 'em."

But three days later—with only the faintest of hope in their hearts—Messrs. Odell, Goss and Perry went over to Partington & Giles' office to get the deferred twenty-two dollars and a half a share on their Air Boat stock—provided it was there for them.

Mr. Partington was much disturbed. The remaining twenty-two dollars and a half a share had not been deposited; nor had the firm seen or heard anything of M. de Morny for three days.

"I say," said Mr. Goss, who had been deeply pondering all the circumstances of the case for the last three days, "what sort of looking chap is this de Morny?"

"Why, quite a handsome man, I should say," Mr. Partington replied. "Tall and slender, smooth-shaved with a touch of color in his cheeks, and with fine blue eyes. Three days ago the last time he was in here he was wearing a light, steely-blue suit with a fine stripe in it, and had a carnation in his buttonhole."

While Mr. Odell stared and Mr. Perry gasped, Mr. Goss inquired, in his nasal drawl that sounded sarcastic:

"You didn't happen to keep that letter of introduction from the London house he brought with him, did you?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Partington. "It was a circular letter. He took it with him."

The three pirates were silent until they stood in the dingy lower hall of the Benevolent Building. Then Mr. Goss spoke deliberately:

"The next man with two beautiful blue eyes who comes into my office is going out with two beautiful black eyes!"

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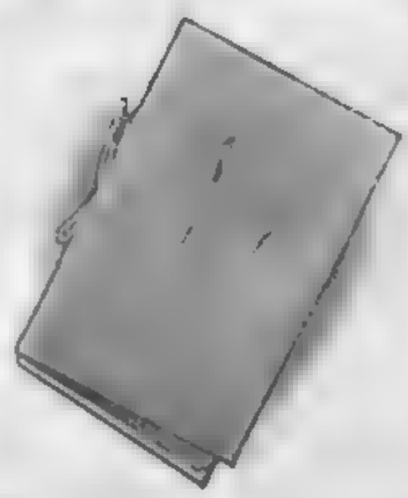

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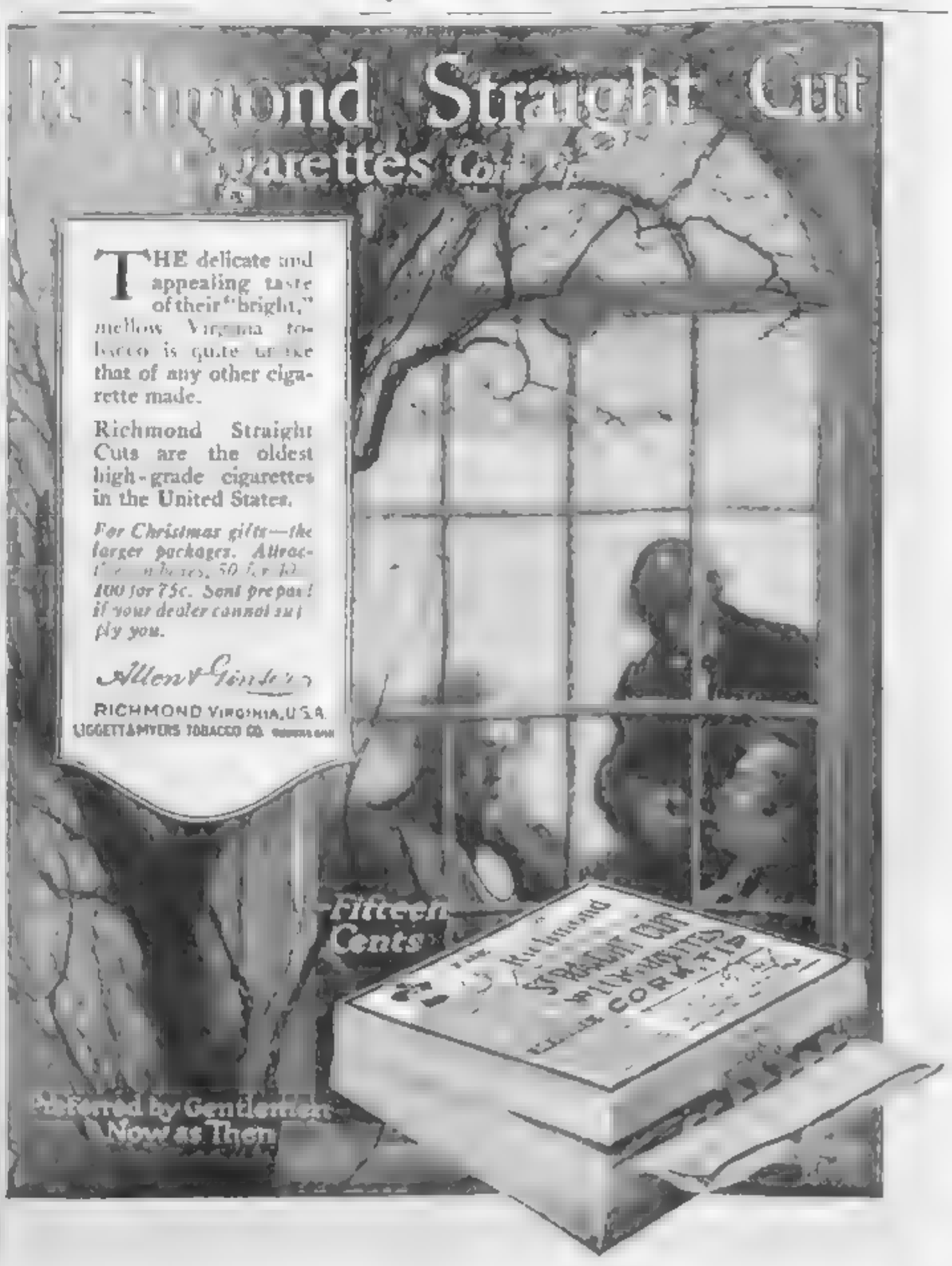
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IN WINTER QUARTERS

(Continued from Page 23)

that all the great stars of the ring owned their own horses. That settled it so far as I was concerned, and in every town we visited I kept my eyes open for a snow-white horse with silky mane, pink muzzle, black eyes, and a bushy tail that reached his heels.

Horses of this kind are not very easily found, as every circus man will tell you. In one town down South, however, and as we were making the parade, I saw a farmer driving up a side street with just the kind of horse I was looking for. Talk about the Pied Piper of Hamelin—this tiller of the soil had a compelling charm for me that forty pied pipers could not counteract! I rode right away from the parade and took up the trail. The owner of the white horse was driving out of town at a good, round clip. I had to gallop my little pony in order to keep within hailing distance. I thought he would never stop, and in fact he did not pull up until he had passed the outskirts of the town and reached the tollgate. Then I drew alongside.

"How much money will buy that horse?" I queried before the owner could recover from the surprise of being accosted by a breathless kid all togged out in the bravery of a circus-parade uniform. "How much will it take?" Then I added, as an afterthought and to allay any doubts he might have had: "I've got plenty of money—pretty nearly all the money in the world."

He was a kindly faced man and regarded me for a few moments with an amused expression on his countenance.

"What do you want to buy my horse for, sis?" he queried.

"I'm Little Kittie, one of the fairy children," I replied, "and I want him to use in my principal bareback act. How much will you sell him for?"

The farmer demurred at selling a horse to a child, but I was insistent. I told him it was my own money and that I must have the horse. We finally struck a bargain for two hundred dollars, which I paid in one-dollar bills. Then he kindly offered to take my new purchase back to the circus for me. But I demurred, being afraid that if Mr. Lemon met the vender he might put an embargo on the sale. So the farmer unhitched the horse where he stood, loaned me a halter, and I led him proudly back to the lot.

It is needless to say that this latest escapade of mine created a sensation, but for all that everyone freely admitted that I had made a good bargain, and my purchase turned out satisfactory in every way in fact, I used him for several years.

How to Know Thursday

I remained with the Lemon Shows until I was sixteen years old, and then thought I would like to make a change. Although I was really bound as apprentice to Mr. Lemon until I was eighteen, he made no objection to my leaving, but kindly wished me well. I had had an offer from the Robinson Shows, then a circus of the first consequence.

The Robinson family had been in the circus business since the early forties, and for that matter they are now in the fifth generation of circus ownership. It might be added that they bid fair to keep the family name before the public for many years to come, as young John Robinson, scarcely forty years old, is a proud grandfather. My whole connection with the Robinson family, which lasted through several seasons, left nothing to be desired in the way of kindly and considerate treatment.

Governor Robinson himself was one of the most unique characters ever known to the circus business, gifted in many ways and remarkably quick witted. Though not exactly educated in a school of eloquence, he was scarcely ever bested in a contest where rapid thinking would score. I recollect one time he was defendant in a big lawsuit for heavy damages, and most of our troupe were brought to court as witnesses. The salient point the plaintiffs sought to establish was the exact day of the week on which the tort charged had occurred. When placed upon the witness stand the governor swore very positively that the day in question was Thursday.

"Now, Mr. Robinson," stormed the attorney for the plaintiff, "do I understand you to swear positively that it was on Thursday?"

"That's about the size of it," returned the governor amiably.

"Now I will ask you," pursued the legal luminary with added emphasis—"I will ask you to tell the jury how you know it was Thursday."

A half smile lit up the governor's otherwise impassive countenance. "You want to know why I know it was Thursday?" he hummed.

"I certainly do, sir!"

"Well, brother," resumed the old man ingenuously, "I absolutely know it was Thursday because the next day was Friday."

This sally drew a smile from almost everyone in court, including the jury, which returned a verdict for the defendant a few minutes thereafter.

Another peculiar happening occurred when the Sells-Floto Circus was in Idaho Falls in 1907. We spent Sunday there, and it was suggested by our press agent to Mr. Tammen that we should give the elephants a swim in the river, with a view to working up enthusiasm and getting some added publicity for the following day's engagement.

Giving the Elephants a Bath

The huge pachyderms enjoyed the bath immensely, and indeed to such an extent that they headed for midstream and commenced swimming gayly down the river toward the rapids a quarter of a mile below. Chris, the elephant trainer, did everything in his power to head them off, but the big beasts got completely out of hand, and almost before we realized it were helplessly struggling in the swift current that was impelling them toward the greedy suction of the whirlpool beyond. No living thing, I might add, had up to that time ever passed through those rapids and come out alive.

Mr. Tammen stood on the bank and watched the impending catastrophe in the philosophic way that has always been one of the distinguishing features of his many-sided character. He turned to me and exclaimed in even tones: "Well, Kittie, there goes the best troupe of elephants in the world. I wonder how long it will take us to replace them?"

Just then a countryman drove up in a farm wagon.

"What appears to be the trouble?" he drawled. "Anything special?"

"Oh, nothing much! Nothing of any importance," returned the editor and circus man nonchalantly. "Just a fortune floating to the fishes. Ninety thousand dollars' worth of elephants drifting down to perdition. It is the first and only performance of the kind ever staged. Take a good look at it. Everything is free." But fortune favored us, and, strange to relate, every elephant fought his way out of the maelstrom of the waters and reached the bank in safety. To this day the occurrence is marked with big red letters in the calendar of Idaho Falls.

While I was with the Robinson Circus I met the veteran, John Lowlow, probably the most famous of all American clowns. He was a peculiar character in many ways, but a profound student. About once a week he would bring us girls a book, which he enjoined us to read carefully. It might be Shakspere, Dickens, Mark Twain or Kipling, but it was always one that had been hallmarked with the badge of approval. Then the following week he would cross-examine us closely to see if we had thoroughly digested it. At first we read to please him and because of his kindness and consideration, but later we grew to like it and became omnivorous readers of everything worthy that came our way. This perhaps was a unique system of education, because in the main our university was the Lord's big schoolhouse of the mighty outdoors. Still, when one comes to think of it, it was absolutely liberal, and perhaps in the long run as efficacious as what we might have acquired in a regular and prescribed course of intellectual training.

"You don't have to pay transportation on brain-food seed, girls," he would say quaintly, "and it yields thousands of bushels to the acre." Lowlow knew his Shakspere by heart and enjoyed the friendship of many men prominent in national affairs. In after years I met people in all walks of life, but never anyone who excelled this gentle, kindly old clown when it came to possessing all the instincts and attributes of a gentleman.

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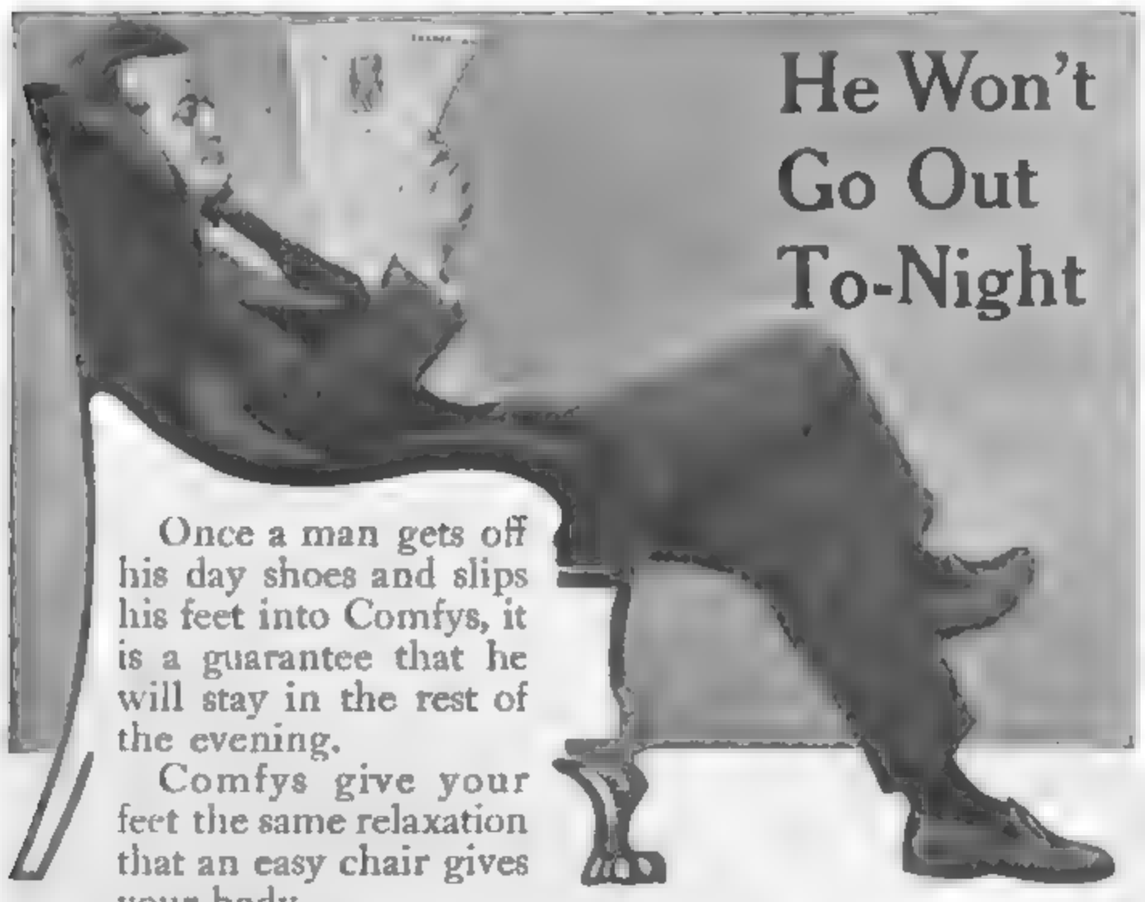

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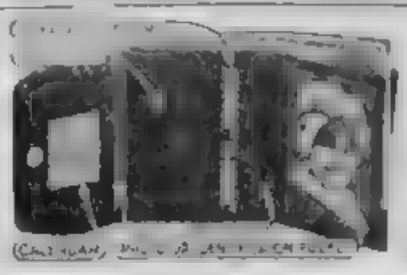

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[illegible]

He was remarkably versatile, and like chain lightning when called upon to adapt himself to his surroundings or to take advantage of peculiar conditions. He was the only man I ever saw, except Bayfield, who used Dame Nature's spotlight. On sunshiny afternoons, when making his addresses to the audience or singing his songs, he would place himself on the ring-bank in such a position that the sun's rays, coming through the opening in the canvas where the sections had been laced together, would play full upon him. Lowlow was a many-sided and sometimes unappreciated genius.

His home was originally in Savannah, and as I understood it he had been one of the noted veterans of the Civil War. I know that whenever we played through the South and got down in the particular section mentioned, hosts of personal friends used to visit him, and old ladies brought him presents of elderberry wine, jam and fruit cake. When we were in Virginia he was always the guest of Colonel Fairfax, head of that famous, aristocratic old house. In those days the clown was really the star of the circus.

He was usually called a Shaksperean jester and frequently had to entertain the audience single-handed. Lowlow never descended to slapstick methods; all his effects resulted from brilliantly conceived and admirably executed comedy.

Governor Robinson was very particular about the nomenclature of animals. One winter he purchased a beautiful white horse for ring purposes and called him Snow. When we girls were practicing, every time we said, "Get up, Snow!" the horse thought we meant "Whoa," and would stop so suddenly that we frequently fell off. In order to counteract this, and as he had been purchased from a brewer, Effie Dutton and I christened him Brewery.

"That hoss' name is Snow, gals," protested the governor one day as he watched us work. "Why don't you call him properly?" "But he mistakes 'Snow' for 'Whoa,'" we returned in chorus. "Then he stops suddenly and we fall off."

"Huh," retorted the old man as he stumped away, "I never see you gals that you ain't either fallin' off a horse or gittin' on one."

And Snow Struck Too

But that wasn't the end of Snow. As I said, he had been purchased from a brewer, at a ridiculously small figure. He broke in very rapidly and bade fair to be one of the best horses we ever had. William Dutton was wild to secure him, and offered the governor all kinds of prices up to a thousand dollars; but the new owner refused to sell. All went well until the day on which we opened, and he was assigned to me to ride in the first equestrian number. But, bless you!—when that Snow horse heard the band strike up he struck too and absolutely refused to move. I never felt so mortified in my life, and of course urged him in every way, but he stood stolidly in his tracks until an attendant hustled in with another horse and led the recalcitrant one out.

After spending three seasons with the Robinson Show I went over to the Sells Circus and subsequently to the Sells-Floto people. It was during my engagement with them that I met my husband, married and settled down. I suppose I can say without egotism that I have been fortunate in many ways, but I never have had cause to regret my association with the circus or to be ashamed of the friends I made while trooping with the tents.

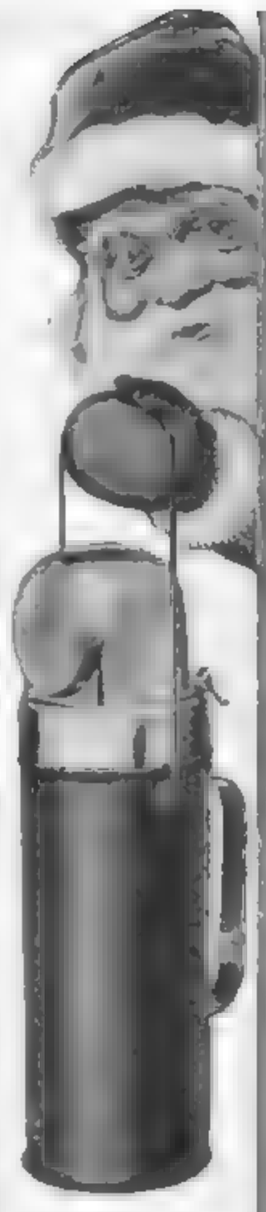
Not so long ago I happened to be in New York City and met a woman, now a prominent actress, whose early beginnings were with the Lemon Show. Mutual congratulations were in order because, judging from material standpoints, the world had been more than generous to both of us, and we chatted gayly of many things.

"Well," said I at last, "the old days with the circus were pretty good, after all. Don't you often think of all the fun we had?"

Much to my astonishment my companion lifted her hand in protest.

"If you value my friendship, Kittie," she enjoined with rising inflection, "don't say circus to me. That all belongs to the past."

I did not feel hurt, as one may have supposed—I just felt sorry for a woman who had stunted the human side of her character. Happily, however, she is one out of a thousand. The circus isn't all sawdust, you know. There's a world of sentiment under the big top that outsiders know nothing about.



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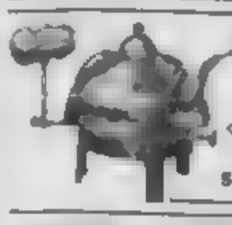

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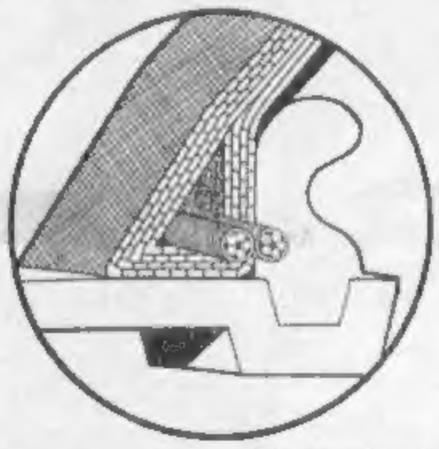

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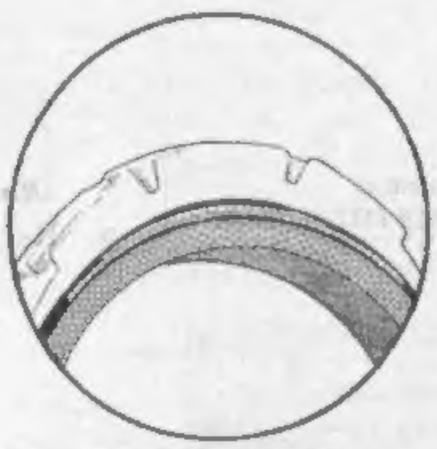

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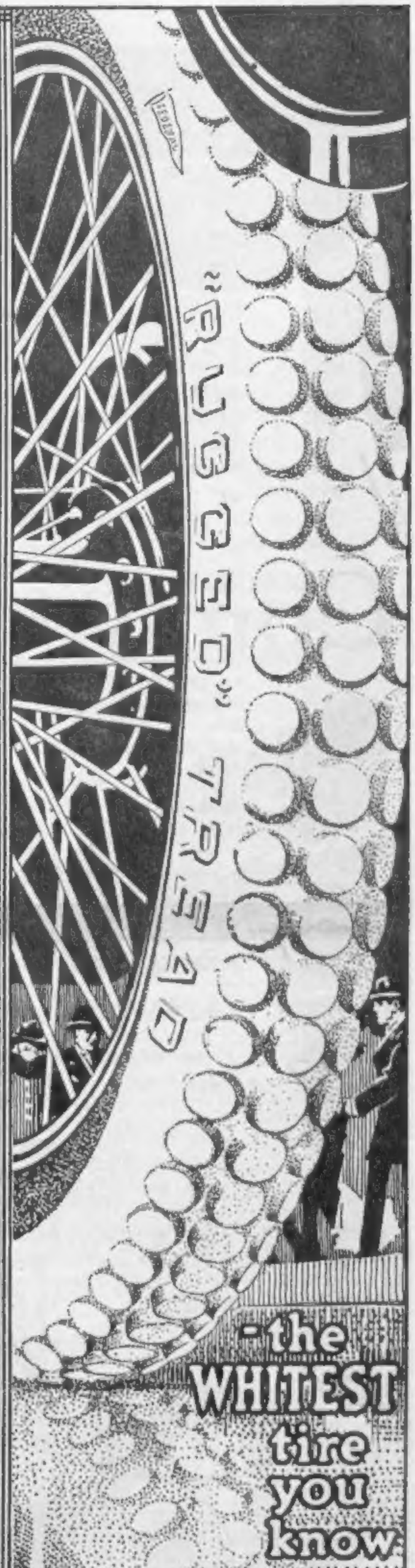

An Ideal Gift

Don't you worry any more about your Christmas list, or what you're going to give to Mother, Dad, Brother Bill or Sister Sue—but just write "EVEREADY" opposite each name. It's a real true "Merry Christmas" word with Christmas cheer just tucked away in every syllable. It stands for something useful, handsome, *different* from the presents people always get—a gift that everybody likes—an

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Here are some facts about lemons that all housewives don't know, and they mean a great deal to your family. In your own interest, don't pass this page until you learn what they are. * * * * * * *

Lemons are used in hundreds of thousands of homes in four times as many ways as you probably use them. That's because hundreds of thousands of housewives have found out through experience about their household convenience and healthfulness.

They use lemon juice almost entirely in place of vinegar, as most famous chefs do today. They insert two halves of lemons in fish and bake them *with* the fish to get a delicious flavor.

They use lemon juice to flavor innumerable other foods. And the lemon flavor predominates in home-made sweets.

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The World's Best Lemons

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For Sunkist are picked by gloved hands under sanitary conditions, washed by machinery, and sent to your dealer, tissue wrapped. Thus you get them *clean*.

They are practically seedless, firm, juicy and full flavored, with a beautiful color and bright waxy appearance—no finer lemons were ever grown. So see that you get SUNKIST.

Other Uses

Sunkist Lemons or their juice can be used also—
To make tough meats tender.
As a liver tonic, diluted with water.
As a mouth wash, slightly diluted.
As a cleansing agent, for hands and face.
As a tonic for the scalp, in a shampoo.
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In the bath.
To soften water. To make clothes-washing easier.
To remove stains.
To clean silver, brass and glassware.

Complete directions for these uses and scores of others are given in our free lemon book. Just send a postcard for it.

Recipe for Sunkist Lemon Pie

Mix one and one-fourth cups of sugar thoroughly with one-third of a cup of flour and a little salt. Grate a little of the rind from a Sunkist Lemon and mix with the juice of the whole lemon, and add to the sugar. Beat three egg yolks well, stir in a scant cup of water and blend carefully with the sugar and lemon mixture. Pour all into a pan lined with flaky pie-crust (preferably a pan that is perforated or made of wire), add a tablespoon of butter cut into bits, and bake in moderately hot oven.

Make a meringue of three egg whites and half a cup of powdered sugar, with a teaspoon of lemon juice. Heap onto the pie (after baking) in large spoonfuls and brown slowly. Serve when cooled.

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